

The book traces the routes that the author adopted from Seharunpore, Ambhala, Ludhiana, Dharamshala, Munda, Lahoul, Ladakh finally to reach fine and famous vale of Kashmir. It depicts the hardships faced and places visited during her travels in and around the entire North India.

Written in a day to day manner makes this book very articulate and interesting travelogue.

ADVENTURES OF A LADY
in
CHINA, LADAKH AND KASHMIR

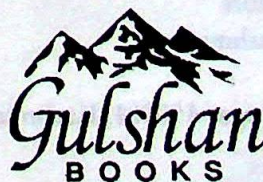


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ADVENTURES OF A LADY IN CHINA, LADAKH AND KASHMIR

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Adventures of a Lady in China, Ladakh and Kashmir

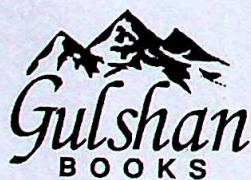
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"I'll publish right or wrong!"

"On! nature's noblest gift—my grey goose-quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes,
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose.

What wits! What poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemned at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 't was thine to write.
But thou at least, mine own especial pen!
Now laid aside, to be resumed again,
My task complete, like Hamet's, shall be free;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me!"

ADVENTURES OF A LADY IN TIBET, CHINA AND KASHMIR

SEHARUNPORE (MANICK MOW)

2 March 1850 Sunday.—How desolate everything appears on the eve of departure. The dismantled appearance of the house is quite enough to impart a severe attack of vapours to most people. I am happy to say, however, I seldom indulge in such weaknesses; I feel my spirits little under the influence of either bad weather or deserted houses. Besides, I have something to look forward to in my projected wanderings. I hope to visit far distant countries: Kashmir and Ladakh are worth some trouble to reach. I mean to keep my intended trip a profound secret, for fear of importunate remonstrance's from over-anxious friends. *Vive l'idée!*

Tomorrow I leave Seharunpore. I declare the heat is already beginning to be oppressive in these dreary "plains." How thankful I ought to be that I am not tied to them like the galley slaves around me. *Selon mon avis, il n'y a pas d'esclavage plus rigoureux que le service militaire!* W—left Seharunpore this morning, so I have nothing to keep me here now.

JUGADRIE (DAK BUNGALOW)

Two marches—distance, twenty-six miles

3 March 1850 Monday.—I arrived here to breakfast, but finding the Dak bungalow full, I was riding away, when one of its occupants, Mrs G—sent me a civil message to come into her half of the Bungalow. We breakfasted and dined together, after which she went away dak.¹ She seems a nice merry little lady.

My camp has gone on to Molanuh, where I breakfast tomorrow. I was nearly drowned in crossing the Jamuna, which I passed about four miles from this. The late heavy rain carried away the bridge of boats about ten days ago

and it has not since been repaired. There were sticks to mark the ford, but little knowing the depth of the water, I verged perhaps a yard to the right and was carried down by the force of the stream a considerable distance. "Rival" swam bravely, but the gallant steed could not stem the current, so that we were in imminent danger of meeting a watery grave, from which we were only rescued by the courage of a Syce² and some ferrymen, who struck out to our aid. Of course I was drenched and my poor saddle ditto.

This is two marches (twenty-four miles) from Seharunpore. The intervening march is Chilkana, fourteen miles from this. The road is heavy, though broad and well marked. There is a large and thriving mart at Jugadrie, a mile beyond this Dak bungalow. I crossed the canal by a puckha³ bridge not far from Seharunpore.

MOLANUH

Distance, seventeen and a half miles two marches

4 *March 1850 Tuesday*: — Breakfasted here. Heavy, sandy road and two rivers to be forded; viz., the "Markunda" and the "Sursuttee." This is a double march, Mustafabad being the intermediate one, eight miles from this. Country uninteresting; a dead level.

AMBALLA (CANTONMENTS)

Distance, sixteen miles

5 *March 1850 Wednesday*: — Encamped in the middle of cantonments; in a bare open plain. There is a very good *dak* bungalow⁴ here, but I preferred my tents. The road is as sandy as ever. There is a village called Khoodah, which some people make an intervening march. It is about six miles from Amballa. The city is some four miles distant from these cantonments. I have often been here before and like the place very much. However I make no halt, as it is getting too hot for tents now.

PATTARSEE

Double march distance, twenty - four miles

6 *March* 1850 *Thursday*.—A very fatiguing march. Passing through the city of Amballa, I came to Rajpura, a distance of at least fifteen miles. Thence to Pattarsee is eight and a half miles. A heavy sandy road. The Guggur River is forded near the city of Amballa (on this side).

KUNHA-KA-SERAI

Double march distance, twenty miles

7 *March* 1850 *Friday*.—I have a slight attack of fever from the burning sun and have been obliged to lay a *Palanquin-dak* to Julundhur. I have made my entire camp equipage keep up with me,—four (bullock) hackeries⁵ as well as the camels and I think I have shown myself a good general to accomplish such forced marches. The road is as sandy and heavy as before. Sirhind, a large city, is the intervening march. It is eleven miles from this place. There is a Dak bungalow here, but I have encamped in a Mango grove, at some distance to the right of it. I start in a palanquin this evening and hope to reach Ludhiana before day-break tomorrow morning.

LUDHIANA (CANTONMENTS)

Distance, twenty – eight miles

8 *March* 1850 *Saturday*.—I am in the Dak bungalow here, but long for the quiet of my camp, not feeling quite free from fever. This place is always crowded. The villages on the road are, *Lushkurree-khan-ka-Serai*, *Douraha-ka-Serai* and *Soneewal*, at the respective distances of nine miles, five miles and four miles. There are good encamping grounds at each of these places.

JULUNDHUR

Distance, thirty-four miles

9 *March* 1850 *Sunday*.—I arrived here this morning by *Palky-dak*. The dis-

tance from Ludhiana is thirty-four miles, three marches, i.e. Philour Cantonments, eight miles; Phugwara, fifteen and a half miles; Julundhur Cantonments, ten and a half miles. The Sutlej River is crossed by a bridge of boats, six or seven miles from Ludhiana. Heavy sandy road.

I shall await the arrival of my camp here and then change my carriage for camels only, before proceeding to Kot Kangra, as the road becomes hilly almost immediately after leaving Hoshiarpore, two or three marches from this and it would be impossible to take on *Hackeries* (bullock-carts), even if the bullocks were not knocked up, as mine must be by this time.

26 March 1850 Wednesday:—I have not written for a long time. In the sameness of every day events, there is but little of interest to chronicle. Besides, the heat is so enervating that I feel ill and languid beyond expression. I have been detained here nearly three weeks by the difficulty I met with in procuring a sufficient number of camels. However, I have this early tomorrow morning and go to Hoshiarpore, *via* Kurtarpore, leaving the direct route, just to effect a little mischievous fun!

KURTARPORE CITY (BARUH DURRIE)

Distance, twelve miles

29 March 1850 Saturday:—I arrived here the day before yesterday. I might write pages on the "Consequences of a whim," (or my coming round by Kurtarpore,) but will refrain, though I think the little domestic tale might alike amuse and instruct!⁶

This is a cantonment for regiments of native cavalry. The houses are small and mean in appearance. I am just starting for Hoshiarpore Cantonments, which is on the direct road to Kot Kangra.

HOSHYARPORE

Distance about twenty-five miles from Kurtarpore Cantonments

30 March 1850 Sunday:—I arrived here yesterday morning. This is a double march; the intervening one is Adampore. The road is very good, especially

between Adampore and Hoshyarpore, a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles. This is a nice little station, very prettily wooded with trees and everything looks pleasingly fresh and green. The "civil lines,"⁷ are the best and are tastefully laid out; regular hedges of prickly pear seem the prevailing feature here and strike the eye in every direction. There is no Dak bungalow at Hoshyarpore and I am living in tents. I proceed this evening.

NAREE

Distance, seven coss, or ten and a half miles

31 *March 1850 Monday*: I did not leave Hoshyarpore till near sunset, arriving here late at night, in a *buggy* (for me an unusual mode of travelling). I have come to the conclusion that I decidedly risked my neck, this species of conveyance not being exactly safe in these hilly regions. Shortly after leaving Hoshyarpore, the country becomes very hilly and the road is in some places steep and bad. The scenery throughout this march is very interesting and by the uncertain light of evening, had a wild and gloomy aspect.

AM-KE-BAGH⁸

Distance, seven coss or ten and a half miles

1 *April 1850 Tuesday*:—This is a lovely spot and my camp is pitched in a fine *tope*⁹ of Mango trees. The road from Naree to Am-ke-Bagh is very good and the latter half perfectly level, traversing a rich plain, covered with most luxuriant cultivation and studded with clumps of magnificent trees. Wooded hills bound the landscape on every side and there is a wild beauty in the scenery, I have seen nowhere else in India. Hill and plain are blended most picturesquely and give a singular character to the country. I crossed a river not far from this village. It was quite shallow and the natives called it the "Soame," or some such name.

KULLOO-KA-HUTIE

Distance, eight coss or twelve miles

2 *April 1850 Wednesday*. — This march has been very hilly and stony and the rude path wound through two ridges of wooded hills and along the bed of some water-courses nearly the whole way. At eight or miles we passed the village of Rajpura. The last three miles consist of a steep ascent up a stony mountain and a corresponding descent to this village which is situated near the foot of the hill. The whole of this country is wildly beautiful and very different from the scenery one usually meets with in the hills or plains of India.

JWALA-MOOKHI¹⁰

Distance, eight coss or twelve miles

3 *April 1850 Thursady*: — This march is as pretty as the rest. The first half of the way is stony and consists of ascents and descents. The Beas is crossed by boats at the seventh mile. At this spot the river flows in a deep and rapid stream. About half-a-mile on the other side of the Beas, the road becomes level and I had a delightful gallop nearly the whole way to this village.

Jwala-Mookhi is famous for its Temple and takes its name from the fire which perpetually issues from fissures in the rocks which are enclosed within the temple. The village is large and might be more properly termed a town. The streets are narrow and paved with stone. As Jwala-Mookhi is built on the slope of a hill rising five or six hundred feet above the town, the streets are all more or less steep and the stone paving is generally in regular steps. The houses are of solid construction and consist of two or three stories.

I went to see the famous temple. It is enclosed within high walls and is situated at the north end of the town. The cupola is richly gilt and the doors are of massive silver elaborately wrought. Two hideous tigers in golden effigy stand on a pedestal facing the entrance. On entering the sacred precincts, (at least, as far within the threshold, as is permitted to sacrilegious feet!), I saw three or four places whence issued a lambent flame of a pale red colour. It is certainly a most extraordinary phenomenon and I have never heard of a similar

instance. The flames must arise from some gas in the rocks. How extraordinary this must have appeared before a temple was erected round the spot. Fancy a traveler coming suddenly on flames issuing spontaneously out of the rocks! He would be apt to regard it as magic and be almost induced to seek for latent traces of a cloven hoof! No wonder that an idolatrous and ignorant race worship the fire and consider such miraculous flames as the manifestation of the presence of the Deity himself.

This temple is sacred to Devi,¹¹ a Hindu Goddess. Myriads of devotees make a pilgrimage from the most distant parts of India to worship at this shrine. They consider that they are washed from all sin, if they do "Tirath" here.¹² On entering the sanctuary, the worshippers give gifts into the hands of the *Fakirs*,¹³ who attend for that purpose.

After holding these offerings over the flame, they cast them into the middle of the shrine. Frequently flowers alone are offered and I saw the sacred edifice profusely decorated with them. No one is allowed to enter the principle temple without taking off his shoes. Two great bells are suspended to the roof of the portico and these make a most dismal sound the greater part of the twenty-four hours.

There is an excellent *Baruh Durrie*¹⁴ here and the Bagh¹⁵ surrounding it is the only good encamping ground.

RANEE TAL

Distance, about ten miles

4 *April* 1850: —The greater part of this march was level and the road very good. The surrounding country, half hill, half dale, is most luxuriantly cultivated. The hills are beautifully wooded and nothing but the most refreshing verdure meets the eye on every side. The road often resembles the pretty lanes in England and the hedge-rows are covered with bright blossoms. I observed several fine Peepul trees and Prickly Pear grows very luxuriantly all throughout this country.

About the fourth or fifth mile, there is a fine *puckha* bridge on the road. It spans a broad river, called by the natives "Kured," or some such name.

Within a hundred yards of this village, the road makes rather a steep ascent. At this spot, I observed a very tolerable path to the left, which, I was told, led to the cantonment of Noorpore, five-and-twenty coss distant. The encamping-ground here is on a small level, below the village of Ranee Tal. Nadoun, a large and important native town, is five coss distant from Jwala-Mookhi, on the direct road to the city of Mundy and to Simla.

RANEE TAL

7 *March* 1850: —I have halted here for three days, as my poor "Princey"¹⁶ has had fever. The weather was so damp and threatening, I was afraid to move while he remained so ill,—the little pet. However, I am going to Kangra this evening, as he is "himself again!"

KOT KANGRA

Distance, five or six coss, about nine miles

8 *April* 1850 *Tuesday*: —I arrived here yesterday evening. The road is very steep and in some parts stony. About three-quarters of a mile from Ranee Tal, there is a river; a bridge (at present in embryo) is to span this stream. At this season of the year, there is but little water in it and there is no difficulty whatever in fording it. About a mile from Kangra, I had a good view of the fort, which is built on a hill by itself. The river washes the ramparts on two sides.

Near Kot Kangra, the road divides; on the left it leads direct to the fort and on the right it goes to Bohun, (a village almost adjoining Kot Kangra,) where there is a Baruh Durrie and excellent encamping ground. I took the former path, which conducted me to the bed of the river, by a steep, stony descent. There has been a great deal of rain lately and I feared to ride across, as I was quite alone. I made a *Puharie*¹⁷ carry me over the stepping stones, which were half buried in water and a second man led "Rival."

The ascent to the fort from the river is very steep and being paved with slippery stones, is difficult, if not impossible for equestrians. I walked up and the *Puhurie* led my horse. I was quite exhausted by the time I reached the fort.

A storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain, came on and as I found that my camp was not pitched, I waited in the covered entrance of the fort, for a considerable time. The only encamping-ground in Kot Kangra is a small piece of level, just outside the gate of the fort. It is a hot and exposed spot.

14 April 1850 Monday.—I have halted here about a week and tomorrow morning I am going to Dharamsala, partly to see that place and partly because the fearful heat of Kot Kangra has made me not only ill, but has also given me an attack of inflammation of the eyes. This is one reason why I have been unable to write in my journal as usual.

I went to see the Fort of Kangra, two or three days ago. It is a large rambling place and inaccessible on two sides. To any native force, it would certainly be impregnable. There is a magnificent view of the Snowy Range from the Fort. The elevation of Kot Kangra averages two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The heat at this season is very great.

The Commander-in-Chief passed through Kangra a few days ago. Some of his people had the unparalleled impudence to wish my tents removed, in order that his Excellency's camp might be pitched on this level ground. The cool impertinence of the request amused me too much to allow any feeling of anger and I contented myself with a contemptuous and unconditional refusal. So the great man was obliged to go elsewhere! Who is he, forsooth, or what to me, that I should inconvenience myself for his camp? I have received every kindness from Mr E—here, who has obligingly lent me good tents, etc.

DHARAMSALA

Distance, about eight or nine miles

16 April 1850 Wednesday.—I arrived here yesterday and this morning I rode up to Bhagsoo, which is about four miles higher up and is situated in a picturesque manner, at the foot of the Snowy Range. The road from Kot Kangra to Dharamsala, is very tolerable, occasionally level and occasionally a steep ascent or descent. The country throughout this march is wild and lovely. The road is often a mere lane, hedged with white roses and eglantines; the sweet

scented flowers of which are in full bloom, scattering perfume and fragrance on every side. The cultivation is very rich and the hills are luxuriantly wooded. Several hill-streams are crossed, some of which are deep and rapid. There is a river too, (which I forded,) about five miles from Kangra, whence the road to the cantonment of Noorpore, soon after turns off to the left.

The "Goorkha Corps"¹⁸ is stationed at Dharamsala and Bungalows for the officers are springing rapidly into existence. The commanding-officer, Major F—, lives at Bhagsoo, where he has built a very fine house. From Dharamsala to Bhagsoo, is four miles of steep ascent. Bhagsoo is estimated at seven thousand feet of elevation above the sea-level. It is delightfully cold there, much more so than at Simla and the proximity of the snow is probably the reason. Mountains Covered with snow rise immediately above the little village; they are apparently from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand feet in elevation. A dense black forest lies just above Bhagsoo and looks dark and gloomy in the distance.

I have suffered terribly from weak eyes lately.

BOHUN (BARUH DURRIE)

Distance from Dharamsala, about seven miles

20 April 1850 Sunday: —I came here last evening from Dharamsala and tomorrow I start for Kulu. The heat here, though not so great as at Kot Kangra, is still very distressing and I feel ill and languid from its effects. My eyes too have long troubled me; they first become inflamed when it was so hot at Kot Kangra in tents and I have not yet recovered the use of them.

This is on the road to Kangra, which immediately adjoins the village of Bohun. There is a tolerable Baruh Durrie here and a *puckha*¹⁹ tank close by I saw Captain W—today. As I had not met him since I saw him years ago in Bundeleund, I did not recognize him at first, though he knew me again at once. He is *en route* to Kulu, but does not start as soon as I intend doing. My camp leaves today and I shall overtake it at Bhowarnuh (the second march) tomorrow. I shall be very glad to be out of this great heat. Though we have had almost daily storms of thunder, lightning and heavy rain, the air feels close and sultry and the sun is most intensely hot.

BHOWARNUH (KANGRA DISTRICT)

Distance from Kangra, two marches, about fifteen miles

21 April 1850 Monday.—I left Kangra this morning at daybreak. The distance is, according to my calculation, about fifteen miles. "Nagrota," six miles from Kot kangra, is the usual march, but I thought that would be too short. This first stage consists of a very good road, nearly level the whole way. The remaining nine miles are also very good and tolerably level. Just before Nagrota is reached, there is a bad piece of road, a short but steep and rugged descent to a river. The corresponding ascent is also rather rough.

Between Kangra and this place (Bhowarnuh) there are some deep rivers, which, after heavy rain, it would probably be impossible to ford. Even today I was afraid to cross one of them and "Rival" appeared also to dread it, for he unconditionally declined to enter the stream. After some delay I succeeded in bribing a man to take my steed across and a second *puharie* carried me in a primitive manner on his back! The current was so strong that a third man was obliged to be enlisted, to hold the hand of my porter and thus aid him in stemming the rapid waters.

The country I passed through this morning quite charmed me; half hill, half plain, it was both picturesque and novel. On my left, the high range of hills were capped with snow and appeared only two or three miles distant from the road. Everything looked so fresh and green and near the villages I observed many fruit trees, covered with beautiful blossoms. In some native gardens I noticed Plantain trees and red and white roses growing in great luxuriance. The sweet scented flowers reminded me of England. Many of the hedges which grew near the hamlets by the roadside were of eglantines in full bloom and the delicious fragrance perfumed the air for miles around. There is something in such seductive fragrance that seems to steal over the senses and with me always acts as a sedative to high spirits. Indeed, I find it always makes me feel sad, I know not why. It is raining heavily just now. There is nothing so difficult to struggle against as gloomy feelings on a wet day in a solitary camp.

Bhowarnuh is a large village and boasts of a *Thannah*.²⁰ The native authorities, however, seem both disobliging and useless and I can get no aid

from them in the way of getting off my baggage coolies²¹ are at a premium in this wet weather.

PIPROWLA (KANGRA DISTRICT)

Distance, ten miles

22 April 1850 Tuesday.—I arrived here about 10AM. The clouds all cleared off and the sun broke out in such uncomfortable splendour, before I had gone half-way that I actually wished for mists and even rain once more, with the perversity inherent in mortal clay.

The road is evidently a "made" one, all the way from Kangra, but at present it is very much cut up by the heavy rain we have so lately been deluged with. I had to ford two or three rivers and these are probably deep in the middle of the periodical rains. The country wears the same peculiar character as before—a strange medley of hill and plain. A great part of the road is level or slightly undulating. I had one or two short but rather steep ascents and descents to get over on the way.

I have located myself in a good native hut, so that I manage very well without my tents, which are still behind. There is a village called Beijnath, or Bydenath, about a mile and a half further on, where the *Thanadar*²² resides, but I preferred remaining here. We passed a small camp half way, but I could not ascertain the names of the travellers.

HARI BAGH (MUNDY DISTRICT)

Distance, fourteen miles

23 April 1850 Wednesday.—I arrived at this place a good deal fatigued, about 11AM. The road was wearisome and the sun very trying; consequently the solitary ride knocked me up very much. I found my tents pitched, breakfast ready and everything comfortable, so I did long remember my miseries.

"Sukha Bagh" is a very usual march and is about half way. It is the first village in the district of the Mundy Rajah. I made no halt whatever, the aspect of the spot being bare and uninviting. Shortly after leaving Piprowla, I came to

a deep river, where I found, to my dismay, that the bridge was broken! A new one was half completed, but I could see no trace of a path leading to it, by which I could venture to take a horse. After a vexatious delay, I contrived to bribe a young *Puharie* to lead "Rival" through the water, while I clambered up the rugged face of the rock and went by the half-finished bridge above. But the attempt proved abortive, for the clear green of the water had deceived us and we soon found that the boy could never reach the opposite bank with "Rival" in safety. A second delay occurred and at last I found it requisite to retrace my steps and reach the bridge by a dismal *detour*.

It required great care to lead "Rival" across the embryo bridge and then over rocks and slippery stones and through streams, for nearly a quarter of a mile, before I could reach the old road,²³ which I only rejoined at Beijnath. I had two miles of good level road after passing this village and I made the most of it too, by galloping at racing speed. The little ditches cut in the road (for the running off of superfluous water) by no means detained me and "Rival" began rather to enjoy them, I thought! But, at last, I came to a very steep hill and at the summit of this eminence I turned round to give "one last long look" to the plain land below. At this height, the actual inequalities I had met with on the road, between Kangra and Beijnath, appeared as naught and the tract of land before me seemed like a vast plain, surrounded on all sides by hills, with one small break only, which divested it of the character of a *bona fide* valley. On one side, the high hills capped with snow, heightened the peculiar style of beauty, which was the attractive feature of the scene—in my eyes at least. The wide expanse of apparent plain was green with rich fields of cultivation and picturesquely dotted with luxuriant clumps of trees, many of them covered with the clustering blossoms of embryo fruits.

I was quite alone, but the solitude in such a scene had no weariness for me; and but for that enemy to romance of all kind, a burning sun, I might have been there still,—still gazing in delighted wonderment! Well, I am not a child, so let us put away childish things, *et revenons, chers Lecteurs, a nos moutons*.

A gorge through the mountains took me into the more regular hilly country, such as surrounds Simla and its vicinities. Firs grew luxuriantly here and argued the greater height of the country I had entered. It was pretty scenery too; but, accustomed to the hilly style, my eyes glanced but coldly on this

portion of the road. I observed a ruined fort, perched up on a high peak to my right, but it was a long way off. There is a good deal of level road near Sukha Bagh, though the surrounding country is hilly. I still had repeated glimpses of the snow-capped hills to my left. I pictured in imagination, the glorious time when I should pierce into the heart of those icy regions and when my woman's foot should tread, where few men had yet dared to venture. Yes, it was a bright idea; and the wildness of the scheme—its reported dangers—but add zest to the thought. I will go though my life is the forfeit! It always makes my eyes kindle even to think of it. Those icy realms—I love them for their apparently cold, inaccessible aspect! But I am getting sentimental again and, oh! *That* will never do. I must proceed.

The road from Sukha Bagh to this place is on the whole rather steep and ascending. I crossed one rather broad stream; but there was not much water in it.

This is a lovely spot, beautifully wooded with magnificent Pine trees. Thence its name, *Hari* (or *Hura*) *Bagh*— i.e. green Garden. It is situated near the very summit of a high hill and the Pine forest extends for miles. I wandered many hours in its dark shades this evening, till I became alarmed at the growing blackness of my retreat.

During the heat of the day, I sent on my tents and coolly took possession of the best house in the village, one belonging to the *Lumbadar*, or headman, who vacated it at my uncompromising *hookm*.²⁴ All necessary supplies are procurable here and cheap I believe. Barley is the ordinary substitute for *Gram*,²⁵ and is sold either whole, or ground in the form of *ardawa*.²⁶

DRUNG OR DRING (MUNDY DISTRICT)

Distance, about twenty miles

34 April 1850 Thursday: —I arrived here at 9AM, the sun was so powerful, even at that early hour, as to affect my head and side in the most painful manner and I have been feeling ill all day. This is too long a march and I would advise people to halt at Goomah, a little more than four miles from Hari Bagh, for between Goomah and Dring, there is no village near the road,

nor any accessible spring of water.²⁷ Besides, even to reach this place, the miserable traveller has to go down a desperate *khud*,²⁸ where riding is out of the question and which same hill he has the satisfaction of ascending next day, when he resumes his march. This village is called vaguely, "Dring," because it adjoins Dring so closely, as almost to form one village, but in reality "Dring" proper, is *another* mile still further down the *khud* and the veritable cognomen of this hamlet is Hoolhoo or Oolhoo.

There is a "short-cut" from Dring to Mundy, (impossible for a horse), which winds along this hill and crosses a river flowing below. By this route, Mundy city is only five miles distant, but the made road (frequented by people of sane mind!) is three miles longer. But I have not yet described the road. From Hari Bagh to Goomah, after a hundred yards or so of ascent, the path rapidly descends to the bed of a river upwards of three miles from Hari Bagh. Hence, to Goomah is about three quarters of a mile of steep ascent. Goomah is situated nearly half-way up the face of a mountain and is very strikingly visible from the opposite heights I had just descended. The town is small and the houses are irregularly built. Its great attraction is the close vicinity of the Salt Mines.

I received a long account of those salt mines from an intelligent native of the place, for I had not time to visit them myself. I will not boldly or rashly vouch for the accuracy of the following statement, though I do believe it may be relied on.

A horizontal gallery about three and a half feet square, is carried into the side of the hill, for about five-and-twenty yards. Fir trees out into rude steps lead down a slope to a second gallery and thence to a perpendicular shaft. The descent to the mine is effected by a bamboo ladder and pine torches light the miners down. There is but little to see when the bed of salt is attained, except an extensive excavation, the roof of which is red or dark coloured salt and the bottom of the cavity is partially full of water. The sides of these subterranean passages are protected by the hides of bullocks, sheep and goats and the galleries as they advance are roofed with spars supported by the stems of pine trees. The rocks in which the salt is found are of grawacke formation, crossed by veins of granite. The salt is formed in solid masses and is laboriously dug out of the rocks. Sometimes it is requisite to sink wells, in order to find the deposit

of salt and then shafts are constructed. When the bed of salt is sufficiently exposed, water is conveyed from the neighbouring springs and made to flow into it, remaining there one day. The following day, means are taken to let the water run elsewhere and then the moistened salt is broken up and carried out of the pit. After this it is sold to the traders who come from the neighbouring districts for this profitable article of traffic. These mines belong to the Rajah of Mundy and form a principle portion of his revenue. The salt is of a reddish tint and very heavy. Sometimes a vein of *white* salt is found, but this is always reserved for the Rajah's private use.

At Dring, about a mile and a half below the encamping ground at this village (where I am located), is another salt mine, but not so profitable, I believe. A salt spring flows from the mines of Dring, or Drung.

From Goomah to this encamping ground, is fifteen miles of weary, weary road. The first half is very pretty and through a beautiful Fir and Rhododendron forest. The graceful Pine trees reminded me of happy hours spent at Simla. The peculiar smell of the wood recalled days long past and I sighed to think that they *were* indeed past—and forever. How true are those lines of an old but pretty song: —

"Oh! *Little things* brings back to me
The thoughts of by-gone hours,
The breath of kine upon the lea,
The murmur of the mountain bee,
The scent of hawthorn flowers."

and I can truly say of some of the "happy days of old,"—

"Oh! could those days but come again,
With their thorns and flowers,
I would give the hopes of years,
For those *by-gone hours!*"

I fear I am getting lamentably sentimental; but it is such an unwonted mood for me, that I will let it run out of itself! I was really sad, deeply sad, when I passed through that beautiful Pine forest and felt how lonely I was, how very solitary. The bright scarlet flowers of the Rhododendron trees, gay as they looked, only reminded me more sadly still *when* I had seen them last. The steep ascent was an excuse to walk my horse and I had full leisure to indulge in somber reflections and melancholy retrospections—melancholy,

because the happiness was so entirely past. The pleasant shade, too, made me forget how foolishly I was loitering and I wandered on and on, more slowly, more sadly each minute.

I had crossed a very high range of hills; at least I *supposed* they were high, because I saw snow quite close, on hills not much higher. At last my pleasant shade and mournful reverie were alike ended, by coming cruelly out into the bright sunlight. In spite of ceaseless ascents and descents, I galloped the remaining eight miles at a wild pace. The country was now bare of trees and consequently very ugly in my eyes. I galloped past the rugged path which leads down to this encamping ground, but fortunately my servant, spying me from the camp, ran breathlessly after me. I allowed him to take my horse, while I walked down the pathless face of a hill, slipping and stumbling at every step, over the treacherous grass. At last I reached my tent, feverish and exhausted from an unwonted walk on my useless feet, in the burning sun.

This is a hot place and the fresh airs of heaven rarely condescend to waft their sweetness to these frightful *khuds*. I removed from the tents, to an empty house of the *Wuzeer's*²⁹ (of Mundy), of which I made people take possession, *viet armis*.

The flies and wasps rival each other in numbers here and I find myself prepared for a desperate assault. My little "Princey" watches them with a vicious eye. The little mite! He is not many degrees larger himself. He stands on three legs and barks violently when he misses his dart at one of the little enemies; when he secures one, he brings it in his teeth and after torturing and killing it, licks my hand condescendingly and is (on the whole) satisfied. He allows no one even to look at him without incontinently flying at them and having vented thereby his indignation, he comes to me and jumps on my lap, where he stands awhile on three legs and then nestles his dear little head in my hand, which that little head does not fill. He is my prince of pets and this wandering is very like a mother's vanity!

As I was riding along today's march, I saw the white-houses of the city of Mundy quite plainly to the right. They seemed so near, that I could hardly believe I was not to reach the city till tomorrow.

MUNDY (CITY)

Distance, eight miles

25 April 1850 Friday. —I arrived here to an early breakfast. I had the satisfaction of finding that my *Sirdar-bearer*,³⁰ (my head-servant,) was *non inventus* and my camp consequently in disorder.

1PM: —I have just learnt that in endeavouring to reach by the short cut, he had lost the way and been very miserable all night, in some dark and dreadful *khud*. So much for the "short-cut."

There is a mountain near Mundy, called the Gogah Joth. There is a legend about it, purporting that annually a savage conflict is carried on inside the hill, between the "Deotahs," or male spirits and the "Dains," or witches. These spirits assemble from distant parts of India, thousands of miles, so says the legend.

The road from Dring to Mundy is as follows—we will give a comprehensive programme—First of all I had to climb the weary hill, which lay between my camp and the road above. A violent cough came on before I reached the top, as I had considered that walking was preferable to riding, (under the stony circumstances,) and I was almost in convulsions by time I had attained the Christian road to Mundy. However, I did reach it and I did not break a blood-vessel after all. Having mounted my horse, I proceeded on my way, not "rejoicing," but mentally consigning to the realms of bliss, all the insane projectors of a road as insane as their objectionable selves.

After going a short distance I came to a descent and a quarter of a mile brought me to the spot where the road divides; the lower one to the left had leading to the capital of Kulu, (Sultanpur), while the upper path ascended towards Mundy. "Ascended," however, but a very little way; the last six and a half miles consist almost entirely of a descent to the bed of the Beas. The city of Mundy stands on the opposite bank of that river. At the spot I alluded to above, where the road divides, I had a good view of a picturesque bridge which spanned a rapid river at the base of the hill I was descending. This river is called the Ohloo and Hoohloo, indiscriminately, by the aborigines, so I suppose it must be correct. The road is very from this spot to Mundy, with the exception of one or two rather steep descents. The last mile to the *Ghat*³¹ is nearly quite

level and I flew over it at an appropriate pace.

The *Ghat* is a good one and the ferry-boats are on a very civilized plan, though somewhat awkward for horses. The depth of the river at this spot averages about twelve feet at this season of the year and its breadth is from one hundred and twenty to two hundred feet, varying according to the high rocks which confine the channel, receding from the river, or jutting prominently forth. In some parts, the waters beat against these shelving rocks with violence and offer an imposing imitation of the "Madras surf"! The Rajah's palace is a conspicuous building, high and *white-looking*. I am told that a new building is in progress of erection for his Mightiness.

I am encamped in a romantic Orange grove and the Rajah has sent me down a large tent of his own. The trees are covered with fragrant orange blossoms and for the great heat, I should be very comfortable.

Mundy is situated in the angle between the Beas and Sukhetie rivers.

It will not be uninteresting to the general reader, as well as the antiquary, to hear that there are traces of Alexander's march through the distant mountains of the Himalaya, which prove, beyond a doubt, that the great conqueror penetrated even to those remote regions.

Not far from Mundy, the hill of "Sekundur-ka-Dhar"³² is found, which extends to near Beijnath in the Kulu Illaka. On this hill ruins are still extant. They are environed by a deep trench, excavated in the solid rock, immediately adjoining a large open space, manifestly planned by the agency of man. Local traditions would argue this spot to be classic ground and the great Alexander's altars of ancient celebrity are said to be the ruins here visible. It is this tradition which has christened the mountain.

There are also grounds for asserting that the ruins of similar classic temples are found near Lahore and the line of Alexander's march is still traced along the banks (or not far from them, rather) of the ancient Hyphasis, much in the same spots indicated by Pliny and also Quintus Curtius. Alexander could never have built any altars on the actual banks of the Punjab Rivers; or if he did, all such trophies must long since have been swept away, the rivers of the Punjab being notorious for the constant change of their channels and the washing away of their original banks. But to return to the Himalaya; I wish to

point out such traces as still exist of Alexander's progress through these mountains.

The ancient historians are so rambling in their account and so many discrepancies occur in the various authors who tell of Alexander's exploits, that it is hazardous endeavouring to lay down any continuous or direct route as his line of March. Arrian mentions that Alexander proceeded to the river "Kophenes" after crossing the Caucasus and passing the city he had built when he made his first inroad into Bactria. This "Kophenes" is agreed, by the best authorities, to be the river of Kabul. Arrian proceeds to say that the great hero then sent on Perdikkas and Hephaestion to "*Peucelaotis*," near the river Indus, that they might have a pontoon ready for his passage across the river. It is universally allowed that the large plain of modern "Peshawur" is meant by "*Peucelaotis*." It is probable that famous "Rock of Arnos," so frequently mentioned by the ancient historians—one of whom asserts that its basin is washed by the Indus—is the same as the Rock of Iskardo. Ptolemy asserts that Alexander marched towards the "Assacenie," and the entire relation given by him as to the locality would render the belief very reasonable, that this country is synonymous with the kingdom of Yessen, which extends to the Indus. Yessen lies to the west of Bultistan, or Little Tibet and extends along the north of the Indus. There are many ruins and other remains connected with the name of Alexander ("Sekunder") throughout the country of Yessen. But some of the ancient authors mention numerous elephants, etc. in Alexander's cortege; and indeed, frequently mention those unwieldy animals being found wild in the course of his marches. Now in my opinion, it is a wild idea to suppose it possible that elephants could be marched to Iskardo, or the kingdom of Yessen, from the Punjab up the rugged banks of the Indus. But the mere fact of mention being made of elephants being found in the jungles of the Punjab, is no argument against the truth of the ancient historians; because, though certainly those animals are not now found far west of Dehradun, (the valley near Mussoorie stretching along the base of the Himalaya and between those mountains and the Soowalic range)—still it is perfectly possible that in ancient times the elephant roved all throughout the Punjab. A very formidable argument for this belief lies in the fact, that more than one authentic history describes the Rhinoceros as having been formerly hunted in the "country of

the five rivers," whereas now, not one of that genus can be met with in any part of the north-west provinces of Hindustan.

Allowance must also be made for the glaring *exaggerations* of the ancient author; for we have only to remember how many, in our own enlightened days, do not hesitate to romance and draw on their imaginations. For instance, the "230,000 head of cattle," mentioned by Ptolemy as the spoil taken from the "barbarians near the banks of the Euaspla," must be regarded as a historical fiction. In a similar manner, the assertion that the Assacenie, a tribe of wild mountaineers, possessed the enormous army of twenty thousand horse and thirty thousand foot, with elephants *ad libitum*, must be taken like many other assertions, *cum grano salis*.

I have not myself any that careful research would discover to the persevering antiquarian, the long and unbroken line of March adopted by Alexander in India and through such sections of the Himalayan Mountains as he visited. But when we consider how very difficult it is now to *identify* names of countries, towns and river and how requisite it is to glean with care and precision the grains of truth from the bushels of fable or exaggeration, it will be at once seen how prodigious an amount of perseverance, as well as classical research, must be brought into the field. If the antiquary would penetrate into the remote kingdom of Yessen, from all I have heard of the remains there extant, I feel assured he would be amply repaid for the journey, the find "Sekunder's" visit to those distant mountains no romance, but a tangible reality.

MUNDY (CITY)

26 April 1850 *Saturday*: —Halted here today, to see something of the city, etc. The Rajah sent me his *Jaunpaun*³³ this evening to enable me to see the place, but it was not a very regal conveyance. Tarnished and faded were the ornaments,—so like everything pertaining to a native Court. I was taken along a road which went below the Royal Residence and on the flat roof of the building, sat the Rajah and his brothers. They all rose as I went by and made me a respectful salaam.³⁴ They appeared to eye me with half alarm, half curiosity and seemed to regard me as a wild animal, so rare are English ladies in these benighted regions. When I was carried through the city, mobs of women, men

and children, followed the *Jaunpaun* and the exertions of several *Chuprassies*³⁵ entirely failed to keep them at a respectful distance.

What amused me most was the *Mall*!³⁶ It is a circular road made on a plain piece of ground, where the Rajah actually drives a buggy almost every evening. It is near this course, that the road to Simla turns off from Mundy and it appeared a good made road. Simla is about six marches distant and I subjoin them below.³⁷ There is nothing that I saw at Mundy, particularly worthy of note. The heat is very great during the middle of the day. It makes me feel quite ill and languid. The elevation of this city must be very trifling and it is so encompassed by hills that fresh and reviving breezes are sadly at a discount.

The Rajah of Mundy is a man in the prime of life but the person who "de facto" rules the little kingdom is his *Wuzeer* (or Prime Minister), "*Goshaan*" by name.³⁸ This official is a disreputable character; corrupt, mean and utterly worthless. I have heard all sorts of tales concerning him and he is alike hated and feared. There is a general meanness and *patriness* in the ménage of this Raj,³⁹ which must be perceptible to every impartial traveller who visits the capital. Truth is utterly unknown and it is a crying shame that some reform is not made.⁴⁰

Very good honey is procurable here and in large quantities, if due notice is given.

KHUMAND (MUNDY DISTRICT)

Distance, eight or nine miles

27 April 1850 Sunday.—Reached my camp here at half past 8AM. I found that my servants had taken possession of a room adjoining a Bunniah's⁴¹ shop, by way of my being cooler. And I would advise all travellers to follow this example, for the heat in a *Shouldaree*⁴² is very trying, especially at any elevation below ten thousand feet the sea-level, when the season is so far advanced.

I crossed the "Ohloo" or "Hoolhoo" River by a bridge. The road ascends to near the spot where I before said there was a division of paths; then the descent is regular and rather steep, till the aforesaid bridge is attained. A little level ground, followed by an ascent and a corresponding descent, brought me

to Khumand. I crossed one or two streams *en route* (besides the Beas and the Ohloo rivers), but they were trifling and at this season of the year are very easily forded.

The road is very tolerable and my gallant Arab carried me beautifully over hill and dale, without making one false step. This encamping ground can scarcely be called a village. It consists of one or two shops, as far as I can see; but there is a hamlet about a mile distant. It is hot and uninteresting here.

"Princey" is in great force. The little pet has taken a dislike to my Tindal,⁴³ whose legs he bites each time the unoffending man passes near him. He is very condescending to "Psyche," and occasionally takes notice of her. It is true she is about fifty times his size, but her respect for him is great, nor does she dare to eat any dinner till the little Malik⁴⁴ is served. There is one thing, which "Princey" will never permit and that is too much attention from man or beast to me. He flies at the interloper and bites everyone who presumes to divert too much of my attention! My pets are my companions; more true, more faithful than aught of human form. I am fortunate in the attachment of such noble animals!

BIJOURA, (KULU DISTRICT)

Distance, thirteen miles

28 April 1850 *Monday*:—this is a long march over a very high range of hills, at least high in comparison to Khumand or Bijoura. The road is at first partially level and then comes a long and steep ascent up a high, wooded mountain. I observed on this hill, near the summit, a pale lilac-coloured, indeed almost white, rhododendron in full bloom. It is the first I have met with in the hills and I was struck by its novelty, as well as the delicate tint of the large flowers.⁴⁵ This mountain is so beautifully and densely wooded that I had some miles of pleasant shade. There are no villages near the road throughout this portion of the march, but water is abundant, flowing from numberless springs which issue from the heights above the path. The descent is steeper than the ascent and not so long. There is a "Huttie," or shop, near the foot of this hill. A stony piece of bare ground leads to Bijoura and here there is a village and a ruined fort.

The Beas flows close by. The channel of this river is dotted with small islands overgrown with alder trees. The current is strong and rapid and the waters dash violently over large rocks in many places, scattering the foam and spray an incredible distance and making at the same time a most imposing uproar. There is neither ford nor ferry near Bijoura, at least not without some previous notice and then not nearer than two miles. This ferry is on the road from Bijoura to Suraj, the district which lies between Kulu and Simla and not on the march I have come this morning. There is a second ferry across the Beas, about three miles from Bijoura, higher up the course of the river, on the direct road to Sultanpur; but the capital of Kulu being on this bank of the Beas, of course I shall not have to cross the river.

Let no tyro imagine, that this ferry consists of civilized boats, or even Christian rafts. Oh no! "Mussucks"⁴⁶ form the only "ferry." As I am going to visit the hot springs of Munnie Karn very shortly and as this ferry is on the direct road to the said springs, I shall defer all description of it till then. To say the truth, I have never seen a similar ferry; this antediluvian *hikmut*⁴⁷ is a pleasure to come. The Beas is too rapid and the bed is too much obstructed by large rocks, to allow the possibility of boats being used here and though a bridge might be practicable, no philanthropic individual has yet risen up to supply the "sinews of war." As for the natives, they have the crudest idea of a bridge, except over small streams, when a few yards of timber suffice. Where necessity compels them to erect such across the larger and more rapid torrents, they are of so eccentric and fragile a construction, being merely made of twigs and ropes, that having heard them described, I am glad there is no "bridge" on the high road to Munnie Karn.

The fort here is a large square place, with towers also square. It is not garrisoned and any traveller may pitch his camp within the walls. And a very good place it is too, much cooler quarters than a small tent. I have now entered the valley of the Beas and I am told it extends to the foot of the Rotung pass and increases in beauty each mile of the way.

There appears a good deal of cultivation in this neighbourhood; barley and rice are extensively grown. Gram is unknown, but wheat appears plentiful. Provisions seem cheap in this country and I hear that higher up the valley everything becomes still cheaper. When I say provisions, I mean milk, *attah*,⁴⁸

rice, sheep, etc. Fowls appear almost unknown in Kulu. I do not, indeed, see a single one of that feathered tribe.

I do not like what I have seen of the people of the country, but it is perhaps as yet premature to give an opinion.

SULTANPUR, (THE CAPITAL OF KULU)

Distance, nine miles

29 April 1850 Tuesday: —I sent on my advance camp yesterday evening, with orders to pitch my tents below the fort, as I had heard that the *Baruh Durrie* was occupied by the Assistant-Commissioner of Kulu, Captain H—. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance at Simla two years ago and E—and I even paid him a visit of a whole week at his house at Muhasu. I did not presume to make my arrival known to him on so slight an acquaintance. Moreover, I had every reason to wish to avoid him, as I had heard on good authority that he was no friends of mine. To my inexpressible astonishment, I found my servants quietly settled in the *Baruh Durrie* and he came to meet me himself. He is very kind and has given up the *Baruh Durrie* to me, occupying a tent himself. I am much indebted to him, for the heat here is terrific.

Sultanpur is about nine miles from Bijoura; the road almost entirely level the whole way. It lies through the Beas Valley and runs along the right bank, (but as I was *ascending* the valley, the *river* lay to my right hand). The road never leaves the banks of the Beas for more than fifty yards, till just below this city, where it turns a very little to the left, to cross the Serberie (a tributary of the Beas). This torrent rushes down from the heights to the left of the road and falls into the Beas close by. It is crossed by a crazy wooden bridge, a short distance before its junction with the larger river. Sultanpur (also called "Kulu,") is built on a spur of table-land, which projects from the base of high hills. This "spur" is almost triangular in form and of no great extent. The *apex* of this triangle is situated near the confluence of the Beas and Serberie rivers. The elevation of Sultanpur is given at 4,584 feet above the level of the sea. It is fearfully hot, from its confined situation and in the rains, I am told that great sickness prevails. The city is built in a crowded and indefinite style; the streets are generally narrow and paved irregularly with stones. From the Serberie,

there is a stony ascent of a hundred yards or more, to the city itself, which is entered by an eccentric gateway, the doors of which (if there are any, which I doubt), never seem to be shut.

There is a Rajah here, a perfect cypher, with a paltry pittance by way of income and not even a shadow of influence or the merest mockery of state. The palace adjoins the *Baruh Durrie* and is a mean looking building. The Rajah is a very common looking person. He owns merely a few villages on the other side of the Beas; and yet he is the (reputed) descendant of princes who possessed whole provinces and were powerful and opulent not a hundred years ago.

1 *May 1850 Wednesday*:—I have taken a day of rest, that I may see a little more of the capital of Kulu before I go higher up the valley. It does not improve on acquaintance, which is a bad sign of a person or place. I mean to go to Kashmir *via* Lahoul and Ladakh, if I find the road at all practicable. I fear I shall be disappointed. Captain H—sent for some Lahoul traders today and the *Naighie*⁴⁹ of that country and they give such a hopeless report of the Passes I shall have to cross, that I fear I might as easily reach the moon as Kashmir, by the route I had chalked out for myself! They say that the said passes will not *all* be open for *two months*, or more! However, I shall march up the valley and go as far over the first (the Rotung Pass), as the snow will permit.

Captain H—has been very kind and I find him a very agreeable companion, so I was glad to hear him say that he intended accompanying me to the Rotung Pass. We leave tomorrow morning for "Nuggur," where Captain H—has built a house out of a quondam palace.

NUGGUR (KULU DISTRICT)

Distance, fourteen miles

2 *May 1850 Thursday*:—Captain H—accompanied me here. We arrived to an early breakfast. Immediately after leaving Sultanpur, we descended a steep road, rough and stony. A short piece of level brought us to the banks of the Beas once more. This river is crossed by two new wooden bridges. The current is rapid and the waters dash over great rocks and stones with a deafening noise. Having crossed to the left bank, we rode on over level ground, sur-

rounded by rich fields of cultivation, occasionally diversified by ascents and descents (the former by far prevailing). Several rapid streams poured down, often across the road, into the Beas from the Heights to the right of our path. We forded most of the streams, which, at this time of the year are very tiny, but we had one or two primitive bridges to go over, where we found it difficult to ride, as there were no railings to them. The road though not very wide, is tolerably good and "Rival" managed admirably, even over the rougher places.

Those who wish to go by the other bank of the river, direct to the head of the valley, *via* the villages of Dwara and Kelat, not caring to see Nuggur, need not cross at all to the left bank. There is a good road from Sultanpur to the head of the Beas Valley, along the right bank of the river.

The scenery all along this morning's March, was very picturesque and lovely. The Beas flowed through the valley, rapid and turbulent; green fields met the eye on every side and the landscape was prettily wooded with various kinds of trees. High hills, apparently averaging about twelve thousand feet, their summits white and hoary, confined the valley on both sides. I should not think its utmost breadth was more than four or five miles. I have no authority for saying this; I merely hazard a conjecture. The "Elevations" I may give during my intended march through Kulu, will be entirely taken from "Gerards's" or "Cunningham's" Heights.

Nuggur was the ancient capital of Kulu and was called "Makarsa." As the removal of the court to Sultanpur took place nearly three centuries ago, but few houses now remain and beyond the ancient Palace, there is nothing to tell of departed greatness. It is said to be one of the most ancient cities in these hills.

The "Palace is a three-storied house, rambling and irregular, of which Captain H—has ingeniously contrived to rebuild and re-model a portion for himself. The situation is commanding and I have jestingly called the house "Nuggur Castle!" The view from the windows of one of the rooms is perfectly enchanting and on moonlight night must be indescribably lovely. The opposite Heights, white with glittering snow—the peaceful valley, green and smiling far beneath—and the rapid river flowing turbulently through the middle of the undulating plain—form a landscape of surpassing beauty. There is a magnificent forest of Pine Trees covering the hill which rises

almost immediately above "Nuggur Castle," and deep snow covers the summits of these wooded mountains.

The houses in Kulu are from two to five stories high and the materials employed in the construction appear principally to consist of un-hewn stone and thick layers of wood, with irregularly slated or wooden roofs. The latter are perched in a very peculiar manner on the tops of the primitive looking domiciles, something faintly approximating to the Chinese style of architecture. Cattle are generally kept in the lower story.

Sheep are cheap and plentiful. Goats in these parts give but little milk. Fowls appear almost unknown. Captain H—has a promising farmyard and liberally purposes to make it the means of propagating a fine breed of fowls in these benighted hills. The goats of the country are small and are covered with long hair; they are pretty but almost useless, unless to those who relish that peculiar fare.

The hedge-rows and woods abound with wild pears, pomegranates and grapes. None of these wild fruits are ever much worth as esculents, I am told.⁵⁰ In the gardens near the villages, however, quinces, walnuts and apricots are grown and are *said* to turn out pretty good, though invariably small. Grapes are also cultivated but are rarely worth eating and are only used for Sherbet. Opium is likewise grown in quantities and forms an article of traffic as well as of extensive home consumption. Blankets are made in Kulu. Some that I saw were of rather fine texture and of a plaid pattern. They cost from two to six *rupees*.⁵¹

"Goitre" is frightfully prevalent and every second person one meets with in Kulu, appears more or less deformed by it, especially the women. Having once heard, I forget where, that this disfiguring disease originated in drinking the water of certain places and countries, I feel half afraid of the purest rills in Kulu.

The dress of the Kulu people is most simple and primitive. The poorer classes wear *nothing but a blanket*! It is first wound round the waist; then one end is brought over the shoulders and fastened across the breast by a pair of skewers, or long pins with heads. These pins are made of brass or iron and sometime two are connected together with a short chain. The other end of the blanket is fastened round the body and attached to the waist. Occasionally a

second blanket is added, but the greater parts of the legs are bare. I protest I never looked at this insecure dress without a feeling of nervousness!

The men sometimes wear a sort of jacket, with loose trousers; but often men and women are dressed alike and I have been at a loss to decide the sex of an individual. Both sexes wear woolen skull caps, with full upturned borders, black, red and white, or sometimes a medley of colours. The women often add a tassel, which hangs down on one side from the apex of the cap. They plait their long black hair in one tress and add black or brown worsted to make it longer still. This plait often reaches nearly to the ankles and is worn either hanging down behind, like a pig-tail, or it is turned up and wound round the head. The only shoes worn by either sex are Kulu "Poolas." These peculiar articles are made of grass, plaited in a very original manner, in the shape of shoes without heels and rather long in the toes. Higher up the valley, I hear that "Poolas" are often merely plaited grass soles, secured to the feet by ribbons of grass, catching the big toe in particular! I have ordered a few pairs, which will deserve a place amongst original curiosities.

I see nothing approaching to beauty in the men, women, or children of Kulu. I do not at all like what I have seen of the race. They have none of the simple virtues of the primitive hill tribes; but appear turbulent, cunning and corrupt. They show utter disregard to truth and are an idle, wicked, cowardly people.

Extraordinary customs regarding *marriage* prevail in this benighted land of heathens. A whole family of brothers marry *one* woman and are her husband's at one and the same time, all living amicably together! There may be two brothers, or perchance a dozen; the *number* is of no consequence! The elder brother is the *Malik*,⁵² however of the house. Should he, for good and satisfactory reasons, turn out a younger brother, he is obliged to provide for him. The children born to these unhallowed unions, are given to each brother, according to seniority. The women are always running away to a different husband, or husbands, in these benighted mountains. Virtue is absolutely unheard of. The husbands complain in court, but merely as a matter of *pecuniary* loss. They are always willing to take the runaway spouse back to their bosoms,—this they *never* object to, but should the loving wife refuse, they ask for her price, *i.e.*, the sum she cost and the pecuniary value at which they estimate her

services, particularly in the field. For women here are looked upon exactly as an article of furniture, or a menial servant, who is to do all the heaviest work in and out of doors. Who can wonder that a virtuous woman is not to be found in all Kulu?

The language spoken here is very different from that in use in other parts of the hills and it will require some practice to pick up even as much as is requisite for ordinary conversation with the more illiterate classes.

This is indeed a lovely valley. The elevation of this spot is greater than Sultanpur and the climate is far pleasanter. Tomorrow morning we go on to Juggat Sukh.

JUGGAT SUKH (KULU DISTRICT)

Distance, about eight or nine miles

3 May 1850 *Friday*.—We rode here this morning and had a delightful canter over a very tolerable road. There is a *bungalow*⁵³ here, in a half-finished state. It was built last year by a Lieut Reid, of some Native Infantry corps, who absolutely purposed resigning the service, to spend the rest of his life in this valley. However, finding the plan would not answer, he has never completed the house. We occupy it during the day, as it is cooler than tents.

The valley of the Beas is gradually becoming narrower and the hills on both sides are densely wooded. This is a very pretty spot and the elevation must be five or six hundred feet greater than Nuggur. We passed several streams *en route*; the cultivation is very rich and abundant. This valley is one of the prettiest I have seen anywhere; the scenery is so varied and charming. There are two waterfalls close by our camp and they must be very pretty at the height of the rains. When the snow melts, during the heat of the day, the water-falls just behind the house pours down in a considerable volume and the spray is dashed to a great distance. The road from Nuggur to Juggat Sukh is not bad. The distance is either eight or nine miles. Just below Juggat Sukh, there is a rapid stream, called the "Doangnoo." There is a wooden bridge over this torrent. After heavy rain, the water tumbles wildly over large rocks; and, in one spot has a fall of nearly thirty feet.

The spray scattered by the cataract is declared to be the breath issuing from the nostrils of a divinity of Kulu, bearing the name of "Doangnoo," and from this legend the river has taken its cognomen. After this torrent is crossed, there is a short but steep ascent before this place is attained. There is a village close to this bungalow and all necessary supplies are procurable.

BOOROOAH (KULU DISTRICT)

Distance, eight or nine miles

Elevation above the level of the sea, 7,422 feet⁵⁴

4 May 1850 *Saturday*.—Arrived here about 8AM. The distance must be nearly nine miles and the road is quite passable for a large horse. There are several mountain torrents to be either forded, or crossed by primitive bridges. There are several ascents and descents on this road, but the former prevail; (*this it is almost superfluous to say; as we have been steadily following the course of the Beas upwards, we must be higher each day*). Boorooah is almost the last village of Kulu and is situated at the head of the Beas valley. The surrounding hills are covered with magnificent forests of fir trees and the whole scenery is wild and lovely. I was quite grieved to see that the axe had at work already in these dense woods; perhaps in a few years this beautiful scenery will have become tame and stupid.

I was struck by the peculiar appearance of the country immediately surrounding Boorooah. Large rocks and stones are very wildly scattered about, as if some evil Genii had been hurling them in wrath or contempt from the frowning heights above.

There is snow on all the mountains near this village. The Rotung Pass⁵⁵ seems to be quite inaccessible, so white and deep appears the snow. There is an *unbroken* appearance about its icy surface, very discouraging to my proposed attempt to ascend it tomorrow.

Between Juggat Sukh and Boorooah, nearly half-way, a little to the right of the road, the village of Beshesht is passed. Here there is Hot Springs and though the water has a strong smell of sulphurated hydrogen and a medicinal taste, it has no medicinal properties (at least none known to the natives of the

place). The name given to these springs is "Besheshti Khoond."⁵⁶ I believe it is not a very clean or inviting place, so I did not halt there at all. Beshesht is on the left bank of the Beas. A little distance further on, we had to cross the river to the right bank. The channel was confined by rocks and the inclination at which the torrent rushed down, made it fearfully rapid, while the enormous stones, etc., which impeded its progress as it dashed madly on, caused a deafening noise and an immense expenditure of spray. The Bridge was a new wooden one and in vary creditable repair. This spot is thickly wooded with Alder Trees.

The latter part of the road to this village is very stony and we had to cross several water-courses and rivulets which cut up the path. We are in a roomy hut here and find the place cold after the lower parts of the valley.

I am told that "red" bears⁵⁷ are found in the neighbouring mountains and are frequently killed by the hill people. Leopards also cruise about the surrounding Heights and are often caught by the village dogs, which are set at them in numbers, almost invariably overcoming their powerful enemies.

Tomorrow we purpose setting forth on an exploring expedition to the Rotung Pass. In the event of its being "practicable," I shall proceed subsequently on the same route with my camp.

BOOROOAH

*5 May 1850 Sunday:—7PM—*We have just returned from our attempt to reach the summit of the Ritang-ka-Joth, or Pass of Rotung and I am terribly fatigued and chilled. We left this place at an early hour, having sent on the breakfast-tents and we rode as far as we could. Within a mile of Boorooah we came to a rapid torrent spanned by an antediluvian spar - bridge. After this, the path became a steep and rugged ascent. Some place were so very bad, that I was forced to dismount and clamber over the rude rocks as well as I could on my feet, tearing my delicate shoes in a melancholy manner and bruising my unfortunate feet still more deplorably. One spot is very bad and even the Hill Ponies, steady little *Ghoonts*, were, with difficulty, dragged up the slippery and rugged rocks by two or three men aiding each. It was very fortunate indeed, that I had not brought "Rival." Captain H—had kindly lent me one of his fine

Ghoonts. It is extraordinary how safely these hill ponies scramble over rugged paths and how fearlessly they walk along the brink of frightful precipices.

We found our tents pitched four miles from this camp and breakfast ready. The rugged path lies along the right bank of the Beas the whole way and the scenery is wildly beautiful on every side. The channel of the river gradually becomes more and more confined and the inclination at which it flows being so very abrupt, the waters boil and foam with a furious noise over the large rocks and stones that block up the bed, while the spray is dashed to a great height and distance. The channel of the Beas is very striking along this march, but when I visit the "Rotung" again (as I mean to do at some future time), I shall more fully describe its peculiar features.

The mountain we ascended was wooded a great part of the way and I am told that the grass which grows on it, affords so very rich and luxuriant a pasturage, that flocks and herds are sent here from a distance to graze. Ghoonts are allowed to run loose on this Pass for four or five months of the year. I believe that occasionally a leopard carries one off, but this little casualty does not appear to have much weight with their owners.

After breakfast, we began the ascent of the pass in good earnest. We left our ponies at our tents; Captain H—walked and I was carried in a small hill *dhoolie*. The ascent was fearfully steep and by way of a path we had nothing but deep beds of snow and sheets of ice. There are regular stone steps the whole way up, but the higher we got the more these steps were embedded in snow. The coolies had great difficulty in carrying the *dhoolie* over some of the steeper parts.

At 8,731 feet of elevation, we passed a spot called "Ralha," or "Nag Wodar." Here, in the deep cavity of a rock, tame snakes are found, which are supposed to have been brought by pilgrims. They lie torpid during the winter, entirely out of sight; but in the genial months of summer they come out of their hole and bask in the sunshine. They will feed out of any person's hand and are particularly partial to milk. Of course I saw nothing of them, for deep snow surrounded their rocky dwelling-place.

At the elevation of a little more than eleven thousand feet, we reached that of the Pass bearing the name of "Murree," where two stone-built huts, erected by the Emperor Lena Singh and called after him; stand on a small

piece of table-land. To reach Murree, we had to cross a steep bed of snow many feet deep. The air was bitterly cold and as we drew near, the sleet which had been falling for some time, turned into large flakes of snow. We went onto the huts for shelter, but there being no appearance whatever of the weather clearing, I insisted on proceeding. The huts were full of drifted snow and we had but cold shelter there. On we toiled higher up the pass. The snow fell thicker and thicker and Captain H—begged me to return, as many people have been lost in snow-storms, by rashly braving them on this pass. He turned back to the huts, but I persevered a mile further. The coolies at last fairly declined to proceed, as we could no longer see our way and their feet sunk deeper and deeper in the fresh-fallen snow. I never saw such a dreary prospect as met the eye on every side,—north, south, east and west, nothing but one vast expanse of white was visible. The storm of snow at last drove me back and cold and almost benumbed I returned to Murree. We then retraced our steps to the tents and as we neared them, the flakes of snow were gradually converted into sleet and we were thoroughly drenched by the time we arrived at our temporary camp. I have caught cold and my cough has partially returned.

Tomorrow morning we breakfast at Juggat Sukh. I require no one *now* to tell me that *this* route will be impracticable for two months! Thus has failed my attempt No.1, on Ladakh and Kashmir; but nothing daunted, I shall next essay the route which goes through Suraj, Busehr, S'piti etc., etc. First I shall visit the Boiling Springs of Munnie Karn and I hope to reach them by the 9TH instant. They will take me only a couple of marches out of the direct route.

NUGGUR (KULU DISTRICT)

Distance, about eighteen miles

6 May 1850 *Monday*: —We breakfasted at Juggat Sukh and came on here to dinner. Tomorrow we proceed to Sultanpur and the next day I shall start (*alone!*) on the first march of my attempt, No. 2, on Ladakh and Kashmir.

SULTANPUR (KULU DISTRICT)

Distance, about fourteen miles

7 May 1850 *Tuesday*:—Arrived here this evening to dinner. It is hot, oh! How miserably hot here.

8 May 1850 *Wednesday*:—I have spent the day here and after dinner start on my solitary and perhaps dangerous journey. I am determined to make the attempt, even if my life be the forfeit. I have written my "Last will and testament," and executed an immensity of business today. Poor Ghaussie (my head-servant), on my telling him that I had made a will in case of my death, begged me, with tears in his eyes, to tear it up, because he had a superstitious belief that it was unlucky. Though I assured him that I was obliged, among other things, to provide for him and my other servant, he "refused to be comforted," or convinced and went on his way lamenting, to my camp at Choong (a double march), fourteen miles distant, where I am going after dinner. I shall ride "Rival" to the ferry on the Beas and finish my journey in a dhoolie. He must be swum across, I suppose. I have sent "Princey" on in my dhoolie and "Psyche" will accompany me, as she always does.

Capt W—arrived today from Kangra. He talks of finishing the Bungalow at Juugut Sukh and spending his eight months' leave there. I do not envy him! Both Captain H—and Captain W—have been endeavouring to dissuade me from my perilous, but they cannot frighten me out of a *resolution* deliberately formed. And life is not so precious to me, after all; I can calmly contemplate the most fatal contingencies. God willing, I shall overcome all difficulties, as I have ever hitherto done; and if not, death can come but once and some time or other—"once" it must come. I am not afraid.

MURREE (ROTUNG PASS)

Elevation, eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea

6 June 1850 *Wednesday*:—Nearly a month has elapsed since I last wrote in this Journal. It has not been through idleness, however; and I have abundant cause to be thankful that I am here at all. By "*here*," I mean here below—in this world of ours and not the Rotung Pass, in particular. In fact, I have been

nearly killed and quite *hore de combat*, since I last wrote in this Diary, on the 8TH of last month. But I will try and retrace each day as well as I can.

On the evening of the 8TH ultimo, I went to Choong. I rode to the ferry, which is five or six miles from Sultanpur, on the road to Bijoura. Here I was taken across the Beas on a *charpoy*, or bed, which was placed over two *mussucks*.⁵⁸ On each of these was perched a ferryman. Three or four other *mussucks* escorted mine, by mine, by way of precaution. I found my dhoolie and little "Princey" on the opposite bank. "Psyche" accompanied me on the *charpoy*. "Rival" was swum across and I waited to see him safely over. The river is rapid and I considered the whole business a service of danger.

The road from the ferry to Choong is not at all good; steep, stony and rugged. It winds along the banks of the Parbuttie River the whole way to Munnie Karn, only occasionally deviating for a short distance. Choong is much higher than Sultanpur and from Bohun (where the ferry is), the greater part of the road is a steep and difficult ascent. It has been "made," but it would be dangerous to attempt riding a large horse along such a narrow path, flanked by such terrific *khuds*. The Parbuttie is a rapid torrent, rising in the snowy hills beyond Munnie Karn and flowing into the Beas a little above Bohun. Choong is situated at a considerably higher elevation than the bed of the Parbuttie. I arrived there at ten at night, saw but little of a place which so nearly proved fatal to me. On the road, before it become quite dark, I observed numbers of wild pomegranate trees, covered with small unripe fruit.

My servants, luckily, sent pine-torches to light me to my camp; otherwise I might I might have had an accident even before reaching the tents, for the night was pitch dark and the narrow precipitous road had many abrupt turnings. However, I arrived in safety. I went to my sleeping-tent and ordered tea. While my servant was preparing it, I took a stroll about the place, little imagining that my camp was pitched on the brink of a precipice. I saw a *Chiboutra*⁵⁹ round a tree of large size and I sauntered towards it. The fires at which the servants were cooking their dinner at some little distance, only rendered the darkness more complete at fifty yards and I had no idea of my danger. I walked across that *Chiboutra* and I remember no more till I found myself in bed, surrounded by terrified servants. I was in such frightful agony, that I screamed madly when I endeavoured to move a single inch in bed.

My servants told me subsequently, that they had heard two half-smothered screams and at first concluded that it was a *Puhurie*,⁶⁰ crying down the *Khud*. My *Sirdar-bearer* however, declared that it was the voice of the "Mem-Sahib,"⁶¹ on which they rushed with torches in every direction and at last found me lying senseless at the foot of a *khud*, some twenty feet deep, (on a stone,) and on the brink of a precipice, which probably only terminated in the roaring water of the Parbuttie, hundreds of feet below. Had I fallen one foot further, my *remains* even would never have been found. The servants carried me up and laid me in bed. On first attempting to move me, the agony they inflicted, roused me for a moment, they say, but only to swoon again.

Fever came on that night and messenger after messenger was sent to apprise Captain H—of my imminent danger; but they made some mistake and it was not till the third day that he heard of it. For sixteen hours after fever supervened, I was delirious and raved frantically. My ayah⁶² kept incessantly moistening my lips with diluted sal volatile. My situation was indeed perilous; I had no medicine-chest in camp, no resources of any kind and I was in the hands of ignorant native servants. When the sun became powerful, I was carried into a *Deotah*, or temple, the villagers volunteering to take out their monstrous idol, to make room for the dying lady,—"dying," as all supposed. Repeated attacks of haemorrhage came on and by 3PM, the third day, all fever had disappeared. I was perfectly sensible then and was told by my servants of my danger. I felt myself, that but little hope of life remained and it was a bitter thought to die thus in my youth, far from all dear to me and without even an effort being made to save me.

I had evidently sustained great internal, for, besides the intense pain I suffered in my side, I coughed up blood in fearful quantities and the slightest exertion brought cold drops of agony to my face. When I remembered that the nearest medical attendant was one hundred miles distant, I felt that I *must* prepare myself for the worst. It was a fearful thing to be thus prostrated, suddenly and unexpectedly, in the midst of health and youth. It was a fearful thing to feel myself, at such a time, all alone in a wild country. I was in too great bodily agony to give any *connected* thought to the awful change which appeared then so near. And, oh! What further warning could I require,—than that, on a bed of death, (if it were one of pain as was mine,) the mind is utterly incapable of

preparing for that unseen realm beyond the grave, or of repenting a life spent "without God in the world," however blameless that life may otherwise have been. I can *never* forget what I experienced then. I thought I was dying and yet I could not *think* of the past that was gone, or the unknown future which was before me. A shudder passed coldly over my heart, when I tried to realize the prospect of approaching dissolution; but I cannot say that actual *fear* for one moment possessed my mind. I knew that perhaps a few short hours might tear me from "all we know and all we love;" but though the change seemed awful, I could not *dwell* upon it; my thoughts each moment wandered, so terrible was the bodily agony which paralyzed my mental faculties. How hard must the human heart be, when *such* a lesson is in vain!—and yet, already the deep impression is fading away, with returning health and strength. I wish it were otherwise,—from my heart I do.

I was at last carried down *on my bed*, (from which I could not be moved at all,) and taken to Sultanpur, the servants shrinking from the responsibility of my dying in that lonely spot. My women servant accompanied me and when I fainted from the motion of the bed when carried by the coolies up and downhill, she was always at hand to stop them and with extreme remedies recall the flitting senses. She repeatedly administered *raw* brandy and this alone kept me alive.

I will not dwell on the days and nights of agony I had to pass. I owe my life, under the Almighty, to the care and skill of Captain H—. But for his kindness, my earthly joys and sorrows would long since have been at an end in the grave. When I recovered the immediate effects of my nearly fatal accident, I was taken to Nuggur and about a week ago I went to Munnie Karn. The wonderful effects of the hot baths there were quickly visible. Though when I first arrived I could not walk, (the injured side giving me exquisite pain when I moved,) in the short space of three days a marvellous improvement took place and when I left it I had comparatively recovered. I have come up here for the benefit of the bracing air and I am sure I shall soon be in the rude health.

Mr B—was up here for one day and he went to the *top* of the Pass. He told me that, though there was an immense quantity of snow and ice, he found the Pass practicable for walking. I like him very much. He is very agreeable and very clever,⁶³ though I think he dislikes me. *Eh bien*, I like him and do not at all

mind being abused! I have not described Munnie Karn, so before I conclude this *retrospect*, I will do so.

I was so superstitious about Choong, that when I went to Munnie Karn, nothing could induce me to go *via* that ill-omened village. To avoid the fatal neighbour-hood, I went right over a high mountain, called by the villagers the "Beringta Joth,"⁶⁴ where the only vestige of a path was about a foot wide, flanked in many places by horrible precipices. The first day, I went from Nuggur to Séo Bâgh (on the road to Sultanpur), a distance of about eleven miles. It is a pretty wooded place, a little above the road. Thence I went to Peeney, a large village about nine miles on the other side of the steep mountain I have just alluded to; first ascending to the summit of that Height and then descending two - thirds of the way. There is a magnificent view from the crest of this mountain. I saw Sultanpur far below to the left and the white glittering peaks of the Rotung Range to the right, beyond the head of the lovely Beas valley. On one side of the mountain, the Parbuttie raged far below and I looked down on the rapid water of the Beas on the other.

I observed this fine view when I was *returning*. In going to Peeney, I was very ill on this identical spot. Even the effort of being carried in a dhoolie was too much for my strength and I had repeated fainting fits and deadly sickness. We were so much delayed by all this, that the night came on, dark and gloomy, in spite of a little moonlight, the descent to Peeney being in one part thickly wooded. I was utterly exhausted and fever supervened shortly after we reached Peeney. I was fortunate in getting into a good house.

"Jurrie" was our next stage, some seven miles from Peeney and here I was ill all day. Munnie Karn is seven miles further and I was seriously knocked up the day I arrived at what proved to me, a Sanatarium indeed.

The first part of the road from Peeney to Jurrie is a narrow rugged descent for about five miles to the bed of the Parbuttie. We crossed over to the left bank by a very tolerable wooden bridge. Thence to Jurrie the road was principally ascending. From Jurrie to Munnie Karn is the "made" road which we entered at the former place.

I felt that I had by the *detour* I had made, effectually circumvented the evil Genii of Choong! From the high mountain between Seo Bagh and Peeney, the village of Choong looms in the distance on the opposite hill, the Parbuttie

flowing between the Heights and no other hills breaking the ominous view. Half-way between Jurrie and Munnie Karn, we re-crossed to the right bank of the Parbuttie, by a wooden bridge. The road ascends considerably to reach Munnie Karn and the latter part is very rugged, winding along immediately above the foaming waters of the Parbuttie. The channel of this river becomes more and more confined by high banks and the bed is blocked up by huge rocks and stones. Near Munnie Karn in particular, the torrent is perfectly white with foam and dashes madly over its rugged bed with a roaring sound.

Munnie Karn is situated on the right bank of the Parbuttie (or Parub) River. There is a large village here and high mountains covered with snow environ the place. There are several Hot Springs, three or four of which boil furiously. The latter issue out of rocks near the edge of the river and dense steam rises out of them in considerable volumes, heating the air all round. When I passed the principal Boiling Spring on the evening of my arrival at Munnie Karn, the steam absolutely darkened the path for a few yards and the heat was very distressing.

I boiled rice in it and was anxious to try eggs. This they earnestly objected to, saying that their springs would be defiled.⁶⁵ I made old "Bodhie-ka-ma," my Abigail, bring her *Chupatties*,⁶⁶ and cook them in the spring. She threw each cake of unleavened bread into the boiling water and they fell to the bottom of the rocky basin. After lying there two or three minutes, each cake of bread rose to the surface fully cooked. I ate a tiny piece, but cannot depose on oath, even for the sake of the novelty, that I relished the flavour.⁶⁷

As I could not throw eggs into the reservoir without doing violence to the religious prejudices of the heathens around me, I kindly refrained. But being still anxious to make the experiment, I put some of the boiling water into a large cup and placed several eggs in it. When I had given them sufficient time to be boiled, I broke them and, to my horror, *half-done chickens* rolled out!

(Philosophers might, perchance, find a glorious field of speculation in inquiring whether the above peculiarity was incidental or inherent in all "Munnie Karn eggs!")

The embryo chickens were greedily devoured by "Psyche," much to my disgust, before I had time to stop her! My "Princey" did not approve of the gurgling water,

or the thick rolling steam. He barked furiously at both, the whole time I sat by the springs, much to the edification of the intelligent natives.

A woman fell into the water and was so much scalded, that she lingered five days and at last died in great tortures. This was but two days previous to my visit to that spot.

The springs all flow into the foaming Parbuttie, where, of course, they soon lose all identity. There are several baths a little distance from the river, built of stone and enclosed on all sides, as well as roofed in. I had one of these emptied and then cleaned with numberless buckets of cold water out of the river, before it was again filled from the hot stream. These precautions are, I think, indispensable, previous to using these baths, for they are thronged from morning to evening with dirty natives. After having my "*Khoond*"⁶⁸ purified, I placed a *Chokidar*⁶⁹ on guard at the closed gate, night and day, to exclude all intruders.

These baths are filled by an aperture in the side of the building facing the hill whence the springs flow. The water is carried to the aperture by means of a rude aqueduct cut in the ground. I found the water always very hot at night and I could see the steam rising and curling along the surface of the bath. The smell of the water, also, seemed invariably more redolent of sulphur after dark. This might have been fancy, but I distinctly perceived it, or thought I did.

I was unable to stand or walk when I arrived at Munnie Karn and so I was carried into the bath by old "Bodhie-ka-ma." My severe illness had wasted me to a shadow and I was but a light weight in her arms. There was considerable difficulty about the requisite support when I reached the deep bath, but with some ingenuity I was held up with the aid of a sturdy crutch and my Abigail's skinny arm. On the first occasion, I fainted before I had been five minutes in the bath, which considerably alarmed my attendant. However, I was wrapped in shawls and blankets and carried to the house I occupied and there placed in bed. I slept long and soundly,—the first real sleep I had since my accident; and the very next morning a decided amendment was visible. I invariably noticed the soporific effect of the bathing in these hot springs, whether taken by night or by day, but I am unable to decide whether this is always the case, or if it was merely incidental to my debilitated state.

This place (Munnie karn), is a favourite holy spot with the Hindus, who come immense distances to do "*Tirath*"⁷⁰ here. My *Dhobie*, (or washerman) a young Hindu, cooked a quantity of rice and *attah*⁷¹ in the springs; and he is going to carry this with him wherever he goes, till he reached the plains and can distribute the holy food among his *bhai-bund*.⁷²

No one here appears to know where the Parbuttie takes its rise. They vaguely and indefinitely point to a range of mountains about ten miles off (as the crow flies), white with perpetual snow. There is no road beyond Munnie Karn, except a very rugged *pugdundie* (or footpath) along the right bank of the river.

Near Munnie Karn, about half a mile on the Jurrie road, I observed a bridge over the Parbuttie, the very sight of which made my head turn round! It was a single log of wood, either end resting on a projecting rock. This fragile spar thus spanned a rapid, roaring torrent, at the height of some thirty feet; the very elevation of which made the vortex below appear doubly terrible. And yet the *Puharies* think nothing of crossing the river by this dangerous bridge. So much for custom.

There is a legend attached to Munnie Karn, which is supposed to have originated the name. The story says that, once upon a time, the Goddess "*Parbuttie*"⁷³ was bathing with the Divine "*Maha Déo*"⁷⁴ and that when her Goddess ship was thus engaged, the Serpent-God yelled "*sheesha*,"⁷⁵ quietly stole her ear-rings, which she had left on the bank of the river. The thief was discovered shortly after, through the exertions of the Heavenly Host, who all feared the consequences of *Maha Déo*'s wrath. The Divine Serpent unconditionally declined to give up the property, but in his clamorous assertions that it was his own, he "*reckoned without his host*," poor god! The ear-rings ("*Munnie Karn*")⁷⁶ skipped out of his nostrils by reason of the violence of his vociferations and flew to their true owner in an orthodox and honest style! I ought to have remarked that the wicked Serpent-God had carried the jewels to the *Regions Inferni* and from the spot where the earth opened to permit the exit of the ear-ring, boiling springs arose; and from that day to this, the boiling water has ceaselessly flowed.

I have never heard of any medicinal properties being attributed to the waters of the Hot Springs of Munnie Karn, but from my own experience, I

can truly testify to the beneficial effects of bathing in them. The suddenness of the improvement and the permanency of the benefit derived was absolutely like magic. I could scarcely have believed it possible that a few days could have worked such a wonderful change, had it not occurred to myself. The taste of the water is sickly and when hot it has a sulphurous smell.

How strangely have Ghaussie's fears been nearly verified! I allude to what he said when I was preparing my "will" at Sultanpur. The evening of that very day I was nearly killed! He reminded me of it, a little while after my accident, saying that the fall down the *khud* was solely attributable to the fatal "Will!"

With all their attention in sickness, native servants are most ill-judged, foolish nurses. At Choong, when I was quite sensible, I heard them openly lamenting my approaching death; and actually old "Bodhie-ka-Ma" brought a looking glass to show me how much my face was altered and my eyes sunken! When I asked her if she thought I should live to reach kangra, in order to obtain medical assistance, she did not even try to cheer me, but shaking her head, begged me to resign myself to the will of the Almighty and bear my inevitable fate bravely! "Job's comforters," indeed, were they all to me, in my extremity at Choong.

Now that attempt no. II has so mournfully failed, I will wait till I am strong enough and then undertake no. III by going *this* route, for the passes will all be upon soon. What a change since I was here five weeks ago, both in the climate and scenery! The air is cold and bracing, but the snow is daily disappearing near Murree and the grass is green and luxuriant. Flowers of every hue enamel the ground—anemones, iris, buttercups, daisies, violets and a myriad of others. There is such a delicious purity in the clear, cold air that every breath of it seems to impart health and strength. I often stroll about till I am quite weary and am tempted to exert myself too much in my present state of health. We have tents pitched about three hundred feet above "Lena Singh's huts," on a nice little level piece of ground, fresh and green to the eye and glittering with bright flowers.

7 June 1850 Thursday:—A very high wind is blowing, keen and piercing. The air is purity itself and the sun is shining brightly.

We have heard from Juggat Sukh that poor Captain W— is dangerously ill and he has sent for Captain H—, as he is the only person in Kulu, who possesses any medical knowledge.

Everyone tries to frighten my servants about the road I am going and the passes ahead are described as something terrific. Since I arrived at Kangra, I have had numberless desertions amongst them and my establishment is woefully reduced to a quarter of the number who accompanied me from Julundur. How I shall manage with only five servants I do not well know, but I am resolved to make "attempt no. III," as soon as possible.

There are stone steps all the way up the Rotung Pass and the melting of the snow is daily exposing them to view. The "Huts" I have mentioned several times, were built by Lena Singh, a mighty potentate, for the preservation of travellers in severe storms, which are very frequent on this snowy pass. The stone steps are also said to be the work of his philanthropy, to facilitate the difficult ascent of the pass. Captain H—has nearly twenty Ghoonts grazing on this mountain now. The pasturage is most luxuriant and the hardy animals appear to revel in the cold. They are often not even housed at night, but remain un-hurt in the keen night air, without the slightest clothing. He has lost two or three by leopards which is the only objection to keeping cattle here. However, this was entirely owing to the carelessness of the man in charge.

I observed the lilac-coloured rhododendron growing in stunted clumps, close to our camp here. It is very like the species I noticed in Kulu, perhaps a little smaller. Birch trees grow on the peaks in the neighbourhood of our tents. The ordinary forest-line of elevation is from ten to eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Birches and pencil cedars are found at a greater height than any other trees, but even these are not met with much higher than our present elevation.

June 8 1850 Friday.—Captain H— went down at 4AM, to Juggat Sukh. A very high and bitterly cold wind blowing as usual. I received a letter this evening as I was returning from a solitary stroll, from Capt H—and another from S—; the former giving rather a better account of Capt W—. If he lives, he will owe his life, under Providence, to Captain H—, who found him almost dying and was obliged to use the most violent remedies. He is suffering from disease of the heart. Poor fellow! I hope he may recover. How sad it would be to die in the wilds of Kulu, far from all his friends and relations. He is still in extreme danger.

9 June 1850 Saturday: — I took a long walk this morning; it was bitterly cold. Capt W— was better at 6PM yesterday and I hope Capt H— will be able to come up today. He sent for his “medicines” at one this morning and gave a more favourable account of his patient. I think he is entitled to take out a diploma and call himself “Dr H—.” Mr O’S—, an original genius,⁷⁷ is also at Juggat Sukh. I received letters by *dak* (post) today.

10 June 1850 Sunday: — Captain H— arrived this evening. His patient was better and out of all immediate danger. A terrible storm yesterday and incessant rain.

11 June 1850 Monday: — Heavy rain all night. Took a long walk this morning with Capt H— I had a great search for a favourite gold chain I lost two days ago, while out flower-hunting, but it proved useless.

The damp has unluckily brought back my cough.

12 June 1850 Tuesday: — Heavy rain and bitterly cold.

13 June 1850 Wednesday: — A fine day, but still cloudy. A most animated and not very complimentary correspondence is at present being carried on between Mr B— and myself. I am accused of detaining Captain H— from his post near Captain W—. The latter has had a relapse and Mr B— abuses me in consequence. I saw the letter, as it was marked “service,” and have sent Mr B— what Captain H— facetiously styles “one of my particulars.”

I have enjoyed my *séjour* up here very much and my health is rapidly returning. The air is so very clear and pure, that it has a positive effect on the spirits, rendering them light and buoyant. The same result has frequently been observed on the Alpine Heights and travellers have considered this a positive means of benefiting the health. The snow is still very deep on the adjoining peaks and the night-air is keen and piercing, but during the day the noon-tide sun melts away all the ice in the immediate vicinity of our camp.

There being no village here, a Bunniah is obliged to come all the way from Boorooah with supplies for my whole establishment, every day; and though he take care to indemnify himself for the trouble, I dare say he does not much relish the diurnal jaunt. My Asiatic servants evidently disapprove of the elevated position of my camp, the cold being quite sufficient to prevent their appreciating the bracing purity of the mountain breezes. They were all in

ecstasies when they when they heard I had made up my mind to go down tomorrow, *en route* to my old abode at Nuggur Castle.

BOOROOAH (7, 422 feet high)

Distance, seven or eight miles

14 June 1850 *Thursday*: —I was quite sorry to leave the pass; such a fine clear morning, the air cold and bracing. I was obliged to walk down the steep parts of the descent and I have strained my muscles in so doing and in consequence, *me voild!* As lame as a rheumatic cat or "Princey" on his three legs.⁷⁸ We did not start till near noon and the sun was hot. Half-way we rested by the banks of the Beas, in a shady spot, till the cool of the evening, arriving here only in time for dinner. We picked some sweet blue violets on our way down. Yesterday while hunting for my chain, we came across the yellow violet, a pretty but scentless flower, which only grows at great elevations.

The bed of the Beas is of a very extraordinary character all along this road, narrow and rugged. The high rocks which flank it appear as if parted by some volcanic power. The river takes the most singular bends, often almost at right angles to each other. All the snow which fell yesterday on the hills adjacent to Murree has melted today.

JUGGAT SUKH

Distance, nine or ten miles

15 June 1850 *Friday*: — Breakfasted here. Mr B—and Captain W—have gone on to Nuggur. A fine day, but I feel it hot after the cold "Rotung."

By-the-bye, that *desperate quarrel* has been made up! We go on to Nuggur this evening. The flies here are an intense and inexpressible nuisance.

NUGGUR

Distance, nine miles

16 June 1850 *Saturday*: — The *quartette* has met! No disunion now, so "that's

all right." I saw Captain W— He is still ill, but out of all immediate danger. He goes on to Simla tomorrow and that promising young man, Mr O'S—, accompanies him. Mr B—goes to Kangra and they all travel together as far as Bijoura.

I received about twenty letters today, one and all full of entreaties, advice, or hookms⁷⁹ not to go to Kashmir and Tibet. I have no intention, however, of giving up my favourite project. Poor O—is surrounded by a host of enemies and I fear he will be overcome. E—is so crafty and so false and I am not there to give personal evidence, so that the poor boy is very unfairly treated. I must send in another "statement on oath" tomorrow.

17 June 1850 Sunday: — Nearly killed myself today writing out "statements," as long as from here to the Rotung Pass, being still weak from the effect of my late accident. I would not have made the same exertion for myself, but I must not allow any selfish considerations to interfere with my giving O—all the aid in my power. As these statements are on "oath". Before Captain H—, in his capacity of magistrate, I hope they may have some weight.

18 June 1850 Monday: —Sent off the papers today, together with Ghaussie's "Deposition on oath," which may be of use. Received a letter from Major H—, telling me that my horses had arrived at Kangra and had been sent on to W—at once. The heat is great and the "plague of flies" at present prevails here.

19 June Tuesday: — Thermometer 79° at 9AM close and hot. At 2PM, 88° of Fahrenheit.

20 June Wednesday: — I start this evening for Boorooah. It looks very cloudy and a storm seems brewing.

BOOROOAH

Distance, eighteen or nineteen miles

21 June 1850 Thursday: —Arrived here at 7AM. I travelled on my bed and left Nuggur at 8PM, in the midst of heavy rain and growling thunder. It soon cleared up however and the moon shone brightly but coldly on us. The faithful Ghaussie accompanied me. He was carried I my dhoolie behind. The coolies, always inefficient, were lazier and worse than ever; and it was near 2AM, when

I reached Juggat Sukh. I was set down under a tree and for two mortal hours lay shivering in the bitter cold, till new coolies were collected by the *Naighie*, or head-man of the village. The moon had set, but the pine-torches lighted us on our way. We started a little before daybreak for this place. On arriving here I found that all my things had gone on, no one knew where! So I must wait till Captain H—joins me. Not even a cup of tea to be had. Poor me! There is no *Naighie* or *Thanadar*,⁸⁰ or any head person of the village here. I cannot therefore procure supplies or even coolies to go on with. What a state of discipline.

7PM—Captain H—has arrived, but I am so sleepy and tired that I am not likely to eat much now!

No coolies procurable as yet. Such are the admirable arrangements for travellers in Kulu.

LENA SINGH'S HUTS; "MURREE."

(ROTUNG PASS)

22 June 1850 *Friday*:—Arrived here at 11AM. I rode up the greater part of the way on one of Captain H—'s *Ghoonts*. We were obliged to make a little "detour", the "stone steps" being too rugged and precipitous. Nothing has come up yet (6PM), except the beds and bedding and one tent. What insubordination and insolence in the *Boorooah* people. Actually evincing the greatest contempt for the orders, even of their *Malik*,⁸¹ Captain H—. It is bitterly cold here and though the day has been clear and bright, it looks cloudy and threatening now.

KHOKSUR, OR KOKSUR, (LAHOUL DISTRICT)

Distance, twelve miles. Elevation, 10,053 feet

23 June 1850 *Saturday*:—This place is at the foot of the Rotung Pass, on the opposite bank of the *Chaundra* river in the country of *Lahoul*. This march is said to be ten miles, but I put it down as twelve. The first five or six are steep and rugged, ascending to the crest of the Pass. We crossed large fields of snow—the air keen and bracing. At the top of the pass we diverged, a few yards from the direct road to look at the *Beas Rikhie*, the spot where the *Beas* River rises.

The Rikhie is completely embedded in deep snow, so we saw nothing. The descent to Khoksur is rather steep and stony and a mere apology for a path. Several rapid streams pour down and it is rather nervous work crossing them on horseback. My Ghoot, (or hill-pony,) carried me safely over the worst ground and I rode at least two-thirds of the way. We observed many pretty and (to me, at least) new wild flowers. Violets, anemones of all colours, pink lilac and blue primroses, forget-me-nots of various hues, geraniums, butter-cups and many other species, covered all the ground which was free snow and looked so bright and gay in the sunlight, that I almost fancied myself in England. However, such fancies were quickly dispelled when I looked around and saw the glittering peaks of eternal snow on every side. At the crest of the Pass is the boundary between Kulu and Lahoul. At the commencement of the descent I saw the Chandra River rushing down the valley from the right. Its bed is considerably broader than that of the Beas and it is far deeper and more rapid. The colour of the water is muddy and thick. I am told this arises from the quantity of snow which falls into it. It is a very rapid river and no "puckha" bridge can be made to span it. Its banks in some places are three hundred yards in width and the sand extends far above the river. The bridge we crossed was made of *twigs*. It was about seventy yards in length, a foot in width and the sides about two feet in height. A most horrible and dangerous affair. The twigs were several inches apart in some places and I saw the Chandra foaming below. I must say I felt extremely nervous;—the sides unsafe and fragile, were so very low besides, that I was obliged to stoop as I held on and threaded my trembling steps across the rickety twigs. Captain H—went across with me and though no one else was allowed to go over at the same time, the fragile structure swung to and fro in the most alarming manner. My companion held one of my hands and his presence gave me some confidence. I do not think I could have ventured alone.

I am told that many lives are annually lost by this dangerous bridge giving way while persons are crossing it. When I went to Nuggur from the pass, I sent on most of my servants and baggage to this place, with a *Chuprassie*,⁸² to await my arrival. They tell me that they found the bridge broken and had to wait four days on the other side. I had very nearly accompanied them myself and it is most fortunate I did not, as it turned out, there being no village on that side

of the river. The Chandra⁸³ rises in the Bara-Lacha, so does the Bhaga. They rush down in different directions and form a junction in the Lahoul valley below Khoksur.

Lahoul is a most peculiar looking country. A narrow valley flanked on both sides by high perpendicular peaks, bare and barren and covered with snow. Khoksur has been once or twice buried under an avalanche, since which, whenever the snow falls heavily and continuously, all the people adjourn to a habitation built in the rocks, where they remain snowed up for weeks or months. This village is small, consisting of but eight or ten houses.

25 June 1850 Monday.—We halted yesterday, partly because no coolies were to be had and partly because we were both ill. Captain H—has been suffering for the last three days, but I never felt better than on Saturday, when we left the Rotung Pass. I was considerably fatigued by the time we arrived here and fell asleep after dinner without undressing. Captain H—came to my tent about nine to bid me good night and observed that I was looking very pale, my face and hands being clammy and cold. I was by this time very ill; my head wandering; deadly sick and my extremities like ice. Hysterics came on and foam gathered on my lips. I had thrown myself on the ground, where I lay in great suffering until two doses of diluted "Ean de Luce" were administered and hot water applied to my feet. Though the water was nearly boiling, circulation was but partially restored. All yesterday I continued sick and unable to rise. Pulse not lower than 108 all day. I am much better this morning, but my pulse still keeps very high, though less irregular than before.

Captain H—declares my sudden illness was caused by the rarity of the atmosphere on the Pass and by getting wet feet in crossing one of the beds of snow the day before yesterday. Query? If the rarity of the air thus affects me now, what will be the effect of 16,000 and 17,000 feet of elevation?

Captain H— is still feeling poorly; he was ill before he went up the Rotung and having neglected himself, is suffering doubly now. He will not listen to my sage advice, so it is of no use my offering him any!

Coolies have to come a long way and as we foolishly neglected to send on notice that they would be wanted, we are obliged to wait patiently. None have yet arrived, but should they come in time, we intend making half a march, at least.

I bought yesterday a *Nishanee*⁸⁴ of Kulu, in the shape of a Kulu blanket, for two rupees. I could not procure a better one, but it was my last chance of obtaining any specimen of Kulu manufacture, as we are now in Lahoul.

GOONDLA (LAHOUL DISTRICT)

Distance, fourteen miles

26 June 1850 Tuesday:—Arrived here about 2PM, very much knocked up by the heat of the sun and sick from fasting, having eaten nothing before I started. I did not breakfast till 3PM! I came alone too, which made the march seem very dull. The first thing I heard this morning was, that Captain H—was worse—too ill to move. I shall miss him very much; not only as an agreeable companion, but as a dear and kind friend. I fear I must make up my mind to lose his society; I shall feel very lonely for a long time.

This march is a long one of fourteen miles and I came (at a walk) on a Lahouli pony. The path was very good, from two to five feet wide and no long ascents or descents. The faithful Ghaussie accompanied me, mounted in the same manner as myself. The road goes along above the banks of the River Chandra, which is broad and rapid the whole way. The grass is richly abundant, but cultivation is both scanty and backward and there is scarcely a tree to be seen in all Lahoul. A few of the Willow species, called by the villagers "*Bellie*" grow near the villages. During this march, I passed the villages of Thelung, Sissoo and Roshung and many persons at Sissoo, which is about half-way.

The people of Lahoul are very ugly, both the men and women and shockingly dirty. It is impossible to understand a word they say, nor can we make ourselves intelligible. Captain H—has kindly sent people with me who will act as interpreters and also do all I require in the way of getting coolies, etc. and making arrangements for my daily marches. I dare say I shall manage to get on, but still I shall miss my agreeable companion. So disconsolate was I on the road, that all the pretty wild-flowers were passed unheard of, though they carpeted the grassy banks!

A curious thing has appeared on my finger; some horrible Kulu complaint I must have been infected with! I have a poultice on my middle finger and as it is the right hand, I find it no easy task to write at all and I

rather felicitate myself on my ingenuity in managing as well as I have. There is no irritation in the finger, only a little soreness when the pustules first break out. These pustules are confluent and after the first day or so, cease to give any pain. No one can tell me what this complaint is and I do not know how to get rid of my unwelcome visitor.

27 June 1850 *Wednesday*:—Halted here all day. I had sent on all my things and started at 1PM, when I received a note from Captain H—to say he was better and was on his way to join me. So I turned back, sent off my *Bhishtee*⁸⁵ “Kolloo” on a pony to recall a few things, while I waited at Goondla for Captain H—; he arrived at three today. Lovely weather, dry and bracing. I suppose it is raining heavily on the other side of the Ritang-ka-Joth;⁸⁶ *pauvres malheureux*! Who are condemned to be thus victimized.

KARDUNG (LAHOUL)

Distance, ten miles

28 June 1850 *Thursday*:—This march is some ten miles of capital road; only one short ascent and descent, steep and bad. The path lies for two-thirds of the way above the banks of the Chandra River. This stream joins the Bhaga about four miles from this place; and the united rivers, known by the name of the “Chandra Bhaga,” flow through the country of Chumba and as soon as they reach the Plains, are called the “Chenab,” which flows by Multan. Both the Chandra and Bhaga are large, deep and rapid rivers. Both rise in the Bara-Lacha range of mountains, though not in the same spot. After taking different courses, they form a junction between this place (Kardung) and Goondla, flowing almost at right angles to the spot where they meet.

The hills on the opposite side of the Chandra were destitute of cultivation. We saw no villages of any kind till we had passed four or five miles beyond Goondla. Here a few began to appear and not far from Tandee⁸⁷ I observed a bridge resembling the Khoksur bridge of twigs on a small scale. Cultivation on this side of the Chandra becomes richer and the country appears more populous as you advance, throughout this march. Wild-flowers grow most luxuriantly, of which we gathered several kinds, such as the larkspur, the columbine, the flower-of-Bethlehem, a large species of anemone, the blue onion

and hundreds of others. The columbine grows here in rich abundance. It is of various colours and tints, blue, white, lilac, yellow and other shades and has a very delicate fragrance. Wild eglantines and pink and red roses cover the banks; the latter have a very sweet scent like the white wild-rose of Kulu and Kangra. The leaf of the eglantine has a sweet perfume. On the hill opposite Kardung, on the other side of the Bhaga, grow yellow wild-roses, the leaf of which resembles the sweet-briar. Captain H—tells me it is quite a new species and very rare even in Lahoul. It is entirely confined to a mile or two of ground. We went flower hunting this evening and saw many pretty varieties. Trees begin to be abundant here; principally the Willow ("Bellie") and the Pencil Cedar; the latter is something like the Fir.

The whole village turns out to stare at us as soon as we arrive at our tents and they never weary of sitting and gazing from "morn to dewy eve." I suppose they have seldom seen a white faced man before and certainly I am the first European lady who has ever visited Lahoul.

Poor Captain H—is again feeling ill, I am sorry to say.

29 June 1850 Friday:—Halted here today, both on Captain H—'s account and to enable us to make arrangements for coolies and supplies, as after the next march, we have many days of uninhabited and desert tracts, called by the natives "Oojar." Captain H—is still ill, but I hope he will be able to come on tomorrow.

The "Lamas," or Priests, are very strange looking creatures and the dress is peculiar.⁸⁸

I have seen many "Yaks," (a species of ox⁸⁹) in Lahoul, but they are not so fine or as large as those I saw at Darjeeling and which came from Sikhim. They never thrive but at great elevations. At Darjeeling or Simla, they soon sicken and die, as people have found who have rashly made the experiment of taking them down. If Captain H—is well enough, we are going this evening to pluck the rare yellow roses on the other side of the Bhaga.

I never saw an uglier race than the Lahoul people of both sexes. I have not even observed one pretty child, either. The Lahouls' seem, however, (ugly and dirty though they are,) to be a simpler and better race than the Kulu people. The Lahoul coolies will only carry most absurdly small burthens; women and

children are much more employed in this capacity than the grown men. I left Kangra with nine coolies, four *Kuhars*⁹⁰ and one pony (for carriage). I have now from forty to fifty men! As my property has not increased by magic, it shows what a lazy and useless race they are, to consider eight or ten *seers*⁹¹ a sufficient load for a man and two or three for their masculine women.

It is the custom of the country to mount the servants belonging to a camp, as well as the Europeans, so they travel like gentlemen now!

30 June 1850 Saturday:—Halted again today, on account of Captain H—being very unwell. We went, however, to see the yellow roses, on the opposite bank of the Bhaga. We crossed the river by a *sanga*, or wooden bridge.

These roses have not a sweet smell, but the leaf resembles a sweet-briar. This shrub extends over a mile of ground and is nowhere else observed. The other roses are of three or four kinds; one is of a rich crimson shade. We saw plenty of rhubarb also and had some stewed for dinner. It was very good.

KULUNG (DISTRICT OF LAHOUL)

Distance, ten miles

1 July 1850 Sunday:—According to my calculation, this is about ten miles from Kardung and a very tolerable road. Cross the Bhaga by a *sanga*. Willow and Cedar trees abound throughout this march; the road winds above the banks of the river the entire the entire distance. Very high hills surround Kulung—snowy peaks above twenty thousand feet in elevation. I also observed two extensive Glaciers, one of which threatens to engulf a village below.

The bed of the Bhaga is scarcely as broad as the narrowest parts of the Chandra, but I am told it is a deeper river. There were many pretty wild-flowers on the banks by the road. The hill opposite Goondla is called the "Bukra Bund." The country of Chumba lies beyond. This village of Kulung is, probably, about a; thousand feet above the elevation of Kardung.

A dak⁹² came in this evening from the plains.

PUTSEO, OR PURSOA (DISTRICT OF LAHOUL)

OOJAR

Distance, fifteen miles

2 July 1850 Monday:—This is a most weary march. We passed Dharcha about half-way. It is the last village in Lahoul and a very small one. Putseo is the first encamping ground in the "Oojar," or uninhabited tracts of land. The Bhaga is crossed by a small bridge just below our camp. After passing Dharcha, the bed of the river becomes narrow and confined, the waters rushing violently between solid rocks. The road, too, becomes a mere *pugdundie*, (footpath,) stony and rugged and the hills are bleak and bare; the whole scenery dreary in the extreme.

There occurs a junction of rivers just below Dharcha. The "Juskur," a broad and rapid stream, rushes into the Bhaga from the left as you advance on to Dharcha from Kulung; and another river, with some unpronounceable heathen cognomen, flows into the Bhaga from the right. High peaks of everlasting snow rear their joy crests above this spot and all around wears an aspect of savage grandeur. Beyond these last icy crests above this spot and all around, wears an aspect of savage grandeur. Beyond this last village all trees disappear, after passing a few miserable, stunted pencil cedars.

Just at the junction of the three rivers, I was struck by the volcanic nature of the rocks. At this spot, some village had been destroyed by a mountain falling over it. The debris of the same, charred and black as from the effect of fire, lie in wild confusion and rocks are scattered about as if uprooted by some tremendous convulsion of nature. The natives all talk of the ruined village and assert that the mountain entombed it in one night, but none appear to know *what* caused the catastrophe. It is clearly to be attributed to volcanic agency; the peculiar strata of the rocks and the presence of lava, confirm this theory. Throughout this neighbourhood, it is evident that the mountains are all volcanic.

The road, from the junction of the rivers to the last village, takes a long sweep, as the only bridge over the Juskur River is a mile or two out of the direct road. It is delightfully cold here, even at mid-day. Everything looks very wild and bare and trees are nowhere visible. We shall be detained at this place

tomorrow, as supplies have not been sufficiently collected yet, for the weary days of "Oojar" marching.

PUTSEO OR PUTRSOA (DISTRICT OF LAHOUL) OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

3 July 1850 *Tuesday*.—We have halted here; it seems to me, that our "halts" are endless.

We took a walk yesterday evening and gathered several wild-flowers and peculiar feathery grasses. The yellow *Potentilla* grows among the rocks here, but I observed none of the crimson kind, (the "*Potentilla Sanguinea*.") I gathered a very pretty moss by the bed of a river (name unknown), which flows into the Bhaga just below our encamping ground. The appearance of this spot, "Putseo" is savage to a degree; and many traces of some tremendous convulsion of nature are plainly visible, in the scattered rocks and in the volcanic appearance of the ground altogether.

Between Goondla and Kardung, I forget to mention a peculiar soil we passed over. The hill, through which the road was there cut, was of limestone formation and the path, only a foot wide, was constantly giving way under us. It was a service of danger putting one's foot on soil of so peculiar a nature. This narrow footpath went along the face of a hill, which inclined (at a terrific angle) to the bed of the foaming Chandra beneath. Luckily, this path only lasted for a short distance, occurring at intervals of thirty or forty yards for a half-mile or so.

YUNNUMSCUTCHOO (DISTRICT OF LAHOUL) OVER THE BARA-LACHA PASS—OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

Distance, fifteen miles

4 July 1850 *Wednesday*.—Too ill to write.

CHANGNOO (COUNTRY OF LADAKH IN TIBET)

OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

Distance from Yunnumscutchoo, Seventeen Miles

6 July 1850 Friday:—I have been ill and completely knocked up for three days and could not write. On the 4TH, (Wednesday,) we started at sunrise. We breakfasted about six miles from Putseo, passing an encamping ground called "Tapkerchun" at four miles,—riding through a most desolate and dreary country. The ascent of the Bara-Lacha Pass is not very steep, but the path is rugged and stony. A little above Tapkerchun we crossed the Bhaga River by a Snow bridge⁹³. The road runs along the banks of the Bhaga, till it reaches a Lake near the top of the Pass, which is the principal source of the river. This lake is of a clear colour and is *said* to be fathomless.

At the top of the Pass, I got into the dhoolie and was carried down to Yunnumscutchoo, about six miles or a little more. We had to traverse several snow-beds. From the top of the Pass, the River Lingtee flanked the road to the right. We could see the summits of the S'piti Hills from the head of the Pass, gleaming cold and white in the distance. The weather had been lovely till noon,—"the storms were in bondage and cloudless the skies;" however, about mid-day snow fell, but fortunately for us, not heavily.

I had been feeling pains in my limbs and great lassitude, long before reaching the top of the Pass, but I made a violent effort not to give way to these sensations of illness and managed to ride as far as the summit. From the moment we descended, a terrible, racking headache came on. By the time I reached Yunnumscutchoo, I was suffering from overpowering nausea and felt as if my head were splitting in two. The principal sensations were,—a throbbing intense pain in the temple, extreme sickness, added to aching limbs and a most prostrating degree of lassitude. No one else in camp was ill, except Ghaussie and he had merely a headache.

At night I fell asleep for an hour or two and was awake by my heart beating so tumultuously, that I became seriously alarmed. My pulse was galloping, my head throbbing and burning and I was miserable sick. We did not march till late next morning and I not felt better, we could not have moved at all. Captain H—told me that he had a bed head-ache all

night and was feeling ill and fatigued, but had not suffered nearly so much on this occasion as the last time he had crossed this pass, when his sensations were exactly like mine.

This extraordinary attack on passes of great elevation is supposed by the natives to arise from what they call the "Bischk-ke-Hawa,"⁹⁴ or Poisonous Wind. They believe the wind becomes poisonous, by blowing over a certain plant of a moss species, which grows abundantly on all high mountains in Tartary and is found when all other vegetation ceases. From the summit of the Bara-Lacha to Yunnumscutchoo, I observed thousands of this plant. It has a very minute yellow flower and there are several different species. A more scientific explanation of this peculiar illness is to ascribe it to the great rarity of the air of these extreme elevations. The Bara-Lacha is between sixteen and seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea, according to Captain Cunningham, I believe.

When we reached the top of the pass we were struck by the wildness of the scenery. White Peaks on every side; no sign of vegetation, but "few and far between" a stunted plant among the rocks. We saw a Glacier of considerable size, close to the spot where we breakfasted. This Glacier seems to have *cleft* through the hills opposite, for it appears at a wonderful distance on the *other* side of the pass. It is useless my attempting to explain this stupendous phenomena, because unless it has been *seen*, or the theory of Glaciers be thoroughly understood, it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the above fact to any one's mind. I robe a Lahouli Ghoont the whole way up to the spot where I got into the *dhoolie*.

A plant covered with a kind of *wool* grows between the bare rocks, but no grass is to be seen. At Yunnumscutchoo there is a Lake and a little grass about the encamping ground, but the whole scenery is drear in the extreme. This spot must be, I should say, about fourteen thousand feet high, at least.

It snowed in the afternoon and there was a hard frost at night. In the morning early it was bitterly cold. The water boiled at a heat of nearly 30° Fahrenheit, below the boiling point (212°) at the level of the sea. The want of sufficient caloric in the boiling water at these great elevations, makes our tea very poor and tasteless stuff.

We breakfasted at Lingtee yesterday, five miles' distance from Yunnumscutchoo. This encamping ground is on a level plain, three miles in length. After a short descent from Yunnumscutchoo, we reached the River Lingtee, which we crossed by a good ford, coming out on the plain above alluded to, where we halted for breakfast. At this spot, a Nullah⁹⁵ forms the boundary between the countries of Lahoul and Ladakh.

At 11AM, we went on. I soon got into the dhoolie, for the sun was oppressively hot. I thought we should never reach this place. The Chuprassie⁹⁶ had gone twice the distance prescribed and in consequence, the coolies declare themselves knocked up; and very much against my will, I am forced to halt in this desert today. Captain H—talks of going back now, as he has passed his own boundary. This country pertains to Gulab Singh, the Maharajah⁹⁷ of Kashmir.

I have put yesterday's march as seventeen miles, but Captain H—declares it is at least five-and-twenty! There is, unfortunately, no way of settling the point.⁹⁸

My eye-lids and the skin of my face are perfectly burnt by eight hours' exposure to the scorching sun and the excessive radiation of its rays from the soil over which we had to pass. And yet I had a crape veil and a *chattah* (or umbrella), besides the broad-brimmed travelling hat I wear. Plentiful applications of cold cream have failed to remove the tenderness of the skin which is consequent on the burning I experienced yesterday and I am a fright. After passing Lingtee, plains below plains were traversed. We forded the river Churpha, or Churru and the adjacent plain would have been the proper encamping ground. There were a few ascents and descents between the plains, where the path was generally narrow and rugged. The river Lingtee flows below our present encamping ground at Changnoo. It is a *quiet* river and has not the rushing sound of the Beas, the Chandra, or the Bhaga.

This country may well be called "Oojar," or desert. A bleaker or more barren tract of land I never saw. The hills on every side rugged and bare; the plains dusty; and the only vegetation a coarse, yellow-flowered, stunted furze, yclept *par excellence*, the "Tarter Furze." No snow is even anywhere visible now, to relieve the dull monotony of the sandstone and limestone hills, rising on all sides, dreary and inhospitable. I long to be out of this

desolate land; *helas, helas!* I am forced, *bon-gre, mal-gre*, to halt. Was ever any mortal so miserably *contrariee?*”

There is no grass at all here; nothing for the ponies, *yaks*, sheep and goats, but the prickly Furze I mentioned. The roots of this plant are used for firewood, a bush or tree being unknown luxuries in this part of the world. The heat of the sun even at these great heights, is fearful; and to be exposed to it during the day and then to be frozen at night, must be very trying to the constitution.

A *dak* (post) came in at Yunnumscutchoo. I got three letters from W—and one from Mr F—, “on service,” dated 1 *April*—more than three months old! As it is on urgent business, I ought to answer it at once; but Heaven knows if I can safely send a letter from this uncivilized land.

SOONDOO OR SOONGNOO (COUNTRY OF LADAKH) OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

Distance seven or eight miles

7 July 1850 *Saturday*.—Arrived here at 11AM. This is a short march of seven or eight miles. The first six miles consist of a steady ascent and the last mile descends to this encamping ground. I rode nearly the whole way. The road is very tolerable, but rather narrow, with some unpleasant *khuds*. It was snowing when we started and the fresh-fallen drifts did not improve the path. We breakfasted about half-way, at an encamping-place called Devray. It was by that time clear and sunny.

I really never saw a bleaker scenery than this “Oojar” presents; barren hills and bold pointed rocks, in unvarying sameness. No vegetation but the stunted furze and at great elevations, the moss which is said to poison the wind. No living thing—nothing to relieve the dull monotony of the dreary prospect on every side. I felt as if I should be glad to see even the snowy peaks; anything but these eternal, barren rocks of limestone or sandstone, the radiated and reflected glare from which is positively injurious to the sight.

We saw three or four half-starved pigeons today and they appeared to be vainly wandering about for something to eat. There is a little grass here and on this scanty provender the miserable cattle belonging to our camp must contrive to exist. As we ascended today, I observed quantities of the poisonous moss,

two or three species of which grew between the barren rocks. My head is aching terribly and I dread a return of that overpowering "pass sickness," or again being, as the natives term it, "*bootee luggeea*," (or, Anglice, "struck by the plant").

We ascend the Long-Illachee⁹⁹ Joth (or pass) tomorrow and descend it likewise, so I may make up my mind for a pleasant day of the "*Bootee*" malady.

The road wound today, in a most eccentric manner round a hill. We have left the banks of the Lingtee river for the last five or six miles and I do not know if the small stream just below our camp bears any name or not. The *Ghoont* I rode this morning, becoming proud and restive from yesterday's halt, reared so much that I dismounted and changed steeds with *Ghaussie*. In spite of my advice, that he should follow my example and change again for one of the baggage ponies, not far behind, he persisted in riding the one I had discarded and consequently got a severe fall. He deserved it for his presumption, in supposing that he could do what my superior horsemanship had failed to accomplish, so I will not pity him.

I wrote and dispatched four letters yesterday, for the Kangra post-office, but it is more than possible they may never reach. Captain H—has applied for leave, so I hope he will come on with me, at least to Leh.

The snow which fell this morning has all melted away now (2PM) the Snowy Range is not visible here. The peaks surrounding Soondoo (or Soongnoo) on all sides are pyramidal and perfectly devoid of all vegetation, which argues their extreme height. However, not much snow lies on any of them. Captain H—attributes this last peculiarity to the proximity of the plains of Tartary, where the radiation and reflection is of singular power. I feel incompetent to form an opinion on this point, so I will not presume to offer any. The presence of that poisonous moss so near this place would also seem to prove that the height of this range is great, as that plant only grows at considerable elevations, from fifteen thousand feet upwards.

I plucked a solitary "*Aster*" today.

ROKCHIN (DISTRICT OF ROOPSHOO, IN THE COUNTRY OF LADAKH) OVER THE LONG-ILLACHEE JOTH, OR PASS OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

Double march; distance, twenty-three miles

8 July 1850 Sunday:—Arrived at 6PM, very sick and weary; quite incapable of writing this evening.

9 July 1850 Monday:—4PM. Halted today, not only because the Lahoul coolies are here changed for the Roopshoo-people, but because I am laid up, totally unable to rise and two of my servants are also *purra*.¹⁰⁰ Captain H—tells me he had a bad headache during the night, but he has escaped the *Bootee* sickness. I am still feeling so ill I can hardly write.

We went over the Long-Illachee Pass yesterday. After Soondoo there was only an ascent of a mile or so, a very good road and no snow-beds to cross. It was bitterly cold and the thermometer, long *after* sunrise, stood at 21° Fahrenheit. The pass was totally devoid of vegetation, except a few specimens of the horrible moss. I am beginning to imbibe the native prejudice and really dread the appearance of that plant. After leaving the pass and winding along above the bed of a stream which rises on or near the *Joth*, the road became very level on the whole. The path is rudely cut (a foot wide only) along the side of very peculiar limestone hills. The peaks all about the Long-Illachee Pass are conical or pyramidal and perfectly barren. Very little of even the coarse furze is met with for miles. We discovered the traces of marine shells in the rocks. They are perfectly distinct and show that the sea once covered these hills. It is evident to any observing mind that they have been up-heaved by volcanic convulsions.

About six or seven miles from Soondoo, we came to a small green spot, (after a short and rugged descent to the bed of the stream), called "Tashung-Gashung." This would have made a nice place for breakfasting at, but misled by "Tara Chand," (a *T'hakoor*¹⁰¹ and our Interpreter), we made a formidable march yesterday. After some three or four miles of stony ground, we reached a small Plain, called "Pung," which being about ten miles from Soondoo and would have been our proper encamping place. Here we breakfasted and after resting, proceeded to this place. Little did we know the long and weary march before us, of at least thirteen miles?

After a steep ascent of about a thousand feet, we came on the extensive Plain of Kiangchoo,¹⁰² five miles long and (at the widest point) at least six miles broad. The water here has almost entirely dried up, otherwise it would be a good encamping ground; plenty of furze and skirting the hills to the right, quantities of grass. The height of this plain must be great, as that odious moss is found here.

We saw the horns of two kinds of wild sheep. Lying on the ground; one of these was of enormous dimensions.

We observed four wild horses, but they were at a considerable distance. We looked at them through the telescope; they were of a light colour and resembled mules. These wild horses are found all over the Tartar Plains and especially about the Choomoreeree Lake, so we may meet with them again.

The sun was fearfully hot and after Kiangchoo, we had several other Plains to traverse, but they were nearly destitute of vegetation and totally devoid of water. We were eleven hours performing this march and the baggage which started when we did yesterday, did not arrive till near noon *today*, so we have been very uncomfortable. Luckily, I sent most of my things on the previous day and we actually overtook them before they reached this place, though we did not arrive till near sunset. After reaching *Pung*, the hills quite change their character and become undulating and less bold in appearance.

The Roopshoo people met us before we arrived at Rokchin and they will now take the place of the Lahoulis. Most of the baggage is to go on *Yaks*. These animals are finer and larger than those in Lahoul and resemble the Sikhim species. I am told that I am to *ride* one now.

Rokchin is at or near the foot of the Tungling or Tunglung Pass; we have been obliged to go a little out of the way, as all the water has dried up in the usual encamping ground.

The "Roopshoo People" live in tents. They have Chinese faces and wear a different headdress from the Lahoulis. I believe they consist of but forty-five families.

The Lahoul *Chuprassie*, "Munny Ram," and the T'hakoor "Tara Chand," accompany us to Leh. They act as our interpreters. The former is my especial aversion; he is more like a disreputable baboon than anything human! The

Lahouli coolies are shockingly lazy and good-for-nothing. Though very lightly laden and going over perfectly level ground nearly the whole way, they only came up this morning. It has been most bitterly cold these last nights. No amount of clothes can possibly keep me warm.

NEUPOONSUM (COUNTRY OF LADAKH) OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

Distance, eleven or twelve miles

10 July 1850 *Tuesday*:—We arrived here at 1PM and had breakfast soon after. We passed Kaora-Tulao, or as the Tartars name the Lake, "Choo" or "Tchoo Soowurrh,"¹⁰³ about a mile from Rokchin.

This lake is apparently about nine miles in circumference, but the plain which surrounds it is far more extensive and is impregnated with some deposit very like salt-peter. A similar substance lies five or six inches thick near the banks of the lake. The water is very salt and the white appearance of the salt-peter has a very peculiar effect. When the wind rose, this white deposit was raised like clouds of dust along the shores of the lake. This spot would make a singular picture;—a lake and an extensive plain, surrounded on every side by hills capped with snow and others bare and undulating.

Wild geese and wild ducks, of two kinds, swarm on this lake, also several smaller species of the feathered tribe. Captain H—shot three "*Brahminee ducks*,"¹⁰⁴ and a goose of some new species, a large and very handsome bird.

I got a very good pony to ride, so I have not yet tried what sort of steed a yak would make. Two of my servants were mounted on these strange animals and kept up very well indeed with us. They told me they got on famously! The road has been very level today again, after the first ascent and subsequent descent to the margin of the Salt Water Lake. I feel it hot in tents during the day, though we are surrounded by high hills, some capped with deep snow.

The glare from the ground is most trying and my face and neck are terribly burnt, though I use every precaution I can think of. These Tartar deserts are certainly not very *beautifying*, whatever else they may be.

The Tartars do not make good coolies at all and I suspect there will be serious damage done to the baggage by having so large a portion on yaks.

I do not feel the *Bootee* sickness today, but the sun has made my head ache most painfully. The cold was very severe last night. An hour *after* sunrise the thermometer stood at 18° Fahrenheit! It is almost incredible, the heap of blankets and *rezais* (or quilts) I vainly cover myself with at night and the quantity of warm clothes and furs I *wear* besides and still I shiver with cold. The country continues as barren as ever, but the hills are less savage in appearance. I have managed to collect several pretty little flowers even in this bleak desert.

The direct road to Leh, the capital of Ladakh; would have been over the Tunglung Pass, but wishing to see the Choomoreeree¹⁰⁵ lake we are making a *detour* of five marches.

NAGPOGOONDING OR NAGPOGOONJUN¹⁰⁶ (COUNTRY OF LADAKH) OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

Distance, seven miles

11 *July* 1850 *Wednesday*: —Arrived here about 10AM. The road was a mere footpath, narrow and stony, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending; but there were no very bad places and I managed exceedingly well, riding one of Tara Chand's ponies all the way. Captain H—stopped *en route* to breakfast, but I came on at once to my tent, being apprehensive of the sun. I found nothing ready, as that odious Chuprassie, "Munny Ram," never, by any accident, thinks of obeying the orders he receives. I am now waiting for breakfast "like patience on a monument, smiling at grief." My head aches violently, so all I am longing for is a cup of strong tea. (I wonder when I shall be so fortunate as to get it).

When I left my tent this morning, I found the stream which supplied us with water frozen hard. There was a good view of the lake from our last encampment, with its white shores glittering in the sun. The surrounding granite mountains were either capped with snow or bare as the desert plains. All this country belonged formerly to China, but now it is subject to the Ladakh government. A few years ago it was seized by the Sikhs, though, judging from appearances, such a barren desert cannot be very valuable.¹⁰⁷

In Lahoul and Ladakh I have seen numberless *Manees*, or sacred piles of stones. All the top stones of these Manes are elaborately written over, or rather engraved, with extracts from the religious books of these people and this is done by their "Lamas," or "Lambas," (the priests of the country). Pieces of cloth, all stamped over in the same way and figures of animals cut in stone, cover these Manes. We passed a very elaborate "Pile" to day. It appeared to be a sort of boundary mark; and the Tartars, who accompanied us, worshipped the holy stones most devoutly. Horns of different wild animals were laid on the heap and some were carefully built in. The pieces of cloth tied to the flags and perched on the top of the piles of stones, were stamped with figures of animals and Tibetans religious sentences.

There appears very little water throughout this country. I passed only two streams and the hills look arid and barren to the last degree.

The servants tell us that they saw many wild horses during yesterday's march and also an animal resembling a here, quite white in colour. Captain H—went out "geologizing," and saw a herd of wild sheep; he also observed the traces of many other wild animals about the hills surrounding our yesterday's camp.

The proper Tartar name of the Salt Water Lake I have described, is Choo—(or more correctly *Tchoo*)—Soowurh: the first syllable meaning "water," the second, "bitter." It is most absurd giving Hindustani names to these places, such as calling the "Tchoo—Soowurh," the "Kaora Tulao," bitter Lake. In this way inaccuracies creep into maps. Another name given to this Lake by the wandering tribes is the "*Peemakinging*." Here Lord Gifford shot a wild horse last year.

This place must be very high, for even in a small *Shouldarie*, (a kind of hill tent) it is quite cool; and moreover, I feel a worse headache than usual, with a terrible feeling of oppression on the chest. Indeed, since crossing the Bara-Lacha Range, I have suffered severely from the extreme rarity of the air; a perpetual headache and (especially during the night) most painful oppression on the lungs and distressing acceleration of the action of the heart. I have scarcely had an hour's consecutive sleep; constantly sitting up in bed, alarmed by the impossibility of breathing in a recumbent position. These elevated regions do not agree with my lungs. I think the height of this place must be seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

CHOOMOREEREE LAKE (COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

Distance, nine miles

(The elevation above the level of the sea, according to measurement by the thermometer, is 14,794 feet.)

12 July 1850 Thursday:—Arrived here about 9AM—After half a mile of ascent, the road descends to this lake. We rode the whole way, but the path is narrow and stony. Choomoreeree must be more than two thousand feet lower than Nagpogoonding, our last encamping ground. By the thermometer water boils here at 186° Fahrenheit, a difference of 26° from the level of the sea; so the height of this Lake must be about 14,794 feet, which is as exact as measurements by the thermometer can possibly be. Yesterday's camp must have been at an elevation of fully seventeen thousand feet,—a painful height at which to pass a night.¹⁰⁸ I absolutely dread the nights now, for, instead of sleeping, I suffer most painfully. Yesterday, it was really very trying; besides a cruel headache, I had a feeling of suffocation about the chest and my heart went at a railroad pace, if I so much as moved an inch in bed.

The country we passed through today was bleak and barren as usual. Some of the neighbouring peaks were high and white with perpetual snow. We soon came in sight of this Lake. It then looked so close, that we fancied it was but two or three miles distant. The view was most deceptive and we found the march fully nine miles in length.

This Choomoreeree is a magnificent Lake. It is impossible to state its exact or even approximate size with any degree of certainty, without making a circuit carefully, but I should say that its circumference could not be under twenty or twenty-five miles.¹⁰⁹ The breadth of this extremity is proportionately small, as it does not appear to exceed four miles. The water are clear and pellucid and of a rich blue colour,—as blue as the cloudless skies above. The lake is surrounded by undulating barren hills and many mountains of eternal snow. Opposite rise the white peaks of the Parung Range, cold and stern in the distance. From any eminence, the S'piti Hills are also to be observed afar off, looking icy white. On this side there are some barren and abrupt heights and a long and wide sandy plain. The grass is nearly as scanty as all other kinds of vegetation and it is coarse and bad besides.

We took a long walk this evening by the banks of the still lake. We saw a few game birds, running familiarly along the ground, also a pair of Brahmini ducks and a new species of gull. There seem to be but few birds on this lake and no fish at all in it, I am told.

On the road yesterday, we passed a small lake to the left. Probably it was at one time connected with the Choomoreeree, as there is a wide stream now running between the two, in some places dried up, however. The name of the little Lake is the "Chunghur."

There is a tradition among the people here, that the Choo—Soowurrh or Peemakingjing Lake was also formerly connected with this one. I can hardly understand this, as the waters of the two seem perfectly distinct in kind. This lake is clear and though said to be brackish and unwholesome, we found it very pleasant to the taste, while the waters of the Peemakingjing, on the contrary, are more bitter and salt than the sea and leave a deposit closely resembling salt-peter all along the banks.

I can hear of no River rising in the Choomoreeree Lake. Some authors mention the "Para" as taking its source there;¹¹⁰ but these suggestions appear vague and are evidently founded on insufficient testimony. It has several tributary streams, one or two of considerable size.

About a couple of miles further, the principal encampment of the wandering tribes is to be seen¹¹¹ we are going there tomorrow morning before breakfast.

CHOOMOREEERE LAKE (ROOPSHOO DISTRICT; COUNTRY OF LADAKH) OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

13 July 1850 Friday.—We went this morning to the Tartar encampment at Koorzuk. We were four and a half hours absent and were altogether much entertained. We took the road along the lake and then winding through a valley, inland between high hills, we reached Koorzuk. "Tara Chand" met us there and acted as our interpreter. The route by which we went to Koorzuk was three miles long, but we returned to our camp a shorter way over some high hills and had a beautiful view of this magnificent lake, from the top of the last hill.

The Tartar encampment is a most singular one. About four thousand sheep and goats belonging to the Tartars and a large number, the property of Gulab Singh, are sent here to graze. Yaks are also pastured in large numbers on this plain. The black Tartar tents looked very picturesque in the distance and the singularly dressed people added interest to the scene.

The Plain of Koorzuk is hemmed in by high mountains, some covered with perpetual snow. There is very little vegetation about Koorzuk and the grass is neither abundant nor very luxuriant. It is astonishing how they manage to feed such extensive flocks, for two or three months in this plain, as they do. The people told us they had lost a thousand sheep and goats the last year, from some murrain.

We dismounted and went inside one of the black tents. These are constructed in a simple way and appear all alike. They are made of black blankets of yak-hair, very strong, fastened together about five and a half feet from the ground (at the highest point), by a few ropes and sticks. They are open about a foot along the centre of the top and this opening is rudely laced with yak-hair ropes. Inside the tent we visited, we saw some young children lying on blankets. On the ground were stone and wooden bowls of milk, ghee,¹¹² whey, etc. Skin bags apparently filled with grain, lined the sides and in front was a species of altar, on which were placed religious books. They told us, that though none of them could read or write two or three times a month they were visited by one or more of their itinerant priests, who read these holy books to them. These poor and ignorant people actually evince a more genuine religious feeling than myriads of their civilized brethren.

The women wear petticoats of many colours and throw a skin over their shoulders. They appear to have no head-dress beyond some queer-looking ornaments. They seemed alarmed at our presence and ran away like lightning. The men, on the contrary, crowded round and gazed at us with great curiosity.

The women were milking their large flocks of goats when we arrived and this is a singular process with them. They place two long rows of goats, *hundreds at a time*, face to face, allowing their necks to interlace. The little docile creatures stand quite still, while the women go *behind* each row and expeditiously milk the whole number, in almost less time than it has taken me to describe it.

The head-man brought us some excellent milk and a paper full of dried apricots and sugar. The latter they insisted on stuffing into my saddle pocket, much to my amusement. There were numbers of genuine shawl-goats at Koorzuk and very pretty animals they are. The kids are such dear little pets too! I hear they only live at great heights; otherwise I should have purchased some. I have ordered a new suit of the harlequin clothes worn by the Tartar women and I hope to see it in camp this evening. We passed several "Manees," (unadorned with flags however,) and I mean to take one of the inscribed stones away and keep it as a "Nishan" (remembrance) of the Choomoreeree lake. Captain H—amused himself at Koorzuk this morning by catching odd looking lizards and shooting peculiar rats, (a novel sport, verily!) He also shot a new water-thrush and two pigeons.

Everything seems new and strange here; the people, the animals, the insects and even the flowers and grasses. We gathered several new flowers; they were all odd, stunted little things. Some were of a woolly species.

The head-men of these wandering Tartars told us that the Roopshoo people were about three hundred in number and that Gulab Singh taxed them so heavily, they had great difficulty in meeting his demands. They are obliged to give him four hundred and fifty rupees in cash (forty-five pounds sterling), two hundred *maunds* (about thirty-five cwt. of English weight) of salt, one sheep in every thirty and other items which I have forgotten. It is disgraceful thus oppressing these poor people.¹¹³

They make curds and a sort of cheese from the quantities of milk produced by their flocks; also *ghee* (clarified butter), whey and other compounds. These they partly sell and partly keep for their own consumption. I also observed that they manufactured a species of woollen cloth. Almost all the clothes they wear are spun out of the wool of their own sheep and goats and entirely made by themselves. They also trade with their surplus wool, etc. bartering it for grain in Lahoul.

The Yaks make very bad carriers of baggage. Both my little tents are already considerably damaged and boxes and *pittaraks*¹¹⁴ all woefully destroyed. No wonder, when the favourite amusement of these animals is to butt each other and constantly they madly shake off their loads and scamper off at a tangent.

This lake is certainly well worth visiting. It is of a magnificent size and the mountains of perpetual snow, which overhang its banks, form a singular picture. The whole landscape has its own striking characteristics and if I had the pencil of a perfect artist, I would endeavour to portray its peculiarities as well as its beauties.

I did not suffer quite so much last night, as I have done for many nights past. During the day it is quite warm here in a small tent. Captain H—is out shooting grey geese. I should like to bathe in this lake towards the afternoon; the temperature of the water yesterday was 54° Fahrenheit, but we have not yet tried it today. The thermometer, *in the sun*, stood at 29° Fahrenheit, this morning.

Instead of returning by the direct route, we go a little out of our way. Tomorrow we purpose encamping at the spot where Borax and Sulphur are found. By this *detour* we avoid the high encamping ground of Nagpogoonding and as our proposed halt is materially lower, I shall, in some measure, at least, escape the painful sensations I experience at all great heights.

POOGAH (DISTRICT ROOPSHOO, IN THE COUNTRY OF LADAKH) OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

Distance, twelve miles

14 July 1850 *Saturday*:—Arrived here about 10AM. After passing the little lake called "Chunghur," we deviated from the road to Nagpogoonding. The new path ascended to the summit of a high hill, which it descended on the other side. A second ascent, followed by a long descent, brought us to the Valley of Poogah. Captain H—remained on the first hill to shoot wild horses. I saw one just before he left me. It was at the distance of three hundred and fifty or four hundred yards and stood calmly gazing at us. When I examined it through a powerful telescope, I observed its close resemblance to a mule. In colour it was pie-bald and a black line streaked the centre of the back, from the head to the tail. The ears were long, but the shape of quarters of the animal was more elegantly moulded than a mule's. It was small in size—about thirteen hands high.¹¹⁵ Not far from our camp, I saw a hare—it was a pretty animals, the hind-quarters perfectly *blue* and the rest of the body of a fawn color. Captain H—did

not succeed in shooting any of the wild horses, though he tells me he saw a herd of forty or fifty. He got several shots at them, but only at great distances. He killed a fine hare, however.

This evening we went down this valley, to see the mines of sulphur and borax (*Sohaga*). They were well worth the trouble.

Two hundred *cutch* maunds¹¹⁶ of sulphur are annually sent to Gulab Singh, to whom these mines solely pertain. We saw the rocks whence the sulphur had been dug out and we also went to see it manufactured into cakes, in the form sent to Gulab Singh. Two or three men were putting the sulphur into copper vessels, placed over a good strong fire, to dissolve and refine it. After being allowed to cool, these sulphur cakes are of a crescent shape and quite hard. I took some specimens of these, also some crude pieces out of the mines. There are numberless hot springs all over this valley, the temperature of the water varying from 130° to 169° Fahrenheit. Close to a hot spring, the rest of the water was quite cold, about 53°. A rather deep stream runs through the Poogah Valley, which is full of bogs in some particular parts.

The *Sohaga*, or unrefined borax, is also found all throughout this valley. It is in large quantities *beneath* a white, salt-like deposit, which covers the surface of the ground for a mile and a half in breadth and a couple of miles in length.¹¹⁷ This is called the "Poogah Valley."

This white stuff resembles snow at a distance; when examined closely, it is not unlike Salt Ammonia in appearance, as well as taste.

There is a powerful sulphurous smell all along this valley. Close to the hot springs it was curious to observe the sulphur forming in masses. The borax is sold in large quantities by the Roopshoo people and if the trade were properly carried on, it might prove a source of great wealth. Considering these profitable resources, I so not now think the tax levied on the wandering Tartars by Gulab Singh as heavy (in proportion) as the imposts extorted from his Kashmirian subjects. This valley alone must bring the people of Roopshoo (even as they manage) fifteen hundred or two thousand rupees¹¹⁸ per annum. The sulphur mines, if diligently and properly worked, would yield thousands of "Maunds," instead of the "two hundred" now exported and they would be a great source of wealth in the hands of any able government. The people are not permitted to sell any of the sulphur, as it belongs exclusively¹¹⁹ to the "Sircar" (master.)

The valley is full of geese, ducks, plovers etc. Captain H—shot several of the former; they are at a proper age for the table, being scarcely able to fly. There are a hundred and fifteen yaks laden with dried fruits, saffron, etc. etc. going from Kashmir to Lahassa. The caravan is encamped here.

NEOUR (ON THE BANK OF THE PEEMAKINGJING LAKE DISTRICT ROOPSHOO, IN THE COUNTRY OF LADAKH) OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

Distance, twelve miles

15 July 1850 Sunday:—Arrived about 11AM, considerably knocked up and burnt by the reflection of the sun on the sandy soil.

We are encamped on the opposite side of the lake from the one we traversed in going from Rokchin to Neupoonsum some days ago. It is very hot here in a small tent. The distance from Poogah to this place is about twelve miles. The first part of the road was level, winding through the valley; the country became barren and uninteresting as we advanced. Then a steep and stony ascent to the Manee I formerly mentioned, as representing apparently some sort of boundary-mark. I examined it closely and found it a far less elaborate affair than I had imagined. I committed the sacrilegious act of despoiling it of several of the pieces of stamped cloth tied to the flags. This evidently excited strongly the horror of the Tartar who accompanied us. Captain H—took away some of the horns which covered the pile. After passing this Manee, we had to cross a piece of level ground and then a descent led to Neupoonsum, where we had some tea. This march was weary, weary work, trying to the eyes and ruinous to the complexion.

[The plates are forgotten, so we must go minus breakfast!]

DEVERUNG (DISTRICT ROOPSHOO, IN THE COUNTRY OF
LADAKH) OOJAR ENCAMPMENT, AT THE FOOT OF THE
TUNGLUNG OR TUNGLING PASS

Distance, fifteen miles

16 July 1850 *Monday*:—Arrived here between ten and 11AM. We started late, but the entire march was a fine, level plain and we cantered nearly the whole way. This is the first time we have done so since leaving Kulu. I must say it is infinitely more to my taste than walking the ponies at a funereal pace. Fearing to go alone, I never attempted it before; having been unsuccessful in my endeavour's to persuade Capt H—to quicken his pace. It is so very easy to lose one's way along a narrow footpath in a barren country, uninhabited and a desert and anything but easy to find it again. When we cantered today we were accompanied by "Tara Chand" and the Roopshoo Naighie (a sort of village official), as well as three of our servants. The Ghoonts acquitted themselves *a merveille*. We refreshed ourselves with tea; *en route*, just as we were losing sight of the Salt Water Lake, having sent on to this spot the servants and other requisites.

We met on the road the Chinese Lama, who had been sent from Lahassa to Kashmir, with offerings for Gulab Singh and a hundred loads of tea in the way of trade. He was the *Malik* (master) of the "caravan of a hundred and fifteen Yaks," I mentioned having seen at Poogah. He had several mounted attendants with him and we found them awaiting our coming at a spot by the lake, called Toogjeh-Chumbo, an encamping ground often preferred to Neour. The cavalcade had dismounted to do us honour. The chief of the party was gaily attired in red and yellow and had several peculiar additions in the shape of gods, ornaments and letters tied up in little bags, hanging about his person. One of his attendants carried a gorgeous gold umbrella and the rest were equipped with most peculiar looking swords. The chief of the cavalcade had a fine Yarkhundi¹²⁰ horse and it was an amusing sight to see the whole cavalcade mount their prancing steeds and ride off at a smart pace in the direction of Poogah.

The chief, on greeting us, presented each with a piece of silk like a flimsy white scarf and some Leh coins.¹²¹ He was a civil, well-mannered

man, young and not ill-looking. He spoke to Captain H—through Tara Chand as our interpreter.

This encamping ground is at the foot of the Tunglung Pass. We observed many of the poisonous "Bootie" *en route* to day. I felt most miserably ill all night. About 11PM, the sense of oppression and suffocation became so overpowering, that I was obliged to sit up in bed, in order to breathe at all.

GHEEA OR GYA (COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

First Village after passing the Oojar Tracts

Distance, eleven miles

17 July 1850 *Tuesday*:—Arrived about 1PM, having delayed a long while on the top of the Tunglung Pass, collecting little flowers and stunted plants. We went to the top of a Peak, to the left of the pass and gathered many curious specimens, which we found growing in a very desert. The whole of the Peaks immediately surrounding the pass, appear of *Glacier* formation,¹²² and in time these Glacier-made Hills will probably change the whole appearance of the pass. We observed several smaller ones, the *tiny peaked snows* invariably pointing out the existence of mighty glaciers beneath. I should think the height of the pass was between sixteen and seventeen thousand feet. We were on such high ground when we began the ascent that it appeared very inconsiderable, stretched as it was over an extent of nearly two miles. The road up is very good, considering that it can scarcely be called a "made" road. The descent for the first three or four miles is stony and rugged, but I found no difficulty in riding the whole way. It is principally along a water-course that the descent winds and the latter half of the way is through a valley, by the banks of a nascent river. This stream rises on or near the Tunglung and becomes of considerable dimensions before it reaches this village. I saw deposits of a white substance resembling salt, all along this valley.

There is a magnificent view from the crest of the Tunglung of the surrounding hills. We saw the Peemakingjing or Salt Water Lake quite distinctly. The odious "Moss" so often before alluded to, covered the Pass and long before I arrived here my head ached in a violent manner. I have, however, had no sickness, so I must consider this pass an easy one.

Gheea is hot in comparison to the elevated regions we have been travelling through. I was delighted to see the *first* house and the *first* field of green corn, after so many days passed in the Desert. The name given to the river which flows by this village is Teenung-Tokpo and it joins the Singhey-Choo (or Indus), a few miles further down the valley, at Oopshee, where we mean to breakfast tomorrow morning.

We went this evening to the opposite side, crossing the river by a frail bridge. We ascended (what seemed to my unaccustomed feet) a prodigious height, to an odd-looking building, like an eagle's nest, called the Thakoor Dwara and a little below it a *Goompa*, or temple. Both were very queer sort of rambling places, in a tumble down condition. We also went to see some caves, near the banks of the river; and in these rude holes, we were told, that homeless travellers sojourned. In the holy buildings, we saw a few Lamas and two novices, all hideous specimens of humanity.

There are four or five trees here, by the village of Gheea, the first we have seen for nearly three weeks. We collected many pretty flowers and new plants this evening. With the exception of two or three miles of ground round the village (which have been cultivated), everything looks as barren and arid as before.

There was a dead man lying under a blanket in one of the court-yards. Captain H—'s chuprassie (inquisitively inclined), lifted up the dirty covering and it revolts me even now to recall the livid and hideous features settled in death. The people here are either to burn their dead, or to cut them in pieces and expose the fragments in the desert to be devoured by wild animals or carrion birds.

The Roopshoo people leave us here and I am glad of this. They are indolent, thievish, unwilling and careless and their absence is desirable. The people of this village will supply coolies, donkeys, yaks and ponies for the servants.

HULA-BUK (A BAGH OR GARDEN NEAR THE VILLAGE OF MURSILUNG, IN THE COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

Distance, twenty and a half miles

18 July 1850 *Wednesday*:—This is a double march; the usual halting place being Oopshee, a village about thirteen and a half miles from Gheea. The village (Mursilung) in the vicinity of which our camp is pitched, is the next en route, about seven miles beyond Oopshee. The hamlet of Meeroo, six miles from Gheea, is the only village between Oopshee and Gheea. We had a cup of tea at Meeroo, breakfasted at Oopshee and came on here to dinner. I felt the heat very terrible on the road and as for the temperature of my tent here,—why! I think we have advanced into Tartarus. Let us talk circumspectly of the heat; otherwise we may offend his Satanic Majesty, who evidently presides in this locality.

As far as Oopshee the road is a rough apology for a path; at times a mere succession of water courses. The river, Teenung-Tokpo, is crossed and re-crossed, a most absurd number of times, naturally raising doubts of the sanity of the genius who marked out the road. Sometimes the stream is forded, the water coming up to the ponies' withers; and sometimes it is crossed by a bridge of uncomfortable frailty. In short the road, more inconstant than man himself, never keeps to one bank for any moderate distance.

The rocks which flank this valley are very singular; as barren as ever, but of strange appearance and stranger formation. The former appears the result of some mighty *bouleversement* and the latter presents rocks and soil, red and green in alternation: trap is the prevailing strata.

We saw numbers of pink and red roses growing on the banks of the river; also some Tamarisk bushes, with the flowers in full bloom. A Ladakh Sepoy¹²³ accompanied us. The Gheea coolies seem quicker and more willing than the Roopshoo people. At Oopshee there are a few trees and we breakfasted under their shade; but finding it very hot, we did not remain as long as we had intended and came on here while the sun was blazing. The river Singhey-Choo, a large body of water, dashes violently down by Oopshee. This river is the "Indus" in the plains and it takes its rise in the Mansroar Lake.¹²⁴ The Teenung-Tokpo joins the Indus at Oopshee and they flow past this village in a

broad and rapid stream. There are two roads to Leh, the capital of Ladakh, from this; one on either bank of the river. We shall cross by a bridge and go by the village of Sey, that being the best route. From Oopshee to this place, the broad road is generally good and gently descends with the stream of the river.

We went out flower-gathering this evening and collected a good number of specimens. We are encamped in what the people call a "Bagh" (or garden), but it is a mere wilderness now, of willows, furzes, tamarisks and lucerne. The latter is very luxuriant and of divers colours; white, yellow of shades, purple and the two latter colours variegated.

This march is a long one and though the servants, being well mounted, have no right to complain, still for one's own sake it would be better to halt at Oopshee. After all, the ponies have no "*dil*" (spirit) in them! The *one* gallop has knocked them completely up and they go now on three legs (to speak metaphorically).

A Lama of Himmee, a village close by, came to pay his *devoirs* today. He brought me some dried fruits and a few pieces of Ladakh coin. The people here say that they never saw an English lady before. I am the *first* who ever had spirit enough to visit these distant lands! *o temporal, o mores!*

TEEKSA (COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

Distance, eight miles

19 July 1850 Thursday.—We did not start till late in the afternoon and as the road was good, we cantered more than half the way and were only an hour and a half *en route*. Just below the Bagh, near Mursilung, we crossed to the right bank of the river by a wooden bridge of suspicious build, the planks being slanting and rickety. The Singhey-Choo, or Indus, is a broad and rapid river, the waters of a thick green colour.

This village of Teeksa is on a wide plain of nearly twenty miles in length and the hamlet of Sey stretches in a somewhat straggling manner, along the opposite banks of the river. There are several trees, principally willows, growing by the village. The fields are only irrigated by the water of the river, as seldom a drop of rain falls in these parts of the hills. A few snowy peaks rise above the valley and the surrounding hills are as barren and arid as those of the desert

we lately passed through. As we cantered to our camp, the villagers turned out in a body and began a terrible concert of drums in our honour. The son of Busty Ram, the Thanadar (Governor) of Ladakh, came out here to meet Captain H—in lieu of his father, who was in Kashmir.

(We have quite a levee of natives and there is so much talking going on, that I have the greatest difficulty in writing at all coherently.)

The houses here are very dilapidated and appear to be in a ruinous condition. The lower stories are built of stone and un-burnt bricks form the upper parts. The people of the country seem poor and ragged. I never saw our coolies, between this and Kulu, bake any *attah chupatties* (unleavened cakes of kneaded flour), like the natives elsewhere, or indeed, cook any sort of dinner, except in the most primitive manner. They put the *attah* (flour) they are going to eat, into some sort of small brass dish and mixing water with it, devour it *raw*! Occasionally, they warm this miserable stuff over a fire.

Fowls, eggs, rice, flour and milk are plentiful here. I see no grass whatever; there are one or two small enclosures of lucerne, which evidently been sown. This is unmistakeably a country for making "Rosinantes" of one's ponies.

LEH (CAPITAL OF LADAKH)

Distance, nine miles

20 *July* 1850 Friday: —Arrived here a little before 8AM.; most shocking road: the first part was a mere succession of water courses and the rest of the march stony and hot. About four miles after leaving Teeksa we passed Sey, which seems a large village and boasts of a superior *Goompa* or *T'hakoor-Dwara*,¹²⁵ built on a rock (as they generally are). There is a house here, belonging to the former Rajah of Leh and Ladakh and to this place he come for *change of air*! This man is of no political importance whatever now and lives in retirement at Leh, on a pension assigned him by Gulab Singh. As we were leaving the village of Teeksa, the priests of the *Goompa* there, blew a horn in our honour. This temple is built on a rock some three hundred feet higher than the plain below.

A few days ago, a Chuprassie (of Gulab Singh's) who was with us, asked Captain H— "how many guns were to be fired on our arrival at Leh?" This ceremony he wisely prohibited.

This city, the capital of Ladakh, has fallen off in every respect since it has been under the sway of the rapacious Maharajah of Kashmir. Much discontent prevails among the people; all seem disgusted and dissatisfied with his rule.

We are living here in a house of Busty Ram's. The city is partially built on a rock and is situated to the right of the river, completely in a valley. There is a sort of bazaar at the entrance of the city, with one wide street and this has been built by Busty Ram—at one end of the street is a Tibetan *Serai*.¹²⁶ We went this evening to look at it. There were about thirty Tibetans living there, who have come principally for the purpose of trading in fruits and "*puttoo*" (a sort of woolen cloth). They looked poor, but some of the young children were ruddy and not bad-looking. These people eat nothing but *attah* mixed with water, raw, or slightly warmed; and as long as they are here, live almost entirely on charity.

The Ex-Rajah of Ladakh lives in a *soi-disant* palace on the rock; a Goompa is built above it and still higher the ruins of a fort are visible. There is a new fort half a mile from the city and it is garrisoned by some three hundred Sepoys, or soldiers. We are going to see it tomorrow or next day.

There are one or two *Baghs* or gardens here, in which tents can be comfortably pitched. Those abominable insects, *khutmuls*,¹²⁷ abound in Leh and we were advised to abandon the house and occupy our tents at night; so we have pitched them in one of the said *Baghs*. Wherever we go, we are followed by a regular mob, who never weary of staring at us and following us, as if we were some "rare-show." The son of the *Thanadar* and several other people came to see us today. The levee made the room so hot, that my head ached most painfully in consequence.

The thermometer, however, only rose to 74° Fahrenheit.

21 July 1850 Saturday:—Halted here. We have had a second levee and the various articles of trade from Yarkhund, China, Russia, Kashmir, etc. have been brought for our inspection. We have chosen and I shall keep the *nishans* (remembrances) of the different countries. Among other things, I purchased a

gold coin of Kokhan (a country beyond Budakshan) and a pair of Yarkhund boots of most original pattern. Also a couple of Lahassa caps, which are peculiarly absurd and yet useful. I mean one for W—and I shall keep the other myself, not exactly to wear, but as a curiosity. Before closing this day's Diary, I will add a few more items, descriptive of Leh. It is situated in a valley, through which flows the Singhey-Choo or Indus. A double range of mountains bounds this valley on the north and south, the elevation of which above the Plain is nearly two thousand feet. The capital of Ladakh is built on the upper extremity of a plain, near the foot of some low hills which form its northern boundary. A sandy plain two or three miles broad separates Leh from the Singhey-Choo. I think I have elsewhere mentioned that a very extensive double-row of *Manees* (or sacred Piles of stones) lines the approach to the city. There is a very extensive plain on the opposite side of the river and with the exception of the spot where the Ex-Rajah's Jagheer of Tokh Stands, this plain is sandy and barren. In the vicinity of Tokh, a good deal of cultivation is found and the verdure is refreshing to the eye, in the midst of so much desolation. The houses in Leh are built so very close to each other that it is difficult to say where one begins and the other ends. They are from one to three stories in height and are all flat-roofed.

The most conspicuous buildings in Leh and which from its size and position gives quite a *character* to the city, is the Palace of the Rajah. It is four or five stories high, presenting a front of two hundred and forty feet at least and is built on the slope of a rocky hill commanding the city.¹²⁸ The ruined Fort above and the Goompa on the summit of the same Height, I have elsewhere adverted to. Having also described the new Fort erected by Gulab Singh, there is no necessity to enter into further detail here.

22 July 1850 Sunday: — Since our arrival here, I have not had a single hour to myself, nor have I enjoyed a moment's rest or peace. Nothing but endless leaves of natives from morning to night. The young Ex-Rajah of Ladakh came to see us today. He is a mere boy, fifteen years of age, shy and frightened to a degree. Shortly after he came in, the son of Busty Ram followed him. There happened to be no chair for the latter and the young boy actually offered to give up his and visibly trembled before the son of the Governor of a Province but lately subject to the despotic rule of his family!

The youth had somewhat of a Chinese cast of countenance; with very large, prominent eyes and face unwashed. He wore a gold-embroidered conical cap, the symbol of departed greatness;—"departed" indeed, because it was faded and dirty.) His attire was a sort of robe richly embroidered, as greasy as the cap and tassel. He could not speak a syllable of Hindustani or Persian, but timidly answered a few of Captain H—'s questions through an interpreter.

There seems a most disgraceful degree of cheating and foul play in all the transactions here. The man who calls himself a "Dulali,"¹²⁹ or fixer of prices, is the greatest rogue of all and we have discovered him in the barefaced attempt to take us in most unjustifiably. I am not quite sure that Busty Ram's son is not an accomplice, in the avaricious hope of sharing the profits. The accusations against Busty Ram, made by the traders, are ceaseless. They complain that in one shape or another, he extorts "twenty-one per cent" from each person!

We heard today, that Sir Henry Lawrence and his secretary, Mr H—, were at Kashmir and were coming here soon. Busty Ram is with them.

This is a hot place and I can sleep comfortably under a *rezai* and one "Puttoo" (or shawl blanket), without any of the extra clothing which failed to give me warmth a few days ago. And yet Leh is high. The elevation of the city is given at about thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Yarkhund cups are sold here; they are of beautiful and almost transparent China; but they have no handles and saucers are also unfortunately unknown.

A very fine kind of warm stuff (like French Merino or "*Kashmirette*,") is also to be had at Leh. It is called "*Syllung*," and comes from a place yclept "*Syllung*," two or three months' march from Yarkhund, which country is at least forty-five marches from Leh. China silks and satins are very abundant: some of these manufactures are curious and very handsome and a piece of sixteen English yards, costs from forty rupees (£4) upwards. The native manufacture of Leh is a kind of woollen cloths, called "*Puttoo*," made from the wool of the Tartar goats and sheep.

We went this morning to see the new Fort, which is half, or perhaps three-quarters of a mile distant from the city. It possesses a few small guns of very inferior workmanship and caliber. Its three hundred Sepoys are slovenly and badly dressed. So small a number of soldiers would be quite incapable of

defending a Fort of this size large and wofully weak. There is a small fort *inside*, which was formerly the only one in existence and though that would be enough for the scanty garrison, the larger Fort, built all round it, is the one now in use. Everything is paltry and *cutch*¹³⁰ here. The walls of the fortifications could almost be demolished with pea-rifles.

A large stony plain extends round Leh and its vicinity. The fields of wheat, etc., in the neighbourhood look sickly and poor and they say that irrigation is most difficult here, the river beings at a distance and springs of water very search. The principle springs, inside the Fort, supplies very good and sweet water, but there are no other springs half as valuable near Leh.

I robe a powerful *Yarkhundi* horse this morning. He was in a shockingly neglected condition, as far as grooming and care went, but fat and spirited. The owner would not sell him, or I might have bought him, as I shall require a steed perhaps, ere my own horses rejoin me at Simla. Since leaving Kulu, the *Zemindars*¹³¹ have daily supplied not only us, but all our servants, with hill ponies, or *Ghoonts*.

In the evening (today), we went to the palace of the young Rajah of Ladakh, to return the visit paid us by him that morning, to his mother, the Ranee. The old lady does not keep the *Purdah*,¹³² so Captain H—accompanied me. Followed by the usual *canaille*—besides several *Chuprassies*—we proceeded, about 6PM, to the palace. It told of departed greatness and the sculptured tiger-heads over the entrance—the symbols of royalty—spoke mournfully of better days once enjoyed by its inhabitants. After threading our way through dark and dilapidated halls and corridors and difficult staircases, we reached the Hall of Reception, a small room in which the Rajah and his mother gave us audience. After the usual salutations, the Rajah and Ranee squatted themselves on carpets placed before a low wooden table (or—Heaven known what!) fixed to the ground in front. I took their only chair and Captain H—placed himself on a small carpet besides my seat. There was a fine view from the window of the surrounding country and the city below. There appear to be two or three hundred houses in the city. The population is estimated at (*inclusive* of the numerous traders who come from all parts and constantly reside in Leh) one hundred and ten thousand, of which considerably more than half are females.¹³³ The palace is built on a rock and we had a long pull to reach it. From the

window of the reception-chamber, the village of Tokh is seen in the distance across the Indus.¹³⁴ This is the Rajah of Ladakh's "*Jagheer*,"¹³⁵ his *sole income* now! It nominally yields 1,000 rupees (£100) per annum; but the Ranee told us that she only received 550 rupees (£55) a year and even this miserable pittance with difficulty. Poor fallen Queen! What a 'mockery to allow her to retain the name of "*Ranee*," when the income assigned to her and her unfortunate son, is totally inadequate maintain them in even respectability. In her youth she lived in luxury and wealth, surrounded by her family. She spoke of her sad reverses with tearful earnestness; though as her words were translated to us by the interpreter, I dare say we lost half their meaning. The old lady has great intelligence and many traces of birth and breeding. Her manners were very refined and courtly and entirely devoid of all *mauvaise honte* or awkwardness. The expression of her face was sad and care-worn.

On our way down we passed a Goompa in ruins. The roof was off and we saw the figures of Lamas (priests), all squatting absurdly, painted on the blackened walls and the representations of *Rakhus*, or evil spirits, elaborately coloured. There was another Goompa close by, belonging to the Rajah of Ladakh and a high-priest officiates there. We went to see it. Inside the temple there is an image of some great god of monstrous proportions.

After coming down from the rock, we went through the new Bazaar, followed by an extraordinary number of people, all straining their eyes to get a peep. This Bazaar is still in an unfinished state. It is to consist of two rows of houses, each two stories high. It has been built by Gulab Singh and is left to the merchants.

We were told that there were three hundred houses in Leh, but I cannot *vouch* for the correctness of the assertion.

Before leaving this city, I must give a short account of the country of which it is the capital.

Ladakh, a district of Tibet, is about a hundred and thirty miles in extent from north to south, i.e., from the foot of the Kara-Korum Mountains to Lingtee, or the boundary (in the Oojar) between Lahoul and Ladakh. From east to west, the greatest extent may be two hundred or two hundred and twenty miles. Thirty years ago, when Moorcroft visited Ladakh (though I have not yet seen his work, so cannot say if he mentions it), the extent of Ladakh

was very much greater from north to south, because in the days when Ranjeet Singh ruled over Tibet, the districts of S'piti and Juskur (now tributary to the East India Company and subject to their rule and legislation) pertained to Ladakh. The outline is very irregular, being much contracted towards the south-west in particular. I should opine that the utmost extent of the district (of Ladakh) did not comprise an area of more than eighteen thousand square miles.

Ladakh is bounded on the north by the Kara Korum Mountains, on the other side of which lies the Chinese frontier; on the north-north-west by Baltistan (also called Balti, or Little Tibet); on the south-south-west by Kashmir; on the south by Kishtawar, Juskur and Lahoul; and on the east by S'piti.

The general character of the country is barren and arid and the average elevation of the mountains is a thousand feet above the highest of the Alpine heights. The valleys—and Ladakh is *de facto* a succession of valleys—average from 11,000 to 13,000 feet in elevation. Some of the passes are 18,000 and 20,000 feet above the level of the sea and few below sixteen thousand feet. Barren and inhospitable as are the mountains of Ladakh, still, wherever a stream flows, the banks are found verdant and fringed with willows and poplars and sometimes with wild roses and tamarisk bushes. Willow and poplar are the only timber found in Ladakh. A few vegetables are cultivated in the vicinity of the city and villages and rhubarb is found in great quantities growing wild. It is of an excellent quality and three species are found. The root has medicinal virtues fully equal to the China or "Turkey" rhubarb. The fruits of the country are apricots, apples and the Sarsin (a tree peculiar to Tibet, I believe). The apricots are very abundant and of a small size, like a plum. They are of an excellent flavour and there are three or four varieties. The greater proportion of the fruit is exposed to the sun and dried. The name of this dried fruit is *Komanie* and I have frequently alluded to it in the course of my travels. The kernel is sometimes retained and at others it is first taken out by cutting the fruit in half, before exposing it to the sun. It is very good to eat and in this dried state can be preserved for years. It forms an extensive article of export and is taken to the most remote districts of China. The Sarsin has a very fragrant yellow flower, very tiny, which is used in making a perfume. The fruit is small and white or yellow in colour; the difference of shade is attributed to exposure

or non-exposure to the sun. The Chinese in Yarkhund (where this tree is also extensively found) distil a potent spirit from it, by fermentation and this alcohol is said to be superior to brandy distilled from grapes; the flowers are frequently added to perfume the spirit. The tree bearing this favourite fruit is tall and slender and rather scarce in Ladakh.

The grains cultivated in Ladakh, are wheat, barley and *troomba*, as I have mentioned elsewhere; and considering the difficulties of irrigation, the crops are very abundant. The climate is inimical to agriculture; snow and frost commencing in September and continuing, with but little intermission, till the end of April. When the sun *does* shine, however, it is powerful even during these rigorous winters and in the short summer season the heat of its rays is intense; far greater than the dwellers of northern latitudes can conceive. In December and January the average height of the thermometer is from 10° to 15° Fahrenheit and in July and August, during the day-time, indoors, it rises very frequently to 80° , while in the sun it often exhibits a temperature of 130° at noon. The atmosphere of Leh and the whole of Ladakh is like the rest of Tibet, very dry and rain rarely falls.

Though the Singhey-Choo or Indus is the principal river of Ladakh, there are others which water its elevated valleys;—the Pashkoom or Pashkam, the Kartse, the Draus and several smaller streams. The five I have particularized by name are very large, deep and rapid rivers; and owing to their snowy sources in the lofty mountains of Tartary, they are liable to sudden and extreme vicissitudes. A stream scarcely two feet deep in the morning, before the ice and snow have melted in the lofty mountains of their birth, is frequently an un-fordable torrent, several fathoms deep, by mid-day, when the powerful rays of the sun have influenced the icy barriers.

There are some very singular domestic institutions prevalent in Ladakh, regarding marriage, not at all unlike those of Kulu. The principal difference is that in the former, mutual consent is requisite, where there are several brothers about to take one wife amongst them and all the off spring are looked upon as the property of the eldest. As soon as the first is of marriageable age, he is provided with a wife and I am credibly informed that the entire property of his parents descends at once to him, he being from that time charged with their maintenance. One or more of the younger sons of a family is always made a Lama, or Priest.

The Ladakhis' are naturally a much more moral and amiable race than the Kashmirians; but the numerous refugees from the valley have greatly tainted and corrupted the more simple Tartars by their evil example and dissolute habits. The Tartars are naturally as dirty as the Kashmirians and it was by no means pleasant to be forced to anything like contiguity with them, as was so frequently my unhappy fate, when the rugged nature of the mountain paths rendered it necessary for me to submit to being carried by a native in a primitive manner on his back! Riding, as well as the dhoolie, being impracticable in such places and my wearied limbs or bruised feet effectually preventing me from walking.

The animals—wild and domesticated—of Tibet, I have already enumerated; but I will give a succinct recapitulation now, in case I may have inadvertently passed over one or two.

The wild animals are principally the Kiang or nondescript wild horse¹³⁶ (fully described before); the Ibex, which frequents the most inaccessible crags; wild goats, which are larger than the domestic species and yield as fine (or finer) a *pushum* or wool. Wild sheep abound, especially in the vicinity of the Salt Water Lake, named Peemakingjing, or Tchoo-Soowurrh, which I described in a previous page. There are field-rats and a particular species of mouse, with a thick grey-coloured fur, a very small tail and a body nearly four times as bulky as the common English mouse. Hares abound, of a *blue* colour in the hind quarters, with the head and fore-quarters fawn coloured. There is also a *white* variety found in the eastern parts of the country. Foxes, leopards and bears are also said to be found; and an animal, which from the description given by the natives, appears a species of lynx. The marmot¹³⁷ I have repeatedly alluded to as having seen myself and it abounds on the mountain-passes in summer, probably lying dormant in its subterranean dwelling throughout the winter.

The domestic animals are principally—ponies, yaks, zhos,¹³⁸ asses, mules, sheep, goats and dogs. Most of these will be found elsewhere detailed. The sheep are of various kinds and larger than the native breeds of India, except the "Pooreek," a small and valuable species, which lives with the peasants in their houses and is domesticated like a dog. The goats are beautiful little creatures—the genuine shawl-wool goats—the down underneath the fleece being

the wool used in the manufacture of shawls, while the upper coat is made into ropes and blankets.

The dogs are very large, noble-looking animals, fierce and intelligent, something approximating to the wolf in appearance.

I know but little of the mineral productions of Tibet. I have at large elsewhere described the sulphur and borax mines in the Poogah valley, not far from the beautiful lake of Choomoreeree. Soda is found on the banks on the banks of the Indus; and I learnt from the Tartars that lead, iron and even gold, have been found on the mountains to the north and east of Leh, but that the searching for gold was prohibited by the Lamas; and indeed, digging for any of the metals was not approved of, their legends asserting that the Genii of Tartary severely visited such an appropriation of *their* treasures, as these mines are considered, in the remote mountains where they exist.

Ladakh is between 34° and 35° of latitude and 75° to 78° of longitude.

Before concluding this short account of middle Tibet or Bhutan, I will say a few words on the religious creed of the Tartars in general, such as prevails all over Tibet and Tartary, into the very heart of the Chinese empire.

The Tartars all profess the Buddhist faith, or religion of Buddha. It is a strange medley of juggling, idolatry and mysticism. In the doctrine of Metempsychosis, they place firm and unhesitating belief. The "Buddha," or supreme deity of Tibet, is supposed never in reality to die, though the followers of this declare their Grand Lamas to be living incarnations of their god. As soon as this *avatar*¹³⁹ of Buddha has "shaken off his mortal coil," he is again generated in the form of an infant. Though this regeneration be as it is almost superfluous to state, the arrangement of the priesthood, it is sincerely and blindly believed in, by myriads of the Tartar and Chinese Buddhists. This incarnation of Buddha is designated by the name of "Teeshoo Lama" during his pilgrimage on earth. A cortege of Lamas etc., go long distances on the death of a Teeshoo Lama in order to reach the spot where miraculous visions have pointed out the new avatar of their deity.

The priests profess celibacy and poverty, but they do not confine themselves to merely religious duties. They engage in agriculture, farming and the administration of their districts. The followers of Buddha are inveterate

idolaters, but their idols and images are not meant to typify the great Buddha in any way. Many of the paintings in their Goompas (temples) and even in their houses represent Tartarus and Elysium, according to their ideas of the future world; and some of these sacred paintings portray the trial of mortals after death. Some are emblematical of the metamorphoses undergone by men and women and many of these are extremely absurd. One of their most solemn rites is to consecrate food for souls in hell, where otherwise they are supposed to be starved. These rights are celebrated in the Goompa, sacred to "Chenreese," the god of the dead,—a deity with four arms, the two outer ones elevated and the two inner a little raised as if in prayer and supplication. Another favourite deity to whom the majority of the temples appear to be consecrated, bears the cognomen of "Chumba;" he is generally of colossal size and appears to be an androgynous specimen altogether. This god has also four arms.

The Manies, or religious piles of stones, I have frequently alluded to in the course of my travels. The principal, if not the only sentence engraved on these stones, is the mystical Buddhist invocation, "*Om Mani, padme Hom.*"¹⁴⁰ signifying "Oh! Precious Lotus, Amen,"—according, I believe, to Monsieur Klaproth's rendering of the words. "Om" is the mystical syllable with which all prayers and invocations commence. In Prinsep's Tables, "Om" is thus rendered—(it is spelt "*Aum*"):—"A," the generative power; "u," the productive power; "m," the union of the essences of both." "*Manie padma*" is one of the forms of Buddha and means the "*Manie*" or holy person who has the "*padma*," or Lotus¹⁴¹ for his jewel. I have just had it suggested to me by Captain H—, that the best interpretation of the word "Om" (given by Wilson) is,—"*Let us meditate on the supreme splendor of that divine sun that may illuminate our understandings.*" The following interpretation of this abstruse and mystical word, I take from Coleman's account of the Hindu Mythology:—

"O'M !' a mystic syllable, signifying the supreme God of Gods, which the Hindus, from its awful and sacred meaning, hesitate to pronounce aloud; and in doing so, place one of their hands before their mouths. A Brahmin beginning the lecture of the *Veda*¹⁴² (or the recital of any holy strain), must always pronounce to himself, the syllable O'M; for unless that syllable precede, his learning will slip away from him; and unless it follow, nothing will be retained. It is prefixed to the several names of world, denoting that the seven worlds are

manifestations of the power signified by the syllable. All rites ordained in the *Veda*, oblations to fire and solemn sacrifices pass away; but that which passeth not away, says Menu, is declared to be the syllable O'M thus called Aschara, because it is symbol of God, the Lord of created beings. From various passages in the *Asiatic Researches*, principally by Mr Colebrooke, as well as other authorities, it may be collected, that this sacred monosyllable, spelt O'M, is pronounced A-O-M or A-U-M, signifying Brahm, the Supreme Being, under his three great attributes of the Creator, the Preserver and the Destroyer; the letters standing in succession, for the attributes as they are here described. Sir William Jones thus translates it: "Let us adore the supremacy of that Divine Sun, the Godhead, who illumines all, delights all and from whom all proceed—to whom all must return, whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards his holy seat." And in another place, he defines that "Divine Sun" as "not the visible material sun, but that divine incomparably greater light, which illumines all, delights all, from whom all proceed, to which all must return and which can alone irradiate, not our visual organs merely, but our souls and intellects." Mr Colebrooke again explains it: "On that effulgent power which is Brahm himself and is called the light of the radiant sun, do I meditate, governed by the mysterious light which resides within me for the purpose of thought. I myself am an irradiated manifestation of the Supreme Brahm." These brief extracts may explain, as well as volumes that the fundamental principles of the Hindu religion were those of pure monotheism; the worship of one supreme and only God. Under what circumstances the attributes of that Almighty Being became divided and appropriated to the Hindu Triad; or the visible, instead of the divine invisible, sun became an object of worship, we are left in utter darkness.¹⁴³ The one was the hallowed, fundamental creed; the other is, unfortunately, the perverted popular practice of the Hindu."

Brahm, or Brahma, is the original Supreme Deity of the Hindus. He is thus described in the *Veda*:—"The Almighty, infinite, incomprehensible, eternal, self-existent Being; he who sees everything, though never seen; he who is not to be compassed by description and who is beyond the limits of human conception; he from whom the universal world proceeds; who is the Lord of the Universe and whose work is the universe; he who is the Light of all

Lights; whose name is too scared to be pronounced and whose power is too infinite to be imagined; the one unknown true Being, the Creator, Preserver and Destroyer of the Earth."

The way in which the Brahmins explain the plurality of Gods in their Mythology, when their earliest sacred writings represent the faith of Brahma as a monotheism, according to Coleman, is as follows: "while the learned Brahmins thus acknowledge and adore one God, without form or quality, eternal, unchangeable and occupying all space, they have carefully confined their doctrines to their own schools and have taught in public a religion, which, in supposed compliance with the infirmities and passions of human nature, brings the Deity more on a level with their own prejudices and wants and through which the incomprehensible attributes assigned to him, are invested with sensible and even human forms." Thus, upon this foundation, priest-craft and superstition have woven a monstrous Mythology, containing the most discordant and perplexing fictions. And the defense of the Brahmins is this: "It is easier to impress the mind by intelligible symbols, than by means which are incomprehensible."

From the fact of the mystical syllable being held in common by the followers of Brahma and Buddha, there might be a legitimate argument in favour of the two religions having been once the same. I will not discuss a question on which my own personal knowledge is so limited, but there is no doubt that the quotation, I have given above, fully applies to the mystical interpretation of "Om" or "Aum" in the Buddhist creed and the reader has simply to substitute "Buddha" for "Brahm" to make it entirely applicable.

However, feeling my own incompetency, I leave the *vexata quaestio* to be decided by others whose acquirements are more extended in the Mythological Researches of the Far East.

NEEMMOO (COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

Distance from Leh, fifteen miles

23 July 1850 Monday:—This is the first march on the direct road from Leh to Kashmir. Luckily we had an excellent road and good ponies to enable us to get over the long march at a surprising pace, as we started very late—after 5PM. We

got in before dusk, having entered nearly the whole way. The last mile is a descent and rather a bad bit of road.

Before leaving Leh we were edified by a *Tumasha* (show, exhibition). Nearly a hundred men and women danced alternately before us, carrying on all sorts of antics. These men were Lamas and, I believe, Temple dancers. The women were gaily attired in crimson cloaks. The whole set danced at a snail's pace, a sort of native minuet. The men were dressed in flowing robes, full three-cornered sleeves and handsome satin and gold tippets. Many of them had Death's Heads on their breasts and backs and all carried daggers in one hand. They presently changed this costume and came out of their robing-place attired as demons. Their dance was so stupidly executed and the glare so great, that I left the verandah from which the exhibition was witnessed, long before it reached a conclusion. So, though I paid a *Gold-Mohur*¹⁴⁴ for the said *Tumsha*, I cannot say anything more of the wonderful performances.

The country between the villages even about here is as barren and uncultivated as possible.

HIMMEE (COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

Distance, fourteen miles

24 July 1850 Tuesday: —We intended to have gone on to Noorlah, but as we found our things here and it was raining heavily, we halted. Noorlah is some distance further (I believe about five or six miles) and it is properly a double march, but in the event of making it such, Himmee is not a proper division; a village we passed four or five miles before reaching this would have made a good halting ground. There is another road to Noorlah, via Suspoorla; I am told it is shorter, but decidedly a rough and break-neck path.

After three miles of level road, this march was nothing but ascent and descent. We had to ride up three miles, merely to descend again. The road was on the whole a good one, but as it was raining heavily all the way, we had not a very pleasant ride. This "Himmee" is a poor, miserable looking village and there is scarcely space anywhere near, for two small tents to be pitched. There are willows, a few cedars and apricot and walnut trees in the vicinity of the village, but the hills surrounding are barren and desolate. This rain which has

fallen is the first symptom of the *Bursaut*¹⁴⁵ we have yet had. The people all declare that it is quite unusual and that this country is not subject to the periodical rains.

LAMEEROO¹⁴⁶ (COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

Distance, seventeen miles

25 July 1850 Wednesday: —We arrived here about 4AM, having halted at Khalach to breakfast. The road is on the whole a bad one, made worse by the rain. However, we rode our ponies all the way. It rained incessantly all last night and a good deal today. It is still cloudy and heavy mists hang close above and about this place.

Khalach (also called Khalsey and Kulatsey), is about eight miles from Himmee and this is nine further. We passed Noorlah at the fourth or fifth mile. It is a large village, surrounded by extensive fields of cultivation and studded with fruit and other trees. We got some fruit there and quantities of apricots at Khalach. Between Himmee and Noorlah is a bad piece of road, narrow and rather dangerous. From Noorlah to Khalach the road is good; thence to Lameeroo it is narrow and bad. Near Noorlah we came again to the Indus and after passing Khalach we crossed this river by a bridge. Two or three miles beyond, the road left the valley of the Indus and we had to wind along by the bed of a smaller river, its waters the colour of the Chandra. As we went *up* the stream, we must now be a good deal higher than before.

This is an outlandish-looking place. The village appears rather large. Most of the houses are built on a particularly *unsafe*-looking rock; and I opine that the whole rock, village and all, will some fine morning imitate the objectionable example of the Gaddarene swine, mentioned in Scripture and rush headlong into the deep—chasm yawning below quite ready to receive them! I perceived caves beneath the houses. There are a good many trees about the place, but few (if any) fruit trees. We saw some rose-bushes, bearing double-yellow roses, both near Himmee and also in the immediate vicinity of this village. It was raining so heavily when we passed the former that we could not preserve any for drying and here they are falling to decay. The leaf is a briar, very sweet and the roses are like those of Kardung in Lahoul, only double. We

took a long walk this evening in spite of the rain and collected several flowers. Among others a purple flowered plant, of a sweet *verbena* scent. These hills are as barren and arid as those of the *Oojar* except just in the neighbourhood of the few villages *en route*.

The coolies appear to be changed at every village, which causes great delay now.

WUKKAH (COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

Distance, seventeen miles

26 July 1850 Thursday.—This is a long march. I have estimated it at seventeen miles, contrary to Captain H—'s idea of the distance; he calls it twenty-miles. We breakfasted at a village called Henniscoo, about six or seven miles from Lameeroo and halted there till 2PM we then rode on to this village and found Captain C—, of the Bengal Artillery, encamped here. We were very unfortunate today, in as much as none of our baggage came up till 9PM. Through some obstinacy of the *Jemadar*¹⁴⁷ of the Chuprassies, sent by Busty Ram's son to assist us in collecting coolies and supplies and partly through the stupidity of our servants, the camp was first pitched at Kurgoo, a village only three miles from Henniscoo; and when we came up, they had but just discovered their mistake and struck the tents. Of course we were not a little disgusted.

We have had miserable weather; nothing but rain. This damp is unpleasant and brings back my cough. Had it not been for the rain, the road would have been very tolerable. We went over some high ground today;—on one side we had the lofty peaks of the Juskur Range, skirting the valley through which passed. We gathered many rare flowers, pretty and new. I observed quantities of Geraniums of different shades and sizes, all along this march. Also a new kind of Tamarisk, together with many plants, names unknown. Captain C—, who is encamped here, is on a sporting expedition and Captain H—went to pay him a visit. The youth romances about *distances* immensely, or I have strangely underrated the marches; he declares that we have come two and twenty miles today and if we reach our proposed camp tomorrow, we shall accomplish upwards of twenty-three miles!

We hear Sir Henry Lawrence is not far distant and is travelling by this route to Leh. He then goes to Iskardo and Gilgit.¹⁴⁸

Wukkah is a large place and the valley appears well cultivated. At Kurgoo we saw the remains of a very extensive fort, built on a rock. A few years ago it was demolished, when Ladakh was taken. Kurgoo is quite a "has been"; it is a poor looking village now. All the country we have passed through is very strange in appearance and except in the neighbourhood of the few scattered villages, as barren and arid as the desert.

This rain is distressing and still more so, as "the oldest inhabitant" declares that the like was never known before.

A pretty kind of Columbine grows near this in great Luxuriance; and no the most barren hills many curious plants are found. I saw several pretty flowers and returned home heavily laden with my spoils.

KARGIL (COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

Distance, seventeen miles

27 July 1850 Friday:—According to my ideas of distance, this cannot be more than seventeen or eighteen miles, instead of twenty-three, as Captain C— asserted. The road was excellent for these wild parts. As it was raining heavily in the morning, we delayed our departure till the forenoon, in the hopes of better weather. Captain H— was very naughty and "cranky," positively talking of turning back!

We had to ford a deep and rapid river. I did so in fear and trembling, expecting to die a watery death "without benefit of clergy." We had the satisfaction of knowing, subsequently, that we might easily have avoided the wetting we got, as there was a bridge close by. This river, called the Pashkam, or Pashkoom, we crossed a ridiculous number of times, either fording it at desperate risks, or crossing on frail and suspicious-looking bridges of primitive build. Whether this was the fault of our guide (a horseman who preceded us for the purpose of showing us the way), or the peculiar style of road, I am unable to say. Minus this very disagreeable feature, the road was good and we got on very well. The afternoon, though cloudy, was fair and we reached Kargil in all comfort. The Nagpo-Choo (or "Black-Water," as the name signifies) flows just below this place, a deep and rapid torrent. We had to go over on two wooden bridges, a little islet dividing the two in the middle of the stream. Within twenty yards of my tent, the river is foaming along.

We passed a village called Shergola, at four miles and Lotsum at two or three further on. At a village called Oordagh (about half-way), we breakfasted at the fashionable hour of 2PM. It was not a good halt, as we could get no milk for love or money; and my numerous goats having died off or ceased to yield milk, we were badly off for tea. However, we obtained a tolerably comfortable place to rest in and did not finish our march till the afternoon. When we had gone a mile or two we met the *Thanadar* of Kargil and his *Moonshee*, or scribe and these functionaries escorted us here and have been civil and attentive. As soon as arrived, feeling very thirsty, I drank four tumblers of fresh milk and ate nearly one pound of apricots. This made me feel desperately sick, so I met the punishment due to *all* excessive indulgences, even when the "*strong drink*" happens to be milk.

The valley of Pashkoom, which we traversed before reaching the one in which Kargil is situated, is most luxuriantly cultivated and the crops appear rich and ripe. The valley boasts of a large village and plenty of trees, especially willows, poplars, apple and apricot trees. Throughout this march we observed quantities of goose berry and currant bushes. The hills continue bare and uncultivated; only the valleys appear to be tilled or inhabited. The river Nagpo-Choo forms a junction with the Pashkoom near Kargil. This is a large place and boasts of a *Thannah*. The people here are extremely civil, but tell such preposterous fibs about distances, etc., that it is impossible to know what to believe.

Poor "Psyche," my favourite pointer, has strayed, Heaven knows where; and I am in great distress about it, for when I think of the rapid rivers, I feel sure I shall never see her again.¹⁴⁹

There is a Fort here, but we were told that it was swarming with *fleas*, so we did not take up our quarters inside. We observed several ruined forts, *en route* and we are told wonderful stories of the wars which, not long ago, desolated these valleys.

CHOOKYAL OR CHOOGEEAL (COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

Distance, twenty-four miles

28 July 1850 Saturday:—Arrived here as the day was closing. A tent and a few things of mine which I had luckily sent on in advance, are up, but nothing of Captain H—'s has come. The road was bad, narrow and rugged. At two miles from Kargil, the Draus River joins the Nagpo-Choo and these united streams flow by Iskardo, the capital of Baltistan, or Little Tibet. They form a branch of the Singhey Choo, or Indus.

We have had a good deal of rain and the weather still looks threatening. This march has been almost an *oojar*; the few villages on the road have but poor fields pertaining to them and each hamlet contains only two or three houses. We saw the road to Iskardo lying on the opposite bank of the Draus River and at a village called Choo-Scumbo; this road joins the Kashmir route by a bridge over the river.

We breakfasted some distance below a village called Kurboo, ten miles beyond Kargil and five or six further than Choo-Scumbo. This village is very eccentrically perched up in the skies and the road runs along far below. To reach this wretched hamlet we were taken up by a break-neck path two miles out of our way, only to come down again, as our servants, wiser than our sapient guide, had prepared breakfast below near the road. By a rock, the rain slightly fallings, we bivouacked with philosophy. We did not start again till near 5PM and then not a coolie of the rear-camps had condescended to make his appearance, so we have come on here despairing of their arriving at all today. Our respective beddings are behind and all Captain H—'s baggage. He will not follow my example of sending anything in advance. Ah! Why will people be so obstinate?

Between Kurboo and this hamlet, is a village called Tashum or Tashgam and as it is three or four miles from Kurboo, it would be a far better halting-place than this, for Chookeyal is too long a march for the lazy coolies one gets about here. Below Tashgam we crossed the Draus River by a frail plank-bridge. Chookeyal is a miserably small place and we could not get anything in the shape of houses to supply the want of the missing tents. It rained heavily all

night. I was cold and miserably uncomfortable and of course, could obtain but little sleep to recruit me after my fatigues of the day. We observed many beautiful flowers, all quite new to me, especially about Kurboo. A fine pink balsam abounds here, of a different species from those I have before seen.

DRAUS OR DIRIAS¹⁵⁰ (COUNTRY OF LADAKH)

Distance, five miles

29 July 1850 Sunday:—I started at 3PM today, to go on to my camp at Muttayun (a long way further on,) and Captain H—accompanied me thus far, meaning to return, as he had received no answer from Sir Henry Lawrence, who is encamped here, authorizing his proceeding further. However, after an interview with Sir Henry and his assistant, Mr H—, it was settled that Captain H—may go by Kashmir, as well as Leh, though according to Government orders he has no right here without especial leave. By “here” I mean in Gulab Singh’s dominions, as these orders extend to *all* the hill-country under the Maharajah’s way, Leh and Kashmir alike. Consequently it must be immaterial by which route he leaves these forbidden lands and I shall therefore have the benefit of his escort some time longer.

There is a Kila or fort here (at Draus,) and a village. Something of a Plain, green and cultivated, surrounds Draus and the river flows rapidly along the valley. Though all my tents had gone on to Muttayun, I halted here in Sir Henry Lawrence’s camp, as the day was too far advanced to proceed on this dangerous road in safety. Mr H—(Sir Henry’s assistant) very kindly gave me up one of his tents. Captain H—also halted, sending for his camp. We all dined together. I was agreeably disappointed in Sir Henry Lawrence. He appears a kind and amiable man.

The road from Chookeyal to Draus is good and tolerably level. The plains are covered with flowers of every hue, but in this damp weather it is useless collecting them, for they will not dry. I observed the large species of Forget-me-not, of bright pink and blue colours, such as abound near Koksar, in Lahoul. Peas grow luxuriantly in this part of Tartary; we have them frequently boiled for dinner. They are small, but very good and are found all throughout this district, of unexceptionable quality. I observed the plant in the fields; the flower is pretty, pink or brownish and sometimes of a deep Mazarin blue.

Sir Henry Lawrence and Mr H—are now going on to Leh, Iskardo and Gilgit, then they return to Kashmir. Very discouraging accounts are abroad regarding the road to Gilgit and the unsettled state of the people there; however, they are determined to go, as I believed the object is a *business* one.

Some of the streams on the road we found much swollen by the late rain.

METCHAHOY (COUNTRY OF LADAKH) OOJAR ENCAMPMENT

Distance, eleven miles

30 July 1850 *Monday*. —We passed Pourana Draus, or more correctly called Paien Draus, a paltry village at five miles. The road from Draus is very tolerable. A small village called Muttayun is between Pourana Draus and this Oojar Encampment, but it is on the opposite bank of the river and I saw no bridge by which to cross over to it.

From Pourana Draus the character of the hills entirely changes. The vegetation becomes rich and the grass luxuriant. The undulating hills are carpeted with lovely flowers of every hue. Some of the banks are *blue* with Forget-me-nots, they grow in such luxuriance. They are of various shades and kinds. I am writing on the ground while our camp is being pitched; it is near sunset and as we are a little above Draus Pass and our tents are pitched immediately below a stupendous Glacier, snowy peaks surrounding us on every side, no wonder if we feel cold. I can hardly write, the wind is so keen and piercing. Captain H—is gone out to gather flowers near the glacier. The road today was a very tolerable path, but I was scared out of a year's life by two formidable rivers, one especially. The horseman who accompanied us as guide had crossed the Draus in one place; Captain H—was half over and my pony stopped in the middle of the rapid stream, declining to obey either whip or spur. The water came almost up to the animal's withers, so I was getting a cold bath all the time. I became extremely alarmed, fearing, each moment, that the force of the current would carry us down a cataract not far below; my screams brought Captain H—back to my aid and he kindly guided me across.

This River Draus is deep and rapid; it rises on the pass we go over tomorrow. There are some bad, narrow places throughout this march, but a pony can easily get on.

We breakfasted this morning with Sir Henry Lawrence and his assistant, before we started. I like very much what I have seen of them both.

REEWUL (COUNTRY OF KASHMIR) OVER THE DRAUS PASS

Distance, twenty-four miles

31 July 1850 *Tuesday*:—We did not reach this place till after dark. As our wretched Sepoy-guide did not know more of the road than the man of the moon, we had a most fatiguing day—passing our rear-camp at Kulung, a mile before we reached this and fatigue and darkness preventing our reaching the advance-camp at Kungun. The guide told us that Kulung and Kungun were the same; whereas *eleven miles divide* them; so our servants and baggage have been scattered in the most uncomfortable manner. The house we got into on arrival here, swarmed with vermin and the rear tents did not arrive till near midnight.

The Draus Pass is crossed between Metchahoy and Sonamarg. The ascent is so gradual and easy, that it scarcely deserves the name of a "Pass." The descent for a couple of miles is steep. The road, or rather the pathway, is beautifully wooded and the surrounding banks and plains are richly carpeted with numberless lovely flowers. Sir Henry Lawrence told me that the height of this Pass, above the level of the sea, was thirteen thousand feet. I think he must be mistaken; it can scarcely be more than ten thousand five hundred, or at most, eleven thousand feet. I judge from the trees which flourish on this mountain. I observed birches growing some hundreds of feet *above the pass*, on the mountains on each side. How then, is it possible that the forest-line could extend so high as between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea? Which would be the case if Sir H Lawrence's estimate were at all correct.¹⁵¹

This is a very pretty Pass; the luxuriant vegetation and the wooded scenery being as singular as it is pretty. High hills capped with snow, surround it on every side throughout this march and we had to cross three or four beds of

snow and ice. At the top of the Pass saw the source of the Draus River and one of the branches of the Jhelum.¹⁵² They both rise in the same spot; and as regards the Jhelum, the small stream rapidly becomes a large and rushing torrent. There is a very tiny lake close to this source of the Jhelum, through which that river flows.

An encamping-ground, with one hut, called Baltal, or Baltalla, is passed at five or six miles. This is at the foot of the pass (on this side) and there the road lies along the bank of the Jhelum. A second encamping ground, yelegt Sonamarg, is passed; all this part is called "the oojar;" a misnomer, if "oojar" be supposed to have no meaning but the literal one of desert. The ground is covered with luxuriant grass and myriads of flowers, while the hills around are densely wooded with magnificent trees—firs, willows and others. Between Sonamarg and Baltal is a lovely spot,—a forest of firs, beautiful flowers and a rustic log-hut. There is a very bad road for some five miles between Sonamarg and Kulung, rugged, narrow and impossible to ride over. Two or three places were even dangerous, the traveller having actually to go into the Jhelum. A single yard too much to the left—and there would be every chance of bidding a long farewell to "all we know and all we love." We had to ride through the river as close as possible to the rocks beside us and the boundary mark of the road was below the water, we had nothing to guide us. I must confess I did feel alarmed, though I made no exhibition of my weakness.

We passed a *Jaghat Khana*, or taxing-place, where there were four or five houses, five miles from Sonamarg. After the verdant "oojar," the first village is Kulung and it is close to this.

We can get no coolies or anything else here. The people in authority are disobliging and the village appears but half populated. It is extraordinary to see the luxuriant country between Baltal and Sonamarg left to waste in wilderness. We crossed the Jhelum two or three times on bridges as frail as usual. Between Sonamarg and Kulung, the peaks rising immediately above the Jhelum to the left, appear of stupendous height from the road, as they rise without any intervening mountains. We observed a good deal of snow on the hills around us. This has been a very bright, sunny day; too much so to march in comfort.

GHRATBUL (ON THE BANKS OF THE LAKE MANASBAL
VALLEY OF KASHMIR)

Distance, twenty-nine miles

1 *August 1850 Wednesday*.—Arrived here at 11PM, after a most fatiguing march and on arrival found half the things had gone on to Kashmir city direct, our orders having been misunderstood. The usual march is to the city of Kashmir and the distance is much the same. About ten miles from the city, the road turns off to this place and we followed this route by Sir Henry Lawrence's advice, as I wished to see the Ooler or Wuler Lake, which is somewhere beyond this. However, we have found to our cost that the arrangement is a bad one. Mosquito's swarm here in frightful numbers; rest or sleep is out of the question, though I require both sadly after this long and weary march.

From *Reewul* to Kungun, the distance is fully sixteen miles. The pathway winds through a wooded country and the Jhelum is twice crossed by wooden bridges. At Kungun we breakfasted. There is a *Thannah* there, but the chief official being absent, we had the greatest trouble about coolies. Instead of procuring forty or fifty as we required and a dozen fresh ponies, we were forced to go on with tired men and jaded animals. Both had come the whole way from Draus and were completely knocked up. At the first village we came to, I changed most of my coolies and (adopting the beggar¹⁵³ system) did the same at every subsequent village, though only a quarter or half a mile apart and thus managed, after constant delays, to bring up the baggage in the course of the night. Captain H—'s servants (not being so wise!) allowed the baggage to remain with the tired men and there is no sign of his camp even now, the *second day*! But for my tents and servants, etc. we should be in an unpleasant plight. As it was, we were exposed to the night air and the attacks of myriads of mosquito's, who "if they had only been unanimous," (as said some witty authority) would have carried us off bodily into the lake just beneath our tent, so countless were their numbers,—so vehement their attentions!

We rode from Kungun to a village called Gondavul (on the opposite bank of this lake), between the hours of 5PM and 11PM. As we galloped the first part of the way, this was a long time to take for the latter portion of the march; but after the day closed in, it was fruitless endeavouring to urge on our wearied

brutes, especially as the night became pitch dark and the road was through a rice-grown¹⁵⁴ country. There were the usual attendants on rice fields—innumerable streams and marshy spots, to go through. We managed to get torches and torch-bearers,¹⁵⁵ and arrived much fatigued at Gondavul, only to find that our camp was not there. After some delay, my advance-camp was discovered across the lake and we reached it in a boat. We could obtain no intelligence of Captain H—'s tents and people and they only came up this afternoon. The distance from Kungun to Gondavul must be seventeen or eighteen miles at least. The "road" is a mere pathway and there are so many paths in all directions that it is very difficult to know which to take. When we galloped in advance of our guide (who was very badly mounted) we were several times nearly losing our way, even in the day-light. Though the path was so bad, we rode the whole distance.

GHRATBUL (ON THE BANKS OF THE MANASBAL LAKE VALLEY OF KASHMIR)

2 August 1850 Thursday:—We are waiting for boats to go on to the Ooler or Wuler Lake. This place is hot and steamy and the climate painfully reminds me of Bengal. The mosquito's are large in size and in incredible numbers. They bite me, morning, noon and night and drive me half mad.¹⁵⁶ If I am to judge of the Valley of Kashmir by this place, I should say it was a perfect Tartarus.

Manasbal is a picturesque lake of no great size. The banks are prettily wooded and the waters clear and blue. They have a bad taste and disagreeable smell and are not fit for drinking pellucid though they appear. I would recommend no one to encamp here, as this Tope of Chinars (or Grove of Plane-trees) swarms with mosquitos. Besides, all supplies must come from the village across the water, there being no adequate one here. Gondavul, or Sofypore, close by, is the proper place to pitch a camp.

8AM—I have hired a boat and I am going on alone to the Oolar or Wuler Lake, starting from this place in about an hour. Captain H—has not succeeded in procuring any suitable barge and as I cannot delay, I must leave him here.

The heat and mosquitoes are quite overpowering. They will shortly deprive me of my senses, or drive me into a fever. The clouds are lowering, the thunder growling and the lightning flashing;—all portends a storm, but I am determined to go on *coute qui coute*. Instead of having the full complement of hands (twenty-five or thirty) for this large boat, I can only get six or eight today, so I have no chance of reaching the Ooler Lake before some time in 1860.

ON THE OOLER OR WULER LAKE, (VALLEY OF KASHMIR)

Distance by water from Manasbal Lake, some twenty-five miles

3 August 1850 *Friday*:—The motion of the boat prevents my writing today.

NISHAT BAGH¹⁵⁷ (VALLEY OF KASHMIR)

Five or six miles from the Capital

4 August 1850 *Saturday*:—Arrived here at 3PM, performing the whole journey by water. I left Manasbal about 10PM, on the 2ND instant; we went very slowly, the boatmen giving great trouble all the while. We moored at a village near which we found a smaller boat, which the authorities had sent for me. In getting into it, my bed and bedding were wet through and I was drenched to the skin, as rain was falling heavily. I returned almost immediately to the large barge, as it was more comfortable and the only advantage I obtained by the attempted exchange was a wet bed, on which I could not recline without making up my mind to wake in the morning in the "valley of"—not Kashmir, but—"the shadow of death." The storm lasted three or four hours with great violence, during which, of course, we could not move. A couple of hours after daylight we proceeded with both boats, getting fresh rowers from the village. I left the large barge at the first place where I could procure in exchange a small "Purundah," or light uncovered boat. Seizing fresh rowers at every village, we proceeded in great style to the Ooler Lake. The day was clear and I enjoyed the trip. We went across to Quehama and then sailed nearly to Sopore; thus seeing the whole lake. For miles round the edges, the water is covered with *Singhara* (or water-nuts), water-lilies and a yellow-flowered water-plant, the name of which I do not know.

In the centre of the lake the water, for some distance, is of a deep green colour and it is said to be of very great depth. This lake is extremely large and appears to me of far greater extent than the Choomoreeree in Tartary. The natives say it is forty coss in circumference. I saw but few birds on it; gulls, plovers and a small kind of non-descript, were all that I observed of the feathered tribe. Villages are scattered along the banks and hills irregularly surround it. I admire the style of the Choomoreeree more, but this has its own distinctive beauties.

I changed my boat for another open one at Chagond, a village on the banks of the Ooler Lake, leaving my servants and baggage in the covered barge they had occupied all day. At sunset, rain came on and a tempest threatened us again, but we proceeded on our way. Of course I was obliged by the rain to go into the covered baggage boat. The heat was great and the mosquitos positively maddening. I had to philosophize through a third sleepless night. About midnight I ordered a halt, as the wind threatened to swamp us and we moored close to a wreck. One of my servants fell into the angry waters and almost drowned.¹⁵⁸ This was a wretched night.

About an hour after sunrise, we sailed on, though still deluged with rain. We met a "*Purundah*" of the Maharajah's, sent for me by Colonel Steinbach (the Commandant of his Forces,) and after this we got on famously. Light and well-manned, the Royal boat flew over the waters. We passed the town of Sumbhul to the right; it is about thirty miles from the capital of Kashmir by water. After leaving the Ooler Lake and entering the Jhelum, the boats were tracked¹⁵⁹ through the broad river.

The Jhelum flows all through the city of Kashmir and forms its streets. Almost the only roads known here (in the city, I mean) are the *water ones*!

I came on here, passing the city *en route* and found Captain H—located in tents pitched in the Bagh or Garden of Nishat. I took possession of the palace, which stands at the north end of the grounds. The Nishat Bagh is situated on the banks of the Dal Lake, called by some travellers the "City Lake."¹⁶⁰ The famous Shalimar Gardens¹⁶¹ are also on this lake, three or four miles distant. We went to see them this evening and I thought of the "Feast of Roses," sung by Moore. The palace is in ruins, but the gardens, indeed the whole of the grounds of Shalimar, are very lovely. The fountains were playing in honour of

our visit and the last declining rays of the sun gilded the black marble pillars of the palace. There are the ruins of a "*Humayun*" or bath, near the palace. The garden is a perfect wilderness; but the very wildness and desolate beauty of the spot had charms for me. The approach to the Shalimar Gardens from the lake is an *avenue* of water, flanked on both sides by fine, ancestral trees. The mosquito's are less numerous here, but still they become troublesome in the evening. This place—the Nishat Bagh—is a lovely spot; trees and water and ruins in wild beauty, meet the eye on every side. The numerous fountains are playing night and day, to do homage to our presence; and the palace I occupy is situated in a pretty wood. Fruit-trees, heavily laden with pears, pomegranates, etc., etc., surround us in profusion. On this Dal Lake, very frequently there occurs a curious kind of theft. The people plant melons, etc., on artificial ground that is, ground floating on the surface of the lake, propped up on sticks concealed in the water. During the night, the thieves come and carry away a *piece of planted ground*, row off in the dark and transfer the stolen property to their own plantations somewhere else!

We are going on to Sheikh Bagh tomorrow, as this is too far from the city of Kashmir. The *Tukht-i-Suliaman*,¹⁶² a temple of the Mohammedans, is on a hill fifteen hundred feet higher than the lake and this elevated spot commands a view of the whole of Kashmir city and its environs. We go there tomorrow, or next day.

Singhara,¹⁶³ Lotus,¹⁶⁴ Joowur,¹⁶⁵ Lily and other water-plants, cover this lake; so much so, that it resembles a fields, green and bright, at a little distance. In the deeper parts the water is visible; but many feet below the surface, extensive vegetation (bushes of some size) are seen clearly in the pellucid lake.

MUNSHI-KA-BAGH (ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER JHELM VALLEY OF KASHMIR)

5 August 1850 Sunday:—There being no house vacant at Sheikh Bagh, Colonel Steinbach kindly prepared one for me here and I arrived this evening. There is a pretty view of the river and surrounding plain and hills, from my windows. Colonel Steinbach called on me today before I felt Nishat Bagh. He seems an amiable person and offered to be of any service he could. My forced

marches from Leh to Kashmir have many knocked me up a good deal and I shall take many days to recover from my fatigues. Even my face looks worn and wasted and bears testimony to my late exertions.

6 August 1850 Monday: — We went out in a light boat of the Rajah's (which is placed at my disposal here) and rowed through the river and canal-streets. At one place we got out of the boat to inspect some shops. These were on one of the bridges of the river and clean enough; but when I attempted to penetrate into the bazaars beyond the bridge, the horrible filthy state of the city drove me back and I was compelled to let Captain H—perform the round alone. There are several shops built on the numerous bridges over the river and canals. The city is filthy and impassable (for a lady, at least). The bridges are rudely constructed, principally of wood and as the current of the waters below is rapid, it is extraordinary how they resist its influence so well. Between Dal Lake and the city are flood gates. These are absolutely necessary, to prevent an inundation of the city when the waters swell. The banks of all the water-roads are so very low that the slightest rise of the lakes or river would flood the valley. These gates have been shut for two or three days and when we came here from Nishat Bagh, we had to ride the latter part of the way, as the flood-gates could not be opened for our boat to pass through. We went to see one of the shawl-manufactories today, where there were a large number of looms at work. The proprietors of these manufactories complain bitterly of the Maharajah's extorting large sums of money from them in the shape of duty. A sort of Papier-maché manufactory is also carried on here and I have purchased several specimens of the handicraft. Ink-stands, pen-boxes, trays of every size, spoons, large and small boxes of various shapes, envelope-cases, etc. (the latter have been made from English patterns). I observed some *English* cups and saucers, tumblers and plates and other wares from our territories, in a shop on one of the bridges.

The Maharajah told Colonel Steinbach today, that the Kishtawar route (to the British Himalayas) was quite impracticable, as there were *forth-two bridges swept away*. There appears to have been an unusual quantity of rain,¹⁶⁶ and the streams and rivers are terribly swollen and rapid. I am much disappointed, as I was anxious to see Kishtawar and thence to proceed to Simla *via Kanawr*.¹⁶⁷ I fear the Juskur route is equally impracticable, on account of the numerous

streams and rivers which occur and I am at a loss which road to take.

The houses of Kashmir are principally built of wood and bricks. They are two and three stories in height, but do not at all give the idea of *substantiality*. The Maharajah lives in a sort of palace or fort, a large and irregular building, situated on the banks of the main *water-street* (the River Jhelum). The outward appearance of this *soi-disant* palace is by no means striking or handsome. There is a large bazaar adjoining and this quarter of the city is styled the "Sher Gurry." It is curious to see the vines overhanging the walls of the poorest-looking houses and they grow in rich and careless profusion all over the city of Kashmir. All the *Baghs* (gardens) boast of apples, pears and pomegranates; currants, grapes, apricots, plums, peaches, blackberries, gooseberries, strawberries, etc., all in their proper seasons. There are magnificent trees here, principally Chinars (or Plane trees,) and poplars. The latter abound and the beautiful avenues they form, with water deep and clear, generally flowing between the rows of trees, are the greatest ornaments of Kashmir. I never saw such magnificent avenues of poplars as these; the line of trees being perfect and unbroken, extending for hundreds of yards.

We are going to dine this evening at Colonel Steinbach's. It is raining heavily and we have had a good deal of thunder and lightning since last night. Colonel Steinbach says that the heat, mosquito's and, rain, only last six weeks in the Valley. I have consequently come at an unlucky time.

Every one belonging to the camp of an English traveller, servants included, may live here free,—the Maharajah paying all expenses of maintenance. He is very kind and attentive, but his people are sometimes extremely troublesome. I believe the "Board of Control" at Lahore has issued an order prohibiting this "free living," but the custom still prevails.¹⁶⁸

SHEIKH BAGH (VALE OF KASHMIR)

"And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share;"
And there,—the rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,
The maid for whom his melody,

His thousand songs are heard on high,
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
 His queen,—the garden queen,—his Rose,
 Unbent by winds, un-chill'd by snows;
 By every breeze and season blest,
 Returns the sweets by nature giv'n,
 In softest incense back to heaven;
 And grateful yields that smiling sky
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh!
 Strange that where nature lov'd to trace,
 As if for gods, a dwelling place;
 And every charm and grace hath mix'd
 Within the Paradise she fix'd,
 There man, enamore'd of distress,
 Should mar it into wilderness;
 Strange—that where all is peace beside,
 There passion riots in her pride,
 And lust and rapine wildly reign,
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevail'd,
 And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The free'd inheritors of hell;
 So soft the scene, so form'd for joy—
 So curs'd the tyrants that destroy!"

7 August 1850 Tuesday: —I left Munshi-ka-Bagh this forenoon and accompanied Lady Lawrence to her mansion here: a fine, large house, made over to her *pro tempore* by his "Highness." She came to fetch me in the Rajah's large barge and I felt indebted for her kindness to a stranger. This domain is lower down the river than my former residence. It is a little further from the banks and on a clear day like this; it commands a beautiful view of the smiling valley environed by snow-capped hills. There are magnificent poplar trees about the house; the building itself is superior to the one I lately occupied and indeed to all the houses which have been built for Europeans in Kashmir.

8 August 1850 Wednesday: —"Jwala Sah," the Dewan, or prime-minister of the Maharajah, called here today. He appears an intelligent, well-behaved man. I told him all my wishes regarding my homeward route. He tried to dissuade me from going as soon as I threatened, but signally failed in the

attempt and our argument ended as it had begun, by my insisting upon immediate arrangements being made for my journey. The great man asked Lady Lawrence and myself to a dinner given this evening by the Maharajah. She excused herself, on the plea of her husband's absence; the Dewan then endeavoured to persuade me to go. He had frequently before sent me the Maharajah's invitations, but I had uniformly declined them and I managed to excuse myself on this occasion also. Presents of sweetmeats were brought in large quantities today, both for Lady Lawrence and me. This offering was in honour of the birth of a son to the Maharajah's eldest son and heir. Yesterday evening, guns were fired and fireworks and illuminations took place, in celebration of the same auspicious event.

The weather has been clear and proportionately hot. I always use mosquito curtains now at night. The little plagues are not quite so numerous here as at every other place I have visited since entering Kashmir. These mosquitos made a pandemonium of that Lovely "Manasbal."

9 August 1850 Thursday: —I went this morning in Lady Lawrence's dhoolie to the top of the hill on which the Tukht-i-Suliaman is situated. This ruined mosque commands a beautiful view of the city of Kashmir,¹⁶⁹ and the whole extensive Valley, with its lakes, canals and rivers. I was fortunate in having a bright, clear day and I enjoyed the lovely prospect. The Jhelum River flows through the city and winds along the valley in a picturesque manner. The Ooler Lake may be observed in the extreme distance at the foot of high, surrounding hills. The Dall, or "City Lake," is close to the Tukht-i-Suliaman and its banks are wooded by the beautiful gardens of Shalimar and Nishat. Commanding the city of Kashmir is a Fort built on a hill called the "Hari Parbat." Though the Rajah never refuses permission to visit this fort, he does not like English travellers going to see it. Probably he does not wish its *weakness* to be exposed to strangers. The Hari Parbat is 250 or nearly 300 feet above the level of Dal Lake. The fort on the summit consists of long walls extending from one eminence to another and at intervals fortified with towers. The circumference of the wall which is built round the base of the hill is from 4,000 to 5,000 paces and there are five gates to this wall. This was built by the great "Akbar;" and over one of the gates the following inscription is cut in Persian, "Sir-i-shah-an-i-alum-Shah-Akbar-Taloo-Shah-nuk-hoo," the meaning

of which is—"The Chief of the Kings of the world, Shah Akbar; may his dominion extend." There is another inscription, purporting that this *kila* (fort) of "Nag-i-Nagur" was built by order of the great King Akbar, at the enormous expense of "one crore and ten *lacs* of rupees from India," (equal to £1,100,000,) that 200 skillful masons were employed in the great work and that all who aided in its construction were fully remunerated for their labour; that it was built in the year of the Hijira, 1006 (Anno Domini, 1597,) and the superintendent's name was Khoja Mohammed Hussain, a *ghulam* (slave) of Akbar's. The inscription finishes by enumerating the virtues of the great Akbar and says that there never was a king like him in the entire world.

The Valley of Kashmir is environed by high snow-capped mountains and the view from the Tukht-i-Suliaman is most lovely and unique. The road I went by, up the hill, was not fit for riding, being too steep and stony; the bearers of the dhoolie took me down by a different path. This, though rugged, was quite passable for a pony. Between Sheikh Bagh and the hill on which the fort was situated, there is a beautiful avenue of poplars, upwards of a mile in length. This is one of the few "roads" (not of water!) in the city of Kashmir. After descending the hill, I was taken to the Munshi-ka-Bagh, near which my boat was moored, waiting there for me. Attended by a Chuprassie and Ghaussie, I proceeded a long way down the river, to see one of the shawl-warehouses. I had to get out of the boat and go some distance—perhaps the third of a mile—inside the city, where the shawl-merchant lived. His name is "Hajee Abid." He is the best of the fraternity and receives orders from the *London* houses! He showed me several, so I knew he could not be romancing. His habitation was good for a Kashmirian one; the rooms he occupied were painted and carpeted and appeared comfortable. I selected the prettiest things in his warehouse and ordered them to follow me, that I might see them at leisure when I got home. The alley I had to walk through was not as filthy as most of the city lanes are.

I have had several days for making due observations and I have vainly searched for some of the beautiful faces for which Kashmir has so long been famed. The race is by no means so ill favoured as the Lahouli's, or Tartars, or the people of Ladakh; but I have seen no *handsome* men, or *strikingly* beautiful women. There are many pretty little girls, but few good looking adults. The Kashmirian complexion is very fair and rosy for an Oriental one and the features

are generally regular, but there is nothing in the *tout ensemble* of their appearance very striking. The inhabitants of the country altogether, seem poor and ill clad; and the neighbour-hood of the valley (as well as the valley itself) is very scantily inhabited. I never in any country saw such a multitude of beggars as abound in Kashmir—"the Happy Valley," as it has been called!—most troublesome and importunate they are, too.

The population of the city of Kashmir (Srinagar) has been diminishing every year for the last eighty years, but more especially since the Sikhs conquered the valley. In 1822 to 1823, Moorcroft estimated the population of the Province of Kashmir at eight hundred thousand souls and the census of the city he gives at two hundred and forty thousand. Thirteen or fourteen years later, Baron Hugel estimated the population of the entire valley at six hundred thousand. But Vigne, who visited Kashmir almost at the same time as Hugel, will not allow there were more than one hundred and twenty thousand persons in the province. Whether Moorcroft and Hugel exaggerated or the valley is in reality woefully falling off in every way, I can confidently assert that were a census to be taken now of Srinagar and also of the entire Province of Kashmir, the estimate would fall far *short* of eighty-thousand for the former and two hundred and fifty thousand for the latter. The cruel and rapacious tyranny of the Sikhs has, no doubt, gradually depopulated this lovely valley and moreover, it has been a prey to famine, pestilence and earthquake¹⁷⁰ during the last thirty years. Since Gulab Singh's accession to the kingdom of Kashmir, the population is yearly diminishing, through the poverty and disease brought on by his cruel and oppressive rule. Besides, were it not that every pass out of Kashmir is carefully guarded, so as to render egress most difficult, the number of emigrants would be so overpowering, that the province would be *entirely* depopulated in the course of a year or two.

The length of the valley has been variously estimated; by Vigne at ninety miles and by Moorcroft at only fifty. I should certainly say that the former approximated to the real estimate.¹⁷¹ The breadth is varying; from east to west it may be in parts between five-and-twenty and thirty miles; while at the extremities, particularly towards the extreme south-east, it does not exceed from two to eight miles. Isolated hills are scattered over the landscape and the valley is entirely surrounded by lofty mountains, from eleven to thirteen

thousand feet in elevation above the level of the sea, the crests of which are covered with snow all the year round. Kashmir lies between the latitudes 33° and 35° ; 34° intersects the valley and the most southern point is about a quarter of a degree north of 33° , while the most northern extremity is about a third of a degree south of 35° . The longitude of the valley is 74° – 76° . Though it is situated a little out of the tropics, it is partially under the influence of the periodical rains. But instead of lasting for four months, as in the Plains, the usual limit of the rainy season in Kashmir is from six weeks to two months. The hottest time is from the middle of July to the middle of August, during which period the mercury ranges, in the city, from 82° to 88° Fahrenheit, in the shade at noon. At other parts of the valley, it may exhibit a difference of five degrees lower in the temperature. In November the temperature falls from fifteen to twenty degrees and the weather becomes daily colder till the snow falls. In the depth of the winter, the average height of the thermometer is from 25° – 35° . The lakes are covered with ice, but the Jhelum is seldom frozen over. Some years, Kashmir is visited with very severe winters and the mercury has been known to fall as low as zero at night.

The Dal Lake is covered with myriads of wildfowl during the autumn and winter months; all throughout the year, moor-hens, coots, (of the genus *fulica*), and a web-footed bird, very expert at diving, called "grebe," are to be found. I believe herons are also common and the ordinary kingfisher is seen all over the lake, dropping like lightning into the water in quest of aliment.

Fish (of four or five kinds) is also found in the valley. The Himalaya Trout, (in my opinion a pseudo-species,) the white Indian millet and others, are caught both in the lake and river. The poorer classes subsist principally on fish, especially when fruit is not in season.

The revenue in Kashmir is yearly diminishing, owing to the short-sighted policy of Gulab Singh, which leads him so barbarously to grind his unhappy subjects. The year, in which the Sikhs first took possession of the valley, the governor collected revenue of between £400,000 and £500,000 sterling.¹⁷² Twenty years subsequently, the amount collected from the oppressed country was diminished by *three-fourths*. Now, though Gulab Singh forces his peasantry to till every available acre of land and grinds them to the dust, taking from them every farthing he can extort and

remorselessly leaving them in the most abject poverty, I am credibly informed that he cannot get more than five or six *lacs* (£50,000, or £60,000 sterling) annually, as the revenue of the entire province.

There are several kinds of paper made in the valley:—I will Endeavour to explain the process. The rags are first beat into a confused mass in some primitive mills near the Shalimar gardens and then it is mixed up with a kind of weak glue and certain colouring substances at the manufactories. Every sheet is covered over with a sort of paste (usually made of rice,) and then enclosed in the hair of goats or sheep and afterwards stretched out on a board of wood and polished with a piece of un-crystallized variety of quartz.

It is asserted that the *Hakims*, or medical practitioners, of the valley, still adhere to the system essentially belonging to Galen and Hippocrates and they most certainly still classify diseases as “hot” and “cold,” “moist” and “dry,” distinguishing remedies in the same manner. But I do not think there are any very skilful *Hakims* in the land. Colonel Steinbach told me that “corrosive sublimate” was generally used for all complaints requiring the aid of mercury as a cure.

The stem of the Lotus¹⁷³ is extensively used as an article of food among the Kashmirians. When the plant has come to maturity and the leaf has begun to decay on the water, the stem is tender and when well boiled is said to be palatable and nutritious. I cannot say I tried it. The Singhara or water-nuts are also largely eaten by all classes, both in their crude and ripe state.

I have elsewhere mentioned that fruit of all kinds abounds in Kashmir. There are four varieties of walnut; one of these grows wild in the forest and the others are cultivated. The former is very tiny and the scanty kernel is encased in a thick shell. One of the horticultural species is very much superior to the others; it is yeapt “Kaghuzee,” (from “Kaghuz,” paper,) because the shell is as thin as paper and can easily be broken by the hand. The superiority of this species is attributed to its having been originally engrafted, but though now raised from seed, it does not become deteriorated. The Kashmirians use the walnut as a dye for black and green colours; the former, from the ripe fruit, is a “fast” or permanent dye and the latter is furnished from the walnuts which fall to the ground while they are still green. The latter colour is not permanent. From the kernel oil is extracted, which is used, not only for burnings in lamps,

but also for culinary purposes. It is said also to be made the medium for extracting the perfume of the jessamine, the yellow rose and the narcissus. One fourth of flowers are added to three fourths of oil and the whole is well corked up in a jar or bottle. It is then exposed to the sun for five or six weeks, by which time the oil is found to be sufficiently impregnated. Walnut oil forms an extensive and profitable article of export into Tibet and Yarkhund.

The staple grain of Kashmir is rice, of which numerous varieties are grown. The best is the same which is used in the Plains of Hindustan, called "*Basmatti*." During the Mughal dynasty, Kashmir was said to produce not less than six millions of *Khurwars*,¹⁷⁴ but I conceive that the diminished population of Kashmir in the present day could not till such an extent of ground, so that a large proportion of the soil which might be cultivated as rice-fields, is left idle for want of the requisite labour and irrigation. As far as I could learn, not more than *thirty thousand khurwars* are now produced! It is requisite to irrigate the rice fields most abundantly, allowing water two or three feet deep to lie for weeks on the surface. This grain is sown in the spring-time and the crop is ripe from ten weeks to three months after the seed is first put into the ground. The other grains cultivated in Kashmir, are wheat, barley, buck-wheat, millet and linseed.

Honey is very good and abundant in the valley. There are wild bees in the woods, but the Zemindars have also hives in the walls of their houses. The bees are quite *domesticated* and are as large (and of much the same genus) as those found in Europe. The price of honey in Kashmir is very moderate—about four pence a pound.

The Kashmirians are for the most part Mussalmans. In the city probably three-fourths are of that persuasion, while throughout the province, a proportion of seven to one may be the correct estimate between the Mussalman and Hindu races. The latter are principally Brahmins and Rajpoots, the highest castes of Hindus. Very few "*Mehters*," or low castes, are to be found in the valley. From the fact of the population being Mussalman, fowls are very abundant in Kashmir and consequently very cheap. As I have elsewhere observed, Hindus have a *religious* objection to poultry, which their holy writings set down as utterly unclean.

10 August 1850 Friday: —This is a sad day for me, for an hour or two ago, my Princey, my poor little pet dog, my faithful and affectionate companion died, suddenly and mysteriously, after a few minutes' illness, evidently poisoned. Who can I accuse? And yet to satisfy myself I am going to have a *post mortem* examination by the native Doctor. I feel lonely and sad and yet I am ashamed to *show* the sorrow the loss of my only pet has occasioned. It may seem foolish to mourn the death of an animal as one mourns for a child or any human being. I cannot help it, for he was as a child to me! Lonely before, what shall I be now? I would far rather *never* have seen Kashmir, than visited it only to lose my favourite. Poor Princey! I shall never see him again and I find it very difficult to be as philosophical as I usually am.

I went out this morning in my boat and we sailed towards the open plain beyond the precincts of the city, where two gibbets were standing, garnished by horrible *squelettes* of men in chains hanging, propped up (by wires) in wooden cages. Their clothes were still on them and these ghastly skeletons looked very revolting, bleaching in the bright sunlight. They have been hanging for two or three years; their rime was murder. The families of one of the two lives close by. How very callous must the wife and mother be, who continue to inhabit such a neighbour-hood!

There is a native newspaper circulated here; it is a species of Court Chronicle. Everything we do or say and very much that we do *not*, is recorded in this *Ukbar*, or Gazette. Every trifle finds a place, no matter how false or absurd. This paper is *written* in Persian and is never printed. The Maharajah sends copies to a few persons.

The currency of Kashmir is different from the Ladakh coin. Here there are three kinds of rupees in use; the Hari-Singhey rupee of eight annas, (equal to one shilling English,) the Kashmir rupee of ten annas, (fifteen pence English,) and the Nanakshai rupee of sixteen annas, (two shillings English.) The two former are the most in use. All the usual Indian copper coin is taken here as money, but the *Pice*¹⁷⁵ proper of Kashmir is called the "Gulab-Singhey," and two of these make one *anna*, (three halfpence.) At Ladakh, there are no rupees in common use; but the Hari-Singhey, the Nanakshai and the ordinary Company's rupee are never refused by merchants in payment for purchases made of them. The common currency

of Leh, the Capital, is a crude, silver coin, very thin and covered with Tibetan letters, called a "Powlie" or "Jow;" it is used in lieu of pice, copper currency being almost, if not entirely, unknown in Ladakh. The value of the powlie is said to be four annas (six-pence); but this is calculating at the rate of a Ladakh *supposititious* rupee,¹⁷⁶—a company's rupee consists of five powelies. There is a gold coin sold and I believe also current, in Ladakh, called "Teylie," and also another name I forget.¹⁷⁷ This coin resembles the *powlie* in size and *unfinished*, crude appearance. I bought one for six rupees four annas of Company's coin, but I believe I paid at least four annas too much. It is brought from Kokhan, beyond Budakshan. There is a gold coin current in Kashmir, called "Boodkee," which is valued at seven rupees ("Hari-Singhey"); and another gold coin called "Mohur," value twenty rupees, (Hari-Singhey.)

This is the season of the great Mohammedan Festival, called the "Eid," and I have the utmost difficulty in getting anything done in the city and have vainly endeavoured to complete the arrangements for my further progress.

Poor Princey, I cannot divert my thoughts from his loss, so sudden and so unaccountable. However absurd it *may* seem, I feel very unhappy, so I cannot write any more today.

11 August 1850 Saturday:—I went today in the royal boat and paid a visit to the shawl-merchant, named "Hajee Abid," (a pilgrim.) He is a great man and wears the colour green,¹⁷⁸ a token of his sanctity and honourable position. He sits down on chair¹⁷⁹ in the presence of gentlemen, as he is entitled to that privilege. When I went to see his shawls, he insisted upon my drinking a cup of tea and eating some sweetmeats. The former was served in small Yarkhund cups and the latter on China saucers. Both were good and the tea was drunk as I have always seen it among ourselves.¹⁸⁰ He took a cup of tea himself, without milk and gave one to my Sirdar-bearer, who accompanied me.

There appears the greatest difficulty in getting anything done in Kashmir. It would appear that there must be an order from the Maharajah for every single article that one requires, or for any kind of work that is to be done. At all events, reference to his Munshis and Thanadars seems indispensable, which causes the most vexations delays. The Maharajah signs every trifling order; takes all his accounts, etc., etc., himself; and as no native is allowed to leave

the valley of Kashmir without a passport, he signs each separate one him. To ensure his despotic order being carried out, he has placed *Chowkies* (or guard-houses) on every snowy pass and each *Chowkie* is garrisoned with Sepoys.

There has lately been made a monopoly of soap; and the large sum of nine thousand rupees (£900) per annum, is levied on the article by Gulab Singh, in the valley alone. The duty on shawls also forms a considerable portion of his revenue. Each shawl is marked with the royal stamp and a heavy impost is then fixed by the revenue officers. It amounts, I believe, to half the price the merchants get for their goods; at least this is what they themselves informed me.

12 August 1850 Sunday:—This morning I went to see the “canal,” *par excellence* so called, for there appear to me to be canals in every direction. This canal is narrow and at present quite shallow. The rowers told me that it completely dries up in a couple of months and remains dry for five months’ time. It issues from the Dal Lake and we had to go a long round through the flood-gates to reach it. Many of the shawl merchants live on or near the banks, I like none of them so well as my old friends the “Hajee.”

I bought a Kashmirian manufacture today, called the “Puttoo.” It is not nearly as soft or as nice as the genuine Kabul Puttoo. It sells here from three to seven rupees (or piece) measuring eight or ten yards in length; the cloth is very narrow. There are very tolerable shoemakers in Kashmir and I have made a trial of their handiwork. The Kashmirians seem totally devoid of all ideas of truthfulness and appear as extortionate as they are poor.

No wine is made here, though the luxuriant wines ought to be used for that purpose, instead of the fiery spirit they distil and swallow in great quantities. Though the fields and hills were absolutely *enamelled* with flowers from Draus to Kashmir, there appear but few in the neighbourhood of the city. I found some in the gardens of Shalimar and dried them to add to the former Ladakh and Lahoul collection in my herbarium.

A violent storm came on this evening; rain and lightning, accompanied by high wind, a rare thing in Kashmir. I went out “boating” in the evening with Lady Lawrence and we came back just in time. Captain H—left Kashmir for Kangra by horse-dak this morning.

Puttoo Chogas (a kind of mantle), embroidered prettily, are very common here and I bought one for each of my servants and four for myself, as I may never see Kashmir again. Some supplies etc arrived for me today from Sialkote, but no letters at all. The Punjabi Sepoy, who accompanied the coolies, told me that the rain and swollen streams so much delayed them, that they had been nineteen days *en route*, instead of twelve, as they had agreed upon.

There is a sort of scent sold here called the "Beyde-Mooshk," which is also an excellent drink for fever, I am told. To me it appears insipid, if not disagreeable in taste and the perfume is faint and not particularly fragrant.

13 August 1850 Monday:—My boat containing my baggage and one of my servants started today, accompanied by two of the Maharajah's Sepoys. The morning was fine and clear and I had a pleasant sail down the River Jhelum. The Maharajah sent me a young dog, as a present, to make up (as he vainly imagined) for the loss of my "Princey." Having no pet now, I kept it; it is white and tan and appears of the spaniel breed, but as it is quite a pup, I can hardly tell what it is likely to turn out. On being presented with it, I was informed that it was of a breed peculiar to the royal kennel! I have called it "Monte," but it is scarcely deserving of being christened after so dear a friend.

I saw some fine purple grapes today, nearly ripe and some beautiful apples and pears. The water melons and musk melons are very abundant in the valley and are in season just now. Apricots, peaches, strawberries, mulberries are over.

14 August 1850 Tuesday:—I went this morning to see the "Jammia Masjid," a Mohammedan Mosque. It is a very large building. In the interior, there are rows of pillars made of Deodar trees, the trunks entire, which are said to be of great antiquity. The deodar is a species of mountain pine. This Mosque is more remarkable for its size than for any peculiar architectural beauty. Large though it is, they told me it is crowded on fast and festival days. Once a week they pray and worship in this Mosque. There is another Masjid or Mosque here, which is handsomer but much smaller than the "Jammia Masjid" above described.

The height of Kashmir has been given by several travellers at five thousand feet (or a little more), above the level of the sea.¹⁸¹ Sir Henry Lawrence calls it six thousand five hundred feet. In my opinion (judging from the temperature

and general appearance of the valley), the real estimate lies between the two, about five thousand six hundred feet or five thousand seven hundred feet.

I have at last managed to complete my preparations and hope to be able to start this evening for Islamabad. Lady Lawrence has kindly placed at my disposal the large covered state barge, which the Maharajah made over for her use. My small boat will be the cooking-place, so I shall be very comfortable.

I sent for some rose-water and *attar*¹⁸² today, such as is made in Kashmir. It was very indifferent stuff, not to be compared to the manufactures of Ghazepoor, in the plains. The *attar* was of a green colour (instead of yellow or deep orange) and manifestly anything but genuine. This is strange, because roses abound in Kashmir. The festival called by Moore the "Feast of Roses" is still celebrated in this valley; it took place some time ago, so I unfortunately missed the sight. The gardener, (or as he styles himself the "Baghwan,") of the Shalimar Gardens, told me that the festival was kept with great pomp and ceremony. As the Kashmirians never (except by chance) tell the truth, there is but little trust to be placed upon any information they may happen to supply and I make it a rule to take it all, *cum grano salis*.

I have found the greatest difficulty in obtaining cash for Treasury Drafts, or *Hoondies* (Native Merchants' Cheques) of any kind. The people do not understand the system and appear alarmed at the idea of trusting to anything so fragile as paper! I felt very indignant at first at the *implied* imputation on my honour, but I am getting accustomed to it and can afford to laugh at their folly, inconvenient though it is. The Dewan (or Prime minister of the Maharajah) called today. Though not a very aristocratic looking personage, he is a very good specimen of a Kashmirian Lord John Russell.

ISLAMABAD (VALLEY OF KASHMIR)

Distance from Kashmir city, by land, twenty coss; by water, forty coss

15 August 1850 *Wednesday*. —Left Kashmir yesterday evening about 10PM and arrived here at 10 this night. I came in the Maharajah's large covered boat, which was spacious enough inside to allow of my camp-bed and mosquito curtains on poles, to be erected as in a tent. As we had to go up the river,

we were a long time in performing the voyage. The river winds in the most heart-breaking manner: the natives call the distance "forty coss," but it is difficult to define *what* they mean by a "coss." The Kashmirian "puckha coss" is very long,—between two and two and a half miles; the usual hill coss elsewhere is about a mile and a half. The scenery along the banks of the river is prettily wooded. We passed several villages; one, yeleft "Pampur," is where Saffron is grown in large quantities. *Genuine* saffron sells in Kashmir for nine Company's rupees the seer. The Kashmirian *puckha seer* is fourteen *chittacks*,¹⁸³ or about seventy-four Company's rupees in weight. The *cutch* *seer* is absurdly small, something like a third of the other.

The weather has been bright and sunny since the last storm and I hope the rains are over in these regions. I shall then have a better chance of escaping a watery grave in some of the numerous torrents I am told I shall have to go through before I can hope to reach Kishtawar. The boat cannot go quite as far as the city of Islamabad, as the water is very low here.

16 August 1850 Thursday.—I came on in the dhoolie and breakfasted in the garden pertaining to the Thannah (or Police-office), after visiting what is called the "city" of Islamabad. It seemed to me insignificant and I can see no particular inducement for people to come here. I was taken to see a Mohammedan Mosque, styled by the inhabitants the "Jammia Masjid;"¹⁸⁴ and close to it there is a kind of sacred building containing the sarcophagus of some holy man named "Rishmole," and the tombs of several of his servants and followers. The building is called after the saint, "Rishmole;" the tombs are inside, covered with coloured cloths. Fountains were playing in the *compound* (or enclosure) of the building and a stream of water constantly supplies them. There is a Bagh or garden and a stone-built harbour, a species of small Baruh Durrie, in which I am seated, belonging to one of the native officials, the Kardar of the city. A small tank, filled with fishes and fountains, is just below the Baruh Durrie and I find it cool enough here.

Islamabad means, in Persian, the city of Islam, i.e. the dwelling-place of the Mohammedan religion. Its situation is picturesque; a hill, three or four hundred feet high, rises to the west of and immediately above, the once famous town. There may be four or five hundred houses still standing, but the place is quite a "has been;" its fame is as a "tale that is told." The domiciles are prettily

adorned with graceful trellis and lattice-work, but they look neglected and their beauty is fading away. It is still, however, the city next to Srinagar in importance, of all the *soi-disant* towns in the Province. There are said to be two sulphurous springs in Islamabad, the water at the temperature of 125°; but as I did not visit them, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement.

The Kardar of Islamabad is an obliging functionary and I have been supplied with all I require without any delay. About noon I shall proceed in my dhoolie and go as far as I can, as a dak¹⁸⁵ is laid for me on the road and I hope to reach Kishtawar tomorrow evening, or, at latest, the following morning.¹⁸⁶ There is another route to Kishtawar, *via* Doda; but this is the best road—*via* Gohun and Mughalmazar.

LOOR OR LOHOOR (COUNTRY OF KASHMIR)

Distance, eighteen miles from Islamabad. Good road

9PM *Same day*—Just arrived; very much fatigued.

SINGAPOOR (DISTRICT OF KISHTAWAR)

Distance, ten coss, or about fifteen miles

(OVER THE SINGAPOOR PUNJAL OR PASS)

17 August 1850 Friday:—Arrived here at sunset. I find the dhoolie far more fatiguing than riding and the wretched bearers were twelve hours on the road, so I went without breakfast; and then there was so much delay in preparing dinner that I retired to bed and here I am, writing, without a prospect of breaking my fast. Fortunately, the very length of the said "fast" has destroyed my appetite.

I left Islamabad at 1PM yesterday. The road, as far as Gohun, (one mile or so on the other side of Loor), lies through a beautiful valley¹⁸⁷ surrounded by grassy and wooded hills in the distance. The road, though a mere pathway, was well adapted for riding; and of the many streams we came to, I only found one with the bridge broken and the water by no means deep. Frequently the dhoolie-bearers preferred fording the streams to crossing them by the bridges.

The country we passed through was very pretty; cultivation luxuriant and the hills beautifully wooded. We passed the villages of Okra at four coss; Budasgam, at one coss further; Kulhar, at one and a half coss ditto; Bidhur, one coss ditto; Bindoo jullungam, one coss ditto; Wanga, one coss ditto; Gohun, half coss ditto; then Loor, about a mile further. When we neared Gohun, the road began to ascend and I was sorry to leave the valley. A further ascent brought us to Loor, where I passed the night. As it was too late to pitch a camp if I wished to move on early in the morning, I sent on all my things and slept in the open air, merely erecting the paraphernalia of mosquito curtains over my bed, to protect me from the night-dews and insects.

I found great difficulty in procuring coolies at Loor, as the authorities of the village were lazy and scarcely civil. The Maharajah's purwannah or pass, with which I was provided, finally procured all we required. The distances I have given in this march in cosses, are from native report; I do not understand what they term "cosses," and their distances are very irregular; I have estimated the whole march at eighteen miles. On horseback it would be very easy to get through this march in a couple of hours. From Loor the road becomes hilly and difficult for riding. However, for the first third of the way, there is nothing to impede a good equestrian—for the path, though very narrow, is tolerable. Then comes the "Singapoor Punjal," or Pass of Singapoor. The ascent for the last for the last two miles is very steep indeed and the descent is bad and also steep. The whole way to this village consists of a rugged descent. In very many places a person on horseback would be forced to dismount and have his pony carefully led.

After Loor, we passed, at one mile's distance, a small hamlet named Gurhole and this was the last village on the Kashmir side of the Singapoor Punjal. The rest of the road is called the *Oojar* but it is only a "desert," as far as relates to the want of inhabitants and houses. The whole of the country, from Lohoor to this place (the first village on this side of the Kishtawar district) is beautifully wooded and a perfect garden of flowers. Firs of two or three species cover the mountains on every side, together with many other trees. The path lies through a wood, the adjacent banks and slopes being richly carpeted with countless bright flowers of every hue. I observed balsam of various colours (pink of different shades, yellow, white and lilac): a very pretty species of larkspur

enamels the ground: forget-me-nots, anemones, geraniums, roses, columbines and myriads of other lovely flowers, cover the mountains to the very summit of the Singapoore Punjal, though we crossed one extensive bed of snow, some distance from the crest of the Pass. At five coss we passed a pasture ground, called "Kurbahadoor," and as there were plenty of cows there, I obtained as much milk as I could drink. The cattle are sent here to pasture for three or four months of the year, from the neighbouring villages, as the grass is very rich and luxuriant on these heights.

To our right as we went along today, were high mountains wooded densely to the very summits. I saw but little snow on way of the hills and the verdure and vegetation were delightful to our wearied eyes. I mentally contrasted these mountains with the miserable and bare heights of Ladakh and parts of Lahoul. I gathered many flowers and at Kurbahadoor, where we halted for milk, I arranged them in my flower press. Just as we were again starting, one of my dhoolie-poles split in two and this occasioned a long and vexatious delay. When I continued my journey, it was in fear and trembling; "spliced" poles not being very pleasant or safe. When we reached the top of the pass, rain came on and the steep descent became dangerously slippery. The coolies and *Kuhars* (bearers) are most provokingly stupid and my servants had a great deal of trouble with them. They appeared to have as much idea as the fabled ancient who dwelleth in the Lunar planet, how to carry a dhoolie, so I was in no little fear of finding myself at any moment at the bottom of some precipice. No accident occurred, however and in spite of multifarious difficulties, we contrived to reach Singapoore safely. I have long since learned to take things philosophically and though travelling in a wild and uncivilized country, with no escort but hirelings, I never allow myself to be afraid, or disturbed by trifles.

Many natives call the pass I have just crossed the "Pir Panjal." This is the name given to the pass between Jammu and Kashmir, on the Shopian road, so I think the "Singapoore Punjal" is the more correct name for this pass. It is certainly the same range of mountains as the other, but every one of the twelve passes into Kashmir bears a distinctive appellation.¹⁸⁸

There are only two or three houses here and the Kardar being absent, there seems no chance of getting coolies. The Mukaddam¹⁸⁹ of this village brought me some honey in the comb, very excellent. Fowls and sheep are

plentiful in Kashmir and appear equally so in this district, if I am to judge from this small village. The pass is the boundary between the two countries. Sheep are sold in Kashmir at from six to eight annas each (nine pence to a shilling) and lambs for about five annas (seven pence half penny). I do not yet know if they are equally cheap in Kishtawar. Cows are sold in Kashmir for four rupees (eight shillings) and very good ones for six and seven rupees. Ponies cost little also,—from twenty to forty Company's rupees (£2 to £4). All provisions are exceedingly cheap and a native can live on two or three pice (copper coin) a day most luxuriously! Throughout the Oojar, between Dharcha in Lahoul and Ghees in Ladakh, the provisions were very expensive; attah (or flour) and barley, for instance, selling at ten seers the rupees. However, as everything had to be brought from some distance, no wonder prices were high.

I found the streams between Lohoor and this village all fordable and the currents not at all strong. This may be accounted for by the fact of our having had fine weather lately. However, as I have only found one bridge "broken," I must exclaim, "What story-tellers natives are!" I was told at Kashmir by the Maharajah, that the forty-two bridges found on the road between Kashmir and Kishtawar had *all* been swept away! I cannot see the use of such unmeaning, *objectless falsehoods*.

There are plenty of mosquito's here; the plagues of my life are they! Flies too, rival the Egyptian visitation in the days of Pharaoh, in number and size.

The dress of the poorer classes of women, both in Kashmir, Ladakh,¹⁹⁰ and Kishtawar, is most scanty. One woollen garment, like a night-gown in shape, loose and wide, coming down a little below the knee, is the *only* dress they wear. In Lahoul, the attire of the women is different. There it consists of two blankets, worn much in the fashion of the Kulu fair ones, described at the beginning of this volume. The upper blanket is fastened by a brass or iron pin, of a peculiar shape and fashion; some of them have two of these pins, united by a small chain of metal. The lower blanket is wound like a petticoat round the lower part of the figure and fastened at the waist; or one end is brought over the right shoulder. The men fasten their woollen wrappers in the same manner; they wear a sort of jacket, or *blouse*, besides the wrapper. The richer Lahoulis wear silver and even gold pins.

DURPUT (DISTRICT OF KISHTAWAR)

Distance, fourteen or fifteen miles

18 August 1850 *Saturday*:—I arrived here at half-past 7PM, having only left Singapoer at noon. I have put the distance at fourteen or fifteen miles; but I can only *guess*, of course. The natives call it “nine coss;” their ideas of distances, however, frequently mislead one. Between Singapoer and Mughal mazar (also called Mughal-maidan,) ¹⁹¹ are nine or ten miles of perfect jungle or wilderness; no villages, only one or two huts erected by the shepherds or cowherds for a few months’ occupation. There is, in consequence, scarcely any cultivation whatever. Mughal-maidan is a small village of only two or three houses: the “maidan” is a mere apology for a plain and is not a hundred yards long. The road is a narrow pathway and a continuous declivity; there are a few short steep places, but on the whole, it is very possible to manage this distance on horseback. The heights to the right were densely wooded with firs and other trees. The path was very tolerable, though narrow and the *khuds* (precipices) lost half their terrors, when covered with dense under-wood and thick bushes. The magnificent trees relieved the dreariness of these vast solitudes.

I observed a very pretty species of balsam; one half of the flower was yellow and the other half pink; the two colours perfectly distinct and the shades very delicately tinted. Balsam was the prevailing flower throughout this march, but myriads of others brightly enameled the grassy banks and khuds. I likewise noticed some pomegranate trees heavily laden with fruit. A new species of tree also struck my fancy; it grew to a good height and the leaf resembled an overgrown fern. The natives here are so ignorant and stupid, that it is impossible to glean the slightest information from them, so my endeavours to discover the name of this tree proved lamentably futile. The different kinds of fir, such as abound at Simla, cover the hills in this vicinity. I never saw such luxuriant vegetation as is found in these mountains; a barren hill or peak is nowhere visible. I noticed many kinds of new grasses and collected some, also several flowers; but I fear they will all be destroyed, owing to the wet weather we have had.

It rained heavily when we started, but in the course of the day the weather partially improved, though a small drizzling rain continued to fall. I found this

absolutely preferable to the burning sun of a clear day. There are only a couple of houses at Singapoor and I was detained till noon for coolies; even then I was obliged to leave half my baggage behind, as I did not wish to halt there for another day, the number of porters brought to me being quite insufficient for my camp. From Mughal-maidan to Durput, the road is unfit for riding. After crossing a stream close to the village, a long and very steep acclivity leads to the top of a hill nearly 2,000 feet above Mughal-maidan. A corresponding descent of a couple of miles follows and Durput is reached.

This can scarcely be called a "village," as there is but one family living here. It is nearly half a mile out of the way and on the opposite side of the river Korai.¹⁹² This torrent is broad, deep and rapid and is crossed by a frail singe, or wooden bridge. The path to Durput is up a steep ascent after crossing the river. The distance between Mughal-maidan and Durput is four or five miles. There are some places very rugged indeed. In one part of the descent, I was even obliged to leave my dhoolie and alternately walk and be carried. The path was blocked up by large rocks from four to eight feet high and the river dashed below with a roaring sound. The noise and the perpendicular khud combined, made my head whirl round and I was glad to allow myself to be carried over the worst part; this was fortunately only for some fifty yards. The forest continued as dense as ever the whole way and as the shades of evening were closing in, I was forced to halt here much against my will; for I had flattered myself I should have reached Kishtawar long ere this.

I am ensconced in a Brahmin's house, having had it emptied and cleaned and as I have all necessities with me, I shall manage very well without the rest of my baggage today. I carry my mosquito curtains inside my dhoolie, as I learnt in Kashmir not to move without them.

KISHTAWAR CITY

Distance, nine miles

19 August 1850 Sunday.—Arrived at 9AM, leaving Durput at half-past five. My sleep was sound and dreamless last night from utter exhaustion, despite my rude habitation. The morning was fresh cool when I started, but before reaching this place the sun became unpleasantly powerful and the breeze dying

away, I found it very hot. The road consists of ascent and descent and is rather rugged. About four miles from Durput, the river Korai is crossed by a *Zampa* (or bridge of twigs). It is about fifty yards long and is exactly like the bridge over the Chandra below Koksar in lahoul. I saw it at a distance and I felt my limbs trembling with fear in anticipation of its dangers! The Koksar Bridge had left such an impression on my mind, that absurd as it may seem, I was quite ill today from alarm. Two men helped me across and though I made no loud wailing like Mr O'Shaughnessy, I was speechlessly terrified and *felt* my cheeks blushing! I had hardly got across; when I was told that there was a longer bridge still to get over. After a mile of tolerable ground, we reached this second *Zampa*. It was over the Chandra Bhaga, into which the Korai flows close by. It is very much like the first and not much longer. There has been a bridge at this spot, of which the ruined remains are still visible, so it is a crying shame, where bridge *are* practicable, to risk life and limb by such substitutes. The bearers of my dhoolie told me, that not long ago twelve men were drowned at this identical spot, the *Zampa* breaking in twain as they were going across. The villains told me this, just as we approached the spot, so I did not feel very comfortable. Both these *Zampas* are of twigs, like the Koksar Bridge. The sides are a little higher (a foot or so) and the twigs not so far apart. But the sides, though higher, were very open and the rushing torrent beneath was not at all calculated to inspire confidence. The bridge swung to and fro in a sickening manner, but not being so long as the Koksar Bridge the motion was not so bad. After passing the Chandra-Bhaga, an ascent of nearly four miles brought us to the plain by Kishtawar. The ascent was at first steep and cut in stone-steps; then it became gradual; the path was good. It was beautifully wooded the whole way and we encountered no further difficulties. When we reached the top of the acclivity, between Mughal-maidan and Durput, I observed that all the surrounding hills were covered to their very summits with grass and under-wood, or forests of fine trees. There was one small village on the ascent from Mughal-maidan, consisting of a hut or two and appears to be the size of most of the Kishtawar "villages." There seems to be great difficulty in collecting coolies even here and half my baggage is still behind. The population is so very scanty, that I can scarcely wonder at the circumstance. I am told that there are a hundred and fifty houses in this city and a fort garrisoned by *twenty* Sepoys! I have pitched my camp outside the walls, so I have not seen it yet.

I observe that the Kishtawar women wear the "woollen night-dress" before described. They however, add a *chuddur*,¹⁹³ (sheet,) and some of them, trousers. Most of them wear a sort of skullcap. Both men and women are plain; and all appear very poor.

The Kardar of Kishtawar is a stupid man, of no influence whatever and consequently of no use. He has been but lately elevated to the post and was formerly a *Bunniah*, or seller of grain, etc. The Thanadar of the *Kila* (fort) is civil and attentive. There are two guns in the fort, but the Sepoys are kept for the *Tehseel*,¹⁹⁴ and do not understand anything about the guns. The said *Kila* is of much use, verily!

Between Islamabad and Gohun the valley is a perfect orchard. Apples, pears, peaches and pomegranates load the trees and I marvelled at the extent to which the coolies helped themselves to the ripe and luscious wild fruits. They told me that the poor classes in Kashmir entirely subsist on fruit, unripe as well as ripe, during the months it is in season and they naively assigned this as the reason of their being unable to carry heavy burdens, or to walk quickly for any distance.

Both in Kashmir and Kishtawar I observe that the *Poolas* or grass shoes are invariably used. They are very similar to those in Kulu, which I have already described.

Kishtawar is a town in the district of the same name; it is situated on a plain about two miles in length and three or four in breadth. The thermometer gives it an elevation above the level of the sea, of 5,100 feet. The Chandra-Bhaga flows to the west of the plain of Kishtawar, in a rugged bed, eight or nine hundred feet below the town. I observed that this river had several tributary streams, which flow into it from great heights. There is one near the town, which may almost be termed a cascade, as it has an abrupt fall of four or five hundred feet. The plain is surrounded by towering mountains covered with oaks and hollies, the summits white with snow and densely wooded with pine trees. The houses in Kishtawar differ from those in Kashmir, usually consisting of only one story and being flat-roofed. They are constructed of wood and stones, plastered together with mud. Fruit-trees abound in the midst of the town and apples, pears, quinces, etc. are cultivated horticulturally and also grow wild in great luxuriance.

The substratum of the soil in the vicinity of Kishtawar is of aggregate rock, composed of felt-spar, quartz and mica, with a slaty structure; more succinctly styled, of gneiss formation.

Duchin, a village in a district of the same name, is four or five days' march from Kishtawar; it lies in a small cultivated plain, which is about a mile and a half in length and three-quarters of a mile in breadth. Close to Duchin, the "Wurdwun River"¹⁹⁵ is crossed by a swing bridge, which spans a deep chasm near the point where the river is joined by two smaller tributaries. The Wurdwun river flows into the Chandra-Bhaga, near Kishtawar and the Chandra-Bhaga then follows a due southerly direction for some fifty miles, when its course to the west' (almost at right angles,) and following a westerly-south-westerly direction, flows by Multan and empties itself into the Indus, many hundreds of miles from this place.

Duchin belongs to Gulab Singh, as well as Kishtawar and the neighbouring districts of Bhadarwah or Paddura and Doda or Dodah. Both Duchin and Dodah fell, with Kishtawar, into Gulab Singh's power, when the princes of the latter country (to whom the three districts belonged) were vanquished by him. Bhadarwah was wrested from the Rajah of Chumba.

Duchin leads to Pamber and Wurdwun; thence to Sooroo and Ladakh there is a different mountain path, *via* the lofty peaks of Nana-Kana, (called by Hugel, the "Mer and Ser,") which route has never yet been explored by any European.¹⁹⁶

The districts adjacent to Kishtawar, besides those above mentioned, are Dodah¹⁹⁷ and Pahdur or Pahdul. The former, as I previously remarked, was once subject to the Rajahs of Kishtawar. With Kishtawar it has now fallen under Gulab Singh's sway. I am told that the course of the Chandra-Bhaga is visible for a considerable distance, either meandering or tumultuously dashing through the valley of its waters. near the town of Dodah there is a path that leads through the Banihal Pass into Kashmir; also, by turning off from this route and continuing in a south-westerly direction, the plains reached by Riasi and Jammu. Ther is another route to the Punjab direct from Dodah, *via* Ramnuggur and Jesrota.¹⁹⁸

There are Hindus as well as Mussalmans in the districts of Kishtawar, Bhadarwah and Dodah and there are as many *Deotahs* (Hindu temples) and *Ziarats* (Mussulam shrines) in these mountain towns.

The wild goat, the musk deer and the Pyjoor¹⁹⁹ are said to abound in the interior of these mountains, but I myself never met with a single specimen of any of these animals. Pheasants and jungle-fowl are also found. One kind of fish is said to be caught in the Chenab, or, as that river is called in its course through the mountains of the Himalaya, the Chandra-Bhaga.

From the vicinity of Kishtawar, a very lofty snowy Peak is conspicuously visible, called by the natives, the "Brimhah." It is observable from many of the highest passes in Kashmir.

JUNGULWAR ALSO CALLED BUSSNOTAH (DISTRICT OF PADDURA OR BHADARWAH)

Distance, eighteen miles

20 August 1850 Monday.—Arrived here at 11AM, having had a most miserable journey. The road shockingly bad and in some places really frightful and very dangerous. I left Kishtawar at 6PM, being detained till that hour for want of coolies. I got about twenty quarts of oil and two Masals,²⁰⁰ thinking they would be better for a long journey than pine-torches. At about a couple of miles we passed the village of "Shalamar," a small collection of huts. This was the last and the whole of the subsequent way was *oojar*. The moon was shining brightly when we started, but before we had gone far, the sky became overcast and about midnight rain fell. The oil had been wasted by the wretched dhoolie-bearers and at one I was obliged to halt, as it was utterly impossible to go on without light. We were told there was a hut not far off, but I could not venture to go, as the torches were all but extinguished. In the middle of a narrow path flanked by a perpendicular khud, with only a slight and fragile covering to my dhoolie, I had to wait for day-light. Too cold and wet to sleep, I was thoroughly knocked up long before the day broke. If I described the horrors of the road, I should be accused of exaggeration by all who had not had the ill-luck to travel over it. It was scarcely a foot in width, with ascents and descents frightfully steep and khuds hundreds of feet deep and perfectly perpendicular, terminating in the foaming waters of the Chandra-Bhaga, which flowed to the right. Down the valley of this river the road lay the whole way and this village is not far from its banks, though we have left the direction in which the river

flows. We are no longer, I am told, to follow its course. I am glad of this; the sound of the dashing torrents is peculiarly disagreeable on a dark night, especially when one knows that a few inches alone separate one from a watery grave. Some of the ascents and descents were horribly dangerous; large, slippery rocks having to be surmounted and one single false step would have been fatal. In many places, where the khuds were the most perpendicular, there was no vestige of a path at all, slanting or abrupt rocks intercepting the road. Often my dhoolie was in a literally *perpendicular* position and I had the greatest difficulty in holding on with both my hands. Riding, or even leading a horse, is, of course, out of the question on such a road. I never once attempted to *walk*; however hazardous the dhoolie might be, I felt it was safer than my feet, the precipices to the right being enough to make the strongest head grow dizzy and the firmest feet unsteady. We left our rude bivouacking ground at daylight and this was called half way. I have put the whole distance at eighteen miles; it might have been less, but certainly not more. The road to Jungulwar was as bad the latter half as the first; worse, if possible. We passed a *Zampa* to the right over the Chandra-Bhaga River and I was told that this was the road to Doda.²⁰¹ It was erected at such a height over the river, as to appear more than usually frightful. The relief I experienced may be imagined, when I learnt we were *not* to go over it.²⁰² About a couple of miles from this place, a small river called the Kalnei join the Chandra-Bhaga from the left. There is a good, broad wooden bridge over this stream. The difference in the colour of the two rivers was striking and marked almost by a line where they united. The Chandra-Bhaga was of a thick, muddy hue; the Kalnei, of a deep green. There is a small village here called Thattrie. A steep ascent and tolerably good path leads up to it; and, as I have before observed, we have now apparently left the course of the Chandra-Bhaga River. The hills are wooded as before. We have not had, since leaving Kishtawar, a single mile of even moderately level ground.

This is not a large village. The people seem willing and civil; but, as usual, a delay for coolies has occurred. Apples, pears and grapes, ripe and luscious, abound all round the place. The situation must be low, for even under a roof it feels oppressively hot. Besides, we have followed the course of the Chandra-Bhaga for the last eighteen miles, in a rapidly descending inclination.

Half my baggage I have not seen for some days now, but like "time and tide," I wait for no one. I feel extremely knocked up and sleepy, but I *must* go on, for visions of Passes a-head blocked up with snow, haunt me whenever I am delayed; and I have, Alas! been provokingly detained already by bad weather, want of coolies and break-neck roads. My saddle, which in my ignorance of the Kishtawar roads, I put on a pony last night, has not been since heard of. This is anything but pleasant, as I am anxious to ride as soon as the roads will permit. The rain ceased in the morning and the sun has been very hot all day. Just now, as I am about to start, the thunder is again growling and the clouds gathering. The wild flowers were fewer throughout this last march, but all the hills were covered with rank grass and under-wood and many were thickly wooded. We had several Rapids to cross, none of them very difficult and none of the bridges broken.

PADDURA OR BHADARWAH²⁰³ CITY

Distance, eighteen miles

21 *August 1850 Tuesday*: —I left yesterday at 5PM and arrived here at seven this morning, travelling *all* night at a snail's pace. I slept by snatches during the night from utter exhaustion. As far as I could judge, the road was better, though narrow and nowhere level. The clouds were heavy and it rained half the night; in the morning so heavily that my dhoolie began to leak and I got wet through and through. After leaving Jungulwar, the acclivity was steep for many miles; ditto the descent; then a slight ascent o this city. This is a rough sketch of the road, for it was dark and I was enclosed on all sides by the curtains of my dhoolie, fearing the night-air might bear malaria with it. The jungle appeared very thick and the rain made the grass-grown path slippery and dangerous.

The Wuzeer of Paddura, "Masuddie" by name, met me with a *nuzzur*, or complimentary gift, of twenty-one rupees in his hand. I touched the offering with my right hand, according to custom and he conducted me to a good house, where he placed before me large baskets full of baked meats, "*kebabs*²⁰⁴," sweet bread of their own peculiar making and beautiful apples, pears and grapes. I breakfasted on the latter, as my servants had not arrived. The *bread*

was not at all to be despised; it looked like pastry, but was too rich for my taste. The fruit here seems very fine and is quite sweet ripe. There are two kinds of grapes,—one small and sweet and the other as large as the Kanawr grape, both white and purple.

This city is larger than Kishtawar and the authorities of the place are particularly civil and obliging. It lies in a very lovely country, completely surrounded by mountains. The elevation of the town is estimated at five thousand feet above the level of the sea. (This estimate is taken by the thermometer.) There may be nearly three hundred houses in the town and the population may average even now six thousand people, a large proportion of which, as in most of these mountain-towns, consists of Kashmirians, who have escaped from their native valley since the rapacious Sikhs took possession of it. However, the unhappy refugees are daily migrating to Chumba and the British possessions beyond, since Gulab Singh seized this once flourishing district, a few years ago. Bhadarwah extends from Doda or Dodah to the snowy mountains which form its boundary. It is out of the high road to Ladakh, so but little trade passes through the district; merely a few merchants travel hither with exports from the Punjab to supply the inhabitants. Shawls are worked here on the loom, but are reputed much inferior to those manufactured in Kashmir. Wooden combs (of the Jujube tree) are prettily carved in this district.

I observe that Goitre is very rare in Bhadarwah and is also seldom seen in the Valley of Kashmir. The Chinese of Tartary are said to be well acquainted with the use of *iodine*, in the shape of burnt sea-weed and employ it for the cure of Goitre.

Bhadarwah lies to the south-south-west of Kishtawar and south-east of Dodah. There are very good carpenters and blacksmiths here, so I got my dhoolie well repaired in a few hours. The Wuzer is most zealous in his efforts to give satisfaction and he appears an intelligent man. The honey here is particularly good; I have laid in a large store.

When I mention my "*dhoolie*," no untravelled novice must in his simplicity imagine that this conveyance is like the palanquins and dhoolies used in the plains, large and comfortable. Malheureusement, such articles are too comfortable for these roads. My dhoolie is a regular hill-conveyance, so small that it is impossible to lie down in it, except in the most constrained or awkward

positions. It is about three feet long and two broad, the sides all round being scarcely six inches high. I had a roof put on; it was erected on four poles, each two feet high and cloth and woollen coverings for the top, to shelter me from rain or sun. Even this small and comfortable machine is carried with difficulty over many parts of the road.

I had an amusing proof of the "march of intellect" a little while ago; the Wuzeer offered me some ices!

BHEJA (DISTRICT PADDURA)

Distance, four miles

22 August 1850 Wednesday:—I left the town of Paddura or Bhadarwah, at 7PM and arrived here last night about ten. The road cannot be very bad, as my servants rode ponies the whole way. We crossed two or three streams and the bridges were all in good repair. The bright moonlight and the glare of the torches combined, made it as light as day, but I was ensconced in my dhoolie, all the *purdahs* (curtains) drawn, so that I did not see much. The road was ascending the whole way.

I am now going on to Lungheyra and we have to go over the Puddrie Pass, which is the boundary between Paddura and Chumba, two separate Hill-states. It is nearly sun-rise.

LUNGHEYRA (COUNTRY OF CHUMBA, OVER PUDDRIE PASS)

Distance, twelve miles

Same day, 4PM—It was near 2PM, when we arrived here and I was under the necessity of severely homilizing the head-men of the village for not meeting me with coolies on the top of the Pass, which was the boundary between the district of Paddura and the country of Chumba. Worse than this, the wretch had sent all the coolies of his village to Prinjal, a place still five miles distant, so there we must proceed at once.

Bees swarm in this place and Ghaussie has been severely stung. There do not appear many houses here. This is the first village in Chumba. After leaving

Bheja, a long and steep acclivity brought us to the top of the Puddrie Pass; the road was very tolerable, but almost too steep for riding. It rained heavily for several hours and the ground became very slippery. The hills on every side were covered with grass, or densely wooded; I saw a little snow near the pass, but none on it. The wild flowers were as luxuriant as and nearly similar to, those on the Singapoor Punjal. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to collect and dry flowers in this damp weather. I have observed that in Ladakh and Kashmir, the flowers are nearly all odoriferous and many highly aromatic; this is also the case in Kishtawar and Chumba. In the plains and other parts of India, the very reverse is the case; the prettiest flowers are perfectly scentless; nor have I heard any reason assigned for so marked a difference in the flora of the countries I have lately traversed. The descent of Puddrie Pass is steep and bad. Several rapids have to be crossed; but though swollen by the late rain, none of them appeared dangerous. The descent is far more tedious than the other side of the Pass, being constantly alternated by steep and bad ascents, thus giving a great deal of unprofitable labour. The rain nearly ceased some hours ago, but it is still cloudy and threatening.

The village of Thanalah, consisting of sixteen or seventeen houses, is passed a couple of miles after leaving Bhejah. The rest of the way is uninhabited. One hamlet, Boomtah, on the opposite side of the river, is the only one I could see, after passing Thanalah. The ascent of the Pass of Puddrie, for the greater part of the road, lies along the valley of the Parnalla River.

PRINJAL

Distance, five miles

Same day, 7PM—Arrived here at sunset; the distance is about five miles. The path, though narrow, is good enough for a dhoolie, but the ascents and descents are most wearisome. There is no village between this and Lungheyra,—the road a perfect wilderness. There is one very bad place where my dhoolie was with difficulty carried across. There is a Rapid close by and a false step would hurl one down into the foaming of the torrent. The path is blocked up by immense rocks, slanting and slippery and had I not been supplied with a large number of porters to my dhoolie, I could never have been carried over

this spot. Two or three streams are also forded, or crossed by primitive bridges. I have succeeded in scaring the *Kardar*, or head-man of the village, by my threats of punishment; and coolie, bearers and supplies are all forthcoming at last. I have sent off all my things and start myself in an hour or so.

MOONJEER (COUNTRY OF CHUMBA)

Distance, sixteen or eighteen miles

23 August 1850 Thursday:—Reached this village about an hour after noon, utterly knocked up; more however by the heat of the sun today than even want of sleep the last two or nights. The most vexatious delays occurred last night after we had started from Prinjal and the whole night was consumed in going only some six miles, the day breaking before we reached the village of Soonhoo, only six or seven miles from Prinjal. We did not halt there, but proceeded to the hamlet of Kehar, where we obtained fresh bearers. People from the Rajah of Chumba met me at this spot. The path was narrow and constantly ascending and descending, quite unfit, for riding. The river Seool flowed to the right, till within four or five miles of Moonjeer. Here we crossed to the other side by a crazy wooden bridge. The hills became lower all round and I felt the heat very great.

Near this place, the brother of the Chumba Wuzer met me and brought a nuzzur of fruit and rupees. The former I ate, but did not like it; it was something like an apple, but bears a different name and, in my opinion, is not half as good; it is called "Beheenh."²⁰⁵ My visitor accompanied me to Moonjeer and is very civil and attentive. As soon as the sun sets, I shall go on to Chumba. The river Seool, very much increased in volume, is crossed below this village on Mussucks.²⁰⁶

The last four or five miles of the road from Moonjeer to Soonhoo consist of a long ascent and a corresponding descent. The course of the Seool is abandoned at the foot of the ascent; the river winds a long way round and is joined by other rivers and streams, so that it becomes deep and rapid a couple of miles beyond this, where it is crossed. I could see snowy peaks in the distance, from the summit of the last acclivity. These are the peaks near Triloknath,²⁰⁷ but I am told I cannot go that way, as I intended. The road is said to be very

bad and even dangerous; indeed, scarcely passable for a foot-passenger. There are many more villages in Chumba, than in Kishtawar and they seem more thickly populated.

The dress of the men amongst the lower classes consists of a woollen frock-coat, ditto trousers and sometimes an additional blanket, used as a wrapper or shawl. These warm clothes they wear in all weathers alike.

CITY OF CHUMBA

Distance, ten miles

24 August 1850 Friday.—Arrived at Chumba in the middle of the night. We crossed the Seool River by a *Mussuck-ferry*, similar to the one I described as having seen in Kulu, over the Beas near Bijoura. A descent of a mile from Moonjeer, very steep and stony, leads to the banks of the Seool. The bed of the river is broad and after heavy rain it cannot possibly be crossed; the banks are very low and the sandy bed extends a long way. A *charpay*, or bed, was placed between two Mussucks and six others accompanying for safety's sake, constituted the "ferry." For the natives, or for baggage, a single Mussuck crosses at a time. The ferryman, perched on the top of the skin, paddles with his feet behind and has small hand-paddles in front. If a native is to be ferried across, he gets on the back of the ferryman and clings on with hands and feet in an ingenious manner. Any box or bundle, large or small, is tied to the ferryman's back.

The Wuzer of Chumba was on the opposite bank of the river, a little off the direct road, ready to receive me, at a village called Kundala. He was very much disappointed because I refused to go out of my way, or halt at Kundala. I came on here direct and did not see him till he came a short time since to pay his *devoirs*. The road from Moonjeer to Chumba is not very good. The first mile is a descent to the bed of the Seool; after crossing this river, the road winds through two hills,—the path disappears and the nearly dries-up bed of a watercourse, rugged and stony, is the only trace of a road. At first, the acclivity is gentle, but it soon becomes very steep, leading to the summit of a hill, some two thousand feet above the river. There is a hut on the crest of this hill,—a sort of shop I believe. We found ponies in attendance here, but I preferred

remaining in my dhoolie, as it was a dark night. We procured torches and proceeded to descend the formidable mountain. Our path was steep for two or three miles and then the inclination became more gradual till we crossed the Sawyer, a river which flows half a mile from the city of Chumba. Over this stream there was a tolerable wooden bridge, with a sort of covered gateway of timber, which formed the entrance to the bridge. The last half mile to the city was a rocky acclivity, surrounded on all sides by hills. A small plain, half a mile long and of inconsiderable breadth, is the only level piece of ground in Chumba.

25 August 1850 Saturday:—I felt so completely knocked up that, *nolens volens*, I was forced to half today. The sun the day before yesterday was so very powerful that it affected me seriously. I have ever since experienced strange and uncomfortable sensations in my head and my limbs feel trembling and unsteady. If I do not exert myself, a sort of dreamy feeling steals over me, almost amounting to stupor. The heat is still most oppressive. Captain Cunningham gives the height of Chumba at three thousand feet above the level of the sea, but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of his estimate.

I went out yesterday on an elephant belonging to the Rajah of Chumba and the Wuzer accompanied me on horseback. I was taken to see the city. It contains about six hundred houses; some are constructed of *cutch* (un-burnt) bricks, with a good deal of wood work. The rest are built of common stones of all sorts and sizes, un-hewn, united by mud and wood in a most primitive and un-substantial manner;— the better sort of houses are plastered outside, but the majority are very poor-looking. The streets are narrow and irregularly paved with stones. The palace of the Rajah is a very common-place edifice. The Dewan-Khana (or Hall of Audience) adjoins it and is a long, unpretending building, constructed of bricks and wood work; two or three covered wooden balconies are attached to the sides. The *Thakoor-Dwara*, or Temple, is opposite the *Dewan-Khana*. The entrance is supposed to be guarded by a monstrous brazen animal perched on a pillar before the gateway.

There is only one stream which supplies the whole city. Conduits of masonry have been built and there seems an abundance of water everywhere. A little above the city, half-way up the hill, is a building, consecrated to the festival called "Soonheenheea," held in the month of March or April. At this festival only women attend; men and even little boys are not allowed admission.

I observed a palm tree within a few yards of the city and as that tree only grows at very low elevations, the situation of Chumba cannot be *more* than three thousand feet above the level of the sea at the outside. The Ravee, (one of the five great rivers of the Punjab,) flows below the city. A wooden bridge spans it about a quarter of a mile on the Rihlu, or Kot Kangra road. At some distance lower down, the Sawer joins the Ravee and the united rivers flows by Lahore.

There appear to be no fruits in Chumba, except a few indifferent apples and a very disagreeably-flavoured fruit, yeleft "Beheenh," (a species of quince); also, a few small apricots, which are poor and still unripe. Probably they never ripen, if in this month and in this heat, they are still sour. After being for the last month in countries of orchards, I miss the good fruit; especially as I have lost my appetite *in toto*. What I live upon, is a matter of wonder, for I am sure I do not (now) eat a once in the twenty-four hours and I have already had ten days of this fare *maigre*. Chumba is completely surrounded by hills and the heat is very trying.

The Rajah is a mere boy of twelve years old, but is said to conduct his own affairs already. I am to see him today, so I shall be better able to judge. His people all speak well of him; I have nowhere heard one dissentient voice. They say there is no "Zoolm"²⁰⁸ in Chumba and all bless the Rajah who never oppresses the poor. How different a tale is told of his more powerful and more opulent neighbour, Gulab Singh.

When I rode this morning on the elephant, I saw the city and its environs. As I passed the welling of the Wuzeer, he came out and begged me to visit his sick wife. His house is a large irregular building, cleaner than most of the native habitations. The poor woman was lying on a *charpoy* or native bed, in an inner room, small and close. Her features were pretty, but she was terribly emaciated, poor thing! She appeared in the spring time of youth, very girlish in face and figure. Her tiny hands were burning with fever and she had a hollow cough constantly harassing her. They begged me to prescribe for her; but, alas! What could I do? I promised, however, to give what medicines I had. The poor girl, sick and weak as she was, held out her hand with a few silver pieces in it, as a token of homage when I entered the room.

The silver currency of Chumba is the Company's rupees and the Nanakshai (also of sixteen annas.) The copper coinage of the country is the Chuklee, five pice²⁰⁹ to an anna.²¹⁰ The only gold coin current is the "Boodkee," value from four rupees to six rupees. I have sent to buy one as a remembrance of Chumba and I shall see if it is the same as the Ladakh gold coin, which comes in countries beyond Badakshan, described in a previous page.²¹¹

The name of the Rajah is Sirri Singh²¹²; his Wuzeer's name is "Bhaga." The latter dignitary called here yesterday. He is an old man and appears infirm and unable to walk alone. He brought a *nuzzur* of several gold pieces, which, of course, I merely touched. Many *dallys*²¹³ of sweetmeats and fruits were also sent, but after those of Kashmir, the latter appeared worthless and the former are never fit to eat in India (in my opinion at least). However, I accepted the civility as a matter of course. Everyone seems willing and anxious to please in Chumba and I have received every attention and homage. Though a small and poor state, the people in authority here are far more obliging and attentive than in Mundy, or even Kashmir, where the greatest and most vexatious delays occur in procuring the merest trifles.

I am living in the Baruh Durrie, which is situated in a Bagh or Garden. As the name "Baruh Durrie" means "twelve doors," so there are twelve doors²¹⁴ here, open on all four sides. There are two stories; I occupy the upper one and I have had it enclosed all round by tent-flies. I have been a perfect show since leaving Kashmir! I can go nowhere, without being followed by a mob of men, women and children, who stare and gape open-mouthed, as if I were some wild beast. In going over the Puddrie Pass, I stopped to get some milk from one of the cowherds.²¹⁵ My dhoolie was shut up by the long thick curtains hanging all around and so no one could see me. The poor cowherds came to my servants and begged earnestly to be allowed a peep. They wondered what an English lady was like! I opened the curtains at once and hardly had they seen me, when they cried out, "Deotah! Deotah,"²¹⁶ and for several minutes never ceased *salaaming* to the ground.

The direct road to Triloknath is said to be almost impassable, even for a person accustomed to such break-neck paths and I am told that it would be utterly impossible to take on a dhoolie.

In some places, people are obliged to crawl on hands and feet up the steepest acclivities, flanked by the most frightful precipices, thousands of feet deep and perfectly perpendicular. People, who do madly venture this route, are aided by ropes tied round them, which are held before and behind and they are thus dragged up and down the worst places. Hearing this bad account of the road, I determined not to risk my neck and so I have ordered arrangements to be made, for my going *via* Rihlu and Kulu. This will waste many days, as it is a very round-about road, but from all I hear, I have no option.

There is no Fort here and no regular military force is kept up by the Rajah. Both Paddura and Pahdul (adjacent districts,) formerly belonged to him. They have been seized by Gulab Singh. Rihlu also pertained to the Rajah of Chumba, not long ago, but it has lapsed to the Company,—the native here say by unfair means. Paddura is a rich district and is said to yield between 40,000 and 50,000 rupees yearly,²¹⁷ so it is a great loss to the Chumba Rajah, his present income being not more than 25,000 rupees; out of which small revenue he is forced to give 12,000 rupees, or nearly one half, in tribute to our government. This was the statement made to me by the Wuzer and I have no reason to doubt its accuracy.

This functionary paid me a formal visit yesterday and though I sought to gather some further information regarding the country from him, he either could not or would not afford it. In the afternoon he gave me some *ices*: they were made of spices and milk, flavoured with rose-water. Though far too highly spiced for my taste, I was so thirsty, from the extreme heat, that I eagerly *devoured* them! The heat is certainly very oppressive and I suffer from it greatly, though I have a large hand *punkah* (a fan of monstrous size) going all day long,—the fanning performed by my attendant myrmidons. At night I find a single sheet more than enough covering. What a contrast to the piercing cold of the Ladas Oojar, where no amount of clothes or blankets could give sufficient warmth. What discontented animals are creatures of human mould! Absolutely, I long for the bitter cold of those regions, if only for an hour.

7PM: —When I went out, a little before sunset, for my evening airing,²¹⁸ I was taken to the *Dewan Khana*, or Hall of Audience, quite against my will. However, on account of the extreme youth of the Rajah, I did not refuse. He

came to the door to meet me and taking me by the right hand, led me to the seat of honour—a gaudy chair, placed at the right hand of the large chair of state he occupied. I was much pleased with him; he is a very pretty boy, of aristocratic mind,—quiet and wonderfully self-possessed for his years. He is only twelve years of age, I am told. He shook hands with me in an orthodox manner and exhibited the most courteous gallantry in conducting me to and from my seat. His two younger brothers, quite children, were placed near him on chairs. The name of one is Soochet Singh and the other (his half brother) is called Gopal Singh. Neither of them had Rajah Sirri Singh's good looks or distinguished bearing.

After remaining half an hour in the Dewan Khana, I went away on the elephant. The young Rajah gallantly joined me shortly after; he was mounted on another elephant and on my asking him to show me how he rode, he at once sent for his ponies. He and Soochet Singh then took a gallop. The Rajah rides bravely and gracefully and the other little prince also distinguished himself. There are twenty-five ponies and a few horses in the royal stud; some of the former are fine animals.

I was much amused at the simplicity of the Chumba people. The Wuzer asked me to represent to my Government, when I went to England, the cruel manner in which they had been despoiled of their rich territories—Pahdul, Paddura and Rihlu. They assert that these districts have been wrested from them either by force or stratagem. They were unwearied in their efforts to induce me to aid them. Poor simple people! I did not like to undeceive them, so I graciously promised my support! I had great difficulty in retaining my gravity as I said this; and long after I was alone, the ludicrousness of the idea kept me laughing most absurdly by myself.

There does not appear much sport in these hills. The Wuzer told me that bears and wolves are to be found at some distance from the city and that the young Rajah delights in the sport. I had some difficulty in believing this of a mere boy. The only *shika*²¹⁹ I could hear of at Kishtawar and Paddura was after bears. The Wuzer of the latter place told me that he had killed one only the previous day.

Kishtawar is a poor country, scantily cultivated and thinly populated. The revenue derived from the whole district is said to be only 3,000 Hari Singhey

rupees yearly (or £150!) and yet this small sum is so disproportionate to the population and cultivation that the poor *ryyuts*, or peasants, are sorely oppressed and bitterly complain of the tyranny practiced. I was much struck with the difference between Gulab Singh's dominions and the small state of Chumba. Here every one speaks well of their kingly ruler and *zoolm*²²⁰ is not heard of. Gulab Singh's country is a pleasant one to travel through, nevertheless; for Europeans are kindly, indeed ostentatiously, received at every town and village and generally great zeal is manifested in their service. The villages are so small and so thinly populated, that coolies are difficult to procure in any considerable numbers and consequently delays invariably occur, particularly between Kashmir and Chumba. But if travellers are not hurried for time, this is very immaterial. The authorities are almost always anxious to please, especially in the more remote and unfrequented districts and everything that can be procured is readily obtained. I was told that Gulab Singh invariably requires a *Razi-Nama*, or certificate of satisfaction given, from every Sepoy or official he sends with travellers on their marches and also from every man in authority in the villages through which travellers pass. Those who fail to produce such certificates of good conduct, are invariably punished. A Sepoy who had given me a good deal of annoyance, told me, on my refusing to give him the desired *razi-nama*, that he would be mulcted the twelve months' pay then due to him and probably dismissed the service.

The Sepoys in Gulab Singh's services are fed at the royal expense and receive from four to six rupees (Hari-Singhey currency) per mensem, equal to the same number of shillings; as I before mentioned, the Hari-Singhey rupee is equivalent to eight annas, or half a Company's rupee. This small pay is not even regularly issued and a year's arrears are frequently mulcted for trifling offences. Their "Oodee," or uniform, is, of course, furnished gratis. Such was the account several of the Sepoys gave me, but I cannot vouch for the truth of it. Indeed, in Kashmir it is really quite impossible to know what to credit. Everything one is told must, as I before remarked, be taken *cum grano aslis*.

The taxes in Kashmir are bitterly complained of. The boats form a large source of revenue. There were said to be a "lac and a half," or 150,000 boats of sizes. Each boat is taxed according to its size; from two to six pence a day and this tax is rigidly enforced. I was much amused at hearing that water-melons

were also heavily taxed; but as it would be more difficult to mention what is not taxed than what is, I need not enumerate further. With all this, a traveller has nothing to do and I should like to return to Kashmir and pay that sweet valley a much longer visit.

At this season of the year, *these* hills (Chumba and Kishtawar, I mean,) are hot and decidedly unhealthy. I would advise people who prefer going by this route to Kashmir, to begin the journey in February, or at latest, March; remaining in Kashmir till the beginning of July, (or end of June, if the "rains" happen to set in early,) and then proceed to Leh, the capital of Ladakh. By that time all the passes in Ladakh, Lahoul, S'piti and Busehr,²²¹ will be practicable and the traveller can march through Ladakh and return to civilised life, either *via* Lahoul and Kulu, or by S'piti and Kanwar to Simla. The former route I know, as it was the one I followed in going to Ladakh and I recommend it in consequence.²²² It is quite possible to ride the whole way and the ponies of the country which can be procured at every village, (or rather march,) answer all purposes; thus the anxieties attend on taking one's own stud into those wild and barbarous regions, where ferries are unknown—and in consequence, after any forced marching over bad ground, the hapless ponies become footsore and useless—may be avoided.²²³ I would not advise anyone to take a horse or pony into Kulu *via* Lahoul. The Chandrs below Koksar (or "Khokur") cannot be circumvented, I fear. I have known natives take ponies that route, but it is a hazardous attempt. The bridge of twigs is, of course, out of the question and the only other way is to swim the animals across, aiding them by tying ropes round them and stationing men on both sides of the river;— on one bank to force them into the torrent and on the other to drag them across to a good landing, when their unassisted efforts might fail. This river is a deep and rapid mountain torrent and the large rocks blocking up the channel, make it very dangerous. It dashes down at such an inclination, too, as to render it more than doubtful if one horse in fifty could stem it. Sheep, goats and dogs are carried over, slung by ropes rightly fastened across a mountaineer's back one at a time.

There is a road from Koksar in Lahoul to S'piti, only three marches in length, which winds along the right bank of the Chandra, by which ponies may be led, as it renders the crossing of that formidable bridge at Koksar an unnecessary labour. This is what the natives say and from all I could learn it is

a very practicable route. It would be impossible to *ride* through Kishtawar and Paddura (or "Bhadarwah" in most maps). The path is a break-neck one, frequently blocked up by large rocks and moreover two bridges of twigs, or "Zampas," must be crossed. The rivers²²⁴ they span are so dangerous, that even natives never try to swim their Ghoonts across. All horses or ponies go by the road called the "Doda" route.²²⁵

I have heard Ladakh called an "uninteresting country." In my humble opinion, it is one of the most *interesting* and extraordinary. The scenery is so strange and the mountains so savage and stupendous, that a person travelling through these vast solitudes cannot help feeling impressed—and I may indeed add *oppressed*,—with their grandeur and his own utter insignificance.

Who could, in these wonderful desert mountains, doubt the existence of an omnipresent Creator? All is so vast, so incomprehensible, that a finite intellect cannot properly *understand* or embrace its greatness. A feeling of awe steals over the mind, while travelling through these immense deserts, where every rock, every height, is wondrous and extraordinary and on every side traces of mighty convulsions of nature lie scattered around in wild confusion. Everything is on so gigantic a scale, that we are constrained to feel our own littleness and to confess that there is a God.

No one could wander among these strange deserts and believe the *literal* account of the Creation in the Book of Genesis. "Days" must be translated millions of years and if we examine the subject with unbiased minds, we are *forced* to the conclusion that our world is many thousands of centuries older than it is popularly supposed to be.

No one could travel through these mountains and doubt that they had once been under the sea. The traces of *marine* shells (fossilized) are very visible in many of the rocks. In one piece, which I saw broken off, the fossilized shells were *quite perfect*. Another ground on which to base the above theory, is the unmistakable water-for-motion of many of the rocks. The round, smooth boulders must once have been covered "by the waters of the Great Deep." I feel myself perfectly incompetent to discuss such important questions and I leave them to abler heads and hands. However, these countries must be *seen*, for the subjects I have glanced at above, to be in any degree appreciated or comprehended.

RIHLU (KANGRA ILLAKA²²⁶)

Distance from Chumba thirty "cutcha coss," or about forty miles

27 August 1850 *Monday*.—I left Chumba on Saturday evening, when the moon rose and I have come here *dak*. Travelling almost ceaselessly for two days and two nights and only managing some forty miles at most, is very disheartening and unsatisfactory. From Chumba the first ordinary march is about six miles, to a village called Khurede. The next march, Choaree, is ten or twelve miles further. "Rippur" is the third stage, if one wishes a very short one, for it is scarcely five miles from Choaree. The next large villages are—Toondh, four and a half miles; Huttlee, nine miles; and Rihlu, three miles further. (Rihlu is the first village beyond the Chumba district, in the Illaka of Kot Kangra.) After leaving Chumba, a short descent of a few hundred yards leads to the Ravce, which is crossed by a wooden bridge. Then follows a terribly steep ascent, up the Kundala Joth, for some eight miles: a corresponding declivity leads to Choarce. This is not at all a road for bringing horses. My saddle started on one and neither horse nor saddles have come up.²²⁷ I hear unpleasant rumours of an untoward accident; it is reported in my camp that the steed fell in crossing a Rapid on the ascent of the Kundala Joth and broke his thigh.

The ascent and descent of the above mentioned high mountain are intersected with Rapids and nascent Rivers, all awkward to cross: their name is legion and I gave up counting them. In fact, the whole road from Chumb to Rihlu is distinguished by this unpleasant peculiarity, with the addition of some half a dozen full grown rivers, where even the "fords" are considerably above a man's waist.

I am so ill, I can hardly write. I persevere, however, on principle; for if a Journal be once neglected, it soon ceases to be a habit and if impressions of places and people are not noted down, while fresh in the memory, inaccuracies are apt quite unconsciously to creep in. But I fear I shall be quite incapacitated from writing as full an account as I should otherwise have done. The night I felt Chumba, I got fever and became very ill before morning. I seriously apprehended an attack of Jungle-fever²²⁸ at first, but I hope my alarm was groundless. Though very sick and weak today, the fever has left me. I have

lived on air for forty-eight hours now; even grapes and apples I have turned from with distaste.

From Choaree to Rihlu, the road is eternally ascending and descending and there are some very bad places. The hills became lower as we proceeded and bushes of prickly-pear covered many of the banks. I saw three Palm trees today near Sioonhta. I had no idea they grew at any height and can only account for their presence by supposing that they have been planted, for they cannot be indigenous. The last few marches, the Kussowlie Fir are the prevalent tree. The forests are no longer so dense; most of the mountains being merely covered with long grass and a few shrubs and trees scattered here and there. The wildflowers were very luxuriant and many of them different from those I previously noticed. There is a great deal more cultivation about these last villages, than in any part of Kashmir or Kishtawar. I observed that rice was widely cultivated. The villages were all close together and scarcely a couple of miles of Oojar were passed on the road.

Rain came on heavily last night and after getting wet through, I took shelter in a small hut near Rippur. The place swarmed with vermin and I passed a sleepless and most miserable night. So much so, that long before day-break I got up and started off again. Ghaussie accompanied my dak to this place and the other servants with my baggage started some hours previously.

We have found milk very difficult to procure in Chumba. All through Gulab Singh's dominions, we had *gurrahs*²²⁹ full of delicious fresh milk and it was brought to us even in the Oojar, but here no such luxury awaits us. What milk there is, smoked or sour and even this is obtained from the villagers with the greatest difficulty, though more than its value be offered for it.

Among other pretty flowers, I observed one something like a gigantic everlasting-pea, pink of various shades being the colour of the flower. It was a parasitical plant and grew near the summit of Kundala Joth, in Chumba. It was raining when I gathered some specimens to dry, so I fear that I shall be unable to preserve any.

About seven or eight miles from Rihlu, I got a beautiful view of the plain-land below. Kot Kangra is distinctly visible from the road near Rihlu; it is only about ten miles distant,—the natives call it "seven coss." Bhagsoo is the same distance off to the left, but I have not yet come within view of it. Though the

torrents are so numerous and the rivers so rapid and deep, there is scarcely a single bridge between Chumba and Rihlu, except the long wooden one, over the Ravee, just below the city. We have had a great deal of rain since leaving Kashmir,²³⁰ but I was not detained at any of the torrents. I confess, however, that I did not feel very comfortable in crossing some of the most formidable.

The people of Chumba can understand a good deal of what we say and generally manage to make them intelligible, but I do not know anything of their native language. The goats of the country are far-famed, but in my opinion, most undeservedly so. I purchased four of the genuine Chumba breed, hoping that they would supply the place of those I lost in the Ladakh Oojar. I find, however, that these much-extolled "Chumba goats," scarcely furnish a pint of milk amongst them all. A good Bengali, or Punjabi goat, yields two or three quarts every morning and evening. Of the six I took to Kashmir with me, only three have survived the arduous journey and the continued want of proper herbage. I think they each deserve a medal for their heroism and fortitude! The Ladas Oojar is enough to kill the strongest animals which live on pasture. Days and weeks of desert land, where shrubs and almost grass are unknown.

Rihlu seems to be a large village. There is a fort on a hill just above the town, which is occupied by some petty native chief. There is no Thannah here, but the *Lumbabar* (head-man of the village) is civil and attentive.

BHOWARNUH (KOT KANGRA ILLAKA)

Distance, twenty miles

29 August 1850 Wednesday: —I could not write yesterday, as I was travelling all day. I was deposited near midnight in a village not far from this place, in a most woeful plight. Left Rihlu about 9AM, in my dhoolie, accompanied by Ghaussie, several coolies carrying necessary things and a Chuprassie. The first few miles lay through level ground and I got on very well. I saw Kot Kangra to the right and Bhagsoo to the left; they appeared nearly equidistant, three or four miles from the path we were following. I was almost tempted to go on to Bhagsoo, but I felt tired and ill, so I thought it better not to add to my fatigues. The wretched dhoolie bearers evidently knew nothing of the road and we had

scarcely lost sight of Bhagsoo, when I found that we were wandering about in the most hopeless manner, among rice-fields and ditches of water, two or three feet deep. We crossed several rivers too; one was so swollen that we had great difficulty in fording it. Unluckily, the Chuprassie and coolies, having dropped a little way behind, were detained on the opposite bank,—the rush of water having suddenly and violently increased, almost directly after we had passed, so that the river was no longer fordable.²³¹ We have thus become separated from *all* the baggage, even the most indispensable articles. The servants and loads sent on in advance were evidently not so foolish as to go through rice-fields, so Heaven knows where they are at present!

After wandering about all day in the jungles, without breakfast or dinner, about sunset we *caught* a guide, who led us to the road. The dhoolie-bearers behaved disgracefully, setting me down at every few yards and had Ghaussie not been with me, I might be wandering in the rice-fields still. Near midnight I reached the village of Purroh, about three miles from this and there I passed the remainder of that miserable night,—cold, wearied and fasting. The headman, on the pretence of getting some milk for me and bringing twelve fresh bearers for my dhoolie, disappeared and was no more seen. I could not procure even a glass of water and as I had tasted nothing all day my position in this inhospitable village was unpleasant in the extreme. At daybreak I came on here and I am forced *bon gre, mal gre*, to philosophize till my baggage arrives. My thoughts have turned with regret to the “milk and honey” of the countries I before traversed.

It was raining heavily all yesterday and today the weather is equally wet and gloomy. The country between Rihlu and this is half hill, half plain. It seems a succession of rice-fields, torrents and horrible rivers with unpronounceable names. The cultivation appears luxuriant and the villages very numerous. The snow has almost entirely melted away on the range of mountains above Bhagsoo. When I passed through this part of the country, little more than four months ago, those hills were white and hoary and I believed what I was told—that the snow must be perpetual. The heavy mists obscured the prospect yesterday, so if there were remains of snow, I did not notice any.

Captain H—is at Kangra. To Mr B—'s kindness I am indebted for the Chuprassie I have now. When I was here before, the village authorities were exceedingly uncivil and disobliging the reverse is the case now and they are most attentive. There seems, however, the usual delay about coolies. This is a great nuisance when one is in a hurry and I am most anxious to reach the sanitary baths of Munnie Karn, as fever of a low type has for many days been hanging heavily about me.

I hear that two gentlemen have lately passed through this place, *en route* to Simla. They left Kashmir about a fortnight *before* I did, but I expect to overtake them immediately.

There is a very pretty native woman here and she is occupied in *shampooing*²³² my fevered and aching limbs as I write. This may account for the peculiar style of my calligraphy and as the "bella donna" is talking as incessantly as her sex have generally the credit of doing, perchance a certain mistiness of style may likewise be detected. She is far prettier than almost any women I saw in Kashmir, the far-famed land of Houris. She is a native of this place and the wife of a man who lives near the Thannah.

PIPROWLA (DISTRICT OF KOT KANGRA)

Distance, ten miles

30 *August* 1850 *Thursday*: —I arrived here at 2AM and instead of finding anything ready for my further progress, I had the greatest difficulty in even seeing the Lumbadar. As I came along in the dark, I saw but little of the road and all I know is, we had to ford some deep and rushing torrents. Every stream and river in this part of the country is very much swollen now and the roads are quite cut up by the Rains.

It is now near noon and not a coolie has yet condescended to make his appearance. Thus is very bad management, for I sent on notice the day before. Travelling in these parts requires extra philosophy and patience, especially when people are suffering from illness, as I am now.

ON THE HILL ABOVE DRING (DISTRICT OR ILLAKA OF MUNDAY) DAK BUNGALOW

Distance, about thirty-four miles

31 August 1850 *Friday*: —I left Piprowla at 3PM, yesterday and reached this place, after travelling all night, at ten this morning. Finding no one in attendance at this *soi-disant* traveller's Bungalow, I desired to be carried down to the village I was formerly encamped at. Nothing being ready there either, I went still further on, to Dring Proper. The heat in the confined valley where that hamlet is situated was absolutely frightful and I found I had come three or four miles down the khud to no purpose. No Kardar, Thanadar, or Lumbadar appearing and not a trace of fresh coolies, I returned up here, quite desperate, reaching this house at 3PM, having wandered in the hot sun for five weary hours. Half my things have not arrived even here, having been left behind for want of coolies. This is inexcusable, as I have regularly sent notice on beforehand and the intelligence of my approach has, I know, even reached the city of Mundy, several miles further on; because just now a Jemadar (military official) arrived, sent by the Rajah of Mundy to make arrangements for me, so I hope I shall get off at last.

There must have been a great deal of rain, as the roads are in a shocking state. Everything looked fresh and green yesterday afternoon. The hills are covered with verdure, but the wild flowers are fewer and less various about these mountains, than amongst the hills of Kashmir and Kishtawar. The Balsam of Kangra and Kulu is a very different species from the one which blooms so luxuriantly in Kashmir and Kishtawar and also in the vicinity of Koorboo in Ladakh.

Shortly after leaving Piprowla, the road ascends considerably. The level ground is no more seen and hills surround it on every side. From Hari-Bagh to Goomah is a long descent and from Goomah to this place is half ascent, half descent. About four coss from Goomah, a Dak bungalow and out-offices have been built by the Mundy Rajah, for travellers; but no village being near and the building as yet in an unfinished state, they are at present almost useless. The same must be said of this Bungalow, for the nearest village is two or three miles distant, down a steep khud. However, I believe

that arrangements have been made for shops being established here; and fifty men are to be stationed in this place. Two Sepoys are to be placed in charge of the Dak bungalow, which is to be immediately finished. This (if all be carried out properly,) will prove an inestimable boon to wearied travellers. It is absolute cruelty making people go down rugged paths an indefinite number of miles out of the way to reach a village, after having come a long and fatiguing march. If this be not speedily remedied, the Mundy Rajah ought to be indicted under "Martin's Act."

Between Piprowla and Sukha Bagh, (the first village on the road in the territory of the Mundy Rajah,) I observed a fort to the right, not far from the road. I do not know if it is kept up now.

Both Goomah and Dring are famous for Black Salt,²³³ as well as for heat and discomfort. This Black Salt forms a considerable item of the revenue and is said to be a profitable concern for Mundy.

BIJOURA (DISTRICT OF KULU)

Double March; distance, twenty-one miles

1 *September* 1850 *Saturday*: — I reached this place a little before sunset, having left Dring at 4AM the coolies are so frightfully lazy, that I was upwards of twelve hours in accomplishing but little more than twenty miles. When we reached Khumand (the intervening march, described in a previous part of this volume,) instead of obtaining a change of coolies, we found the village deserted. It seems that the Kardar and all the Zemindars (cultivators) have been obliged to go to the city of Mundy; for some reason or other. I need not describe the road or scenery, having done so before. I find the dhoolie far more fatiguing than riding and sigh for the saddle and gallant Arab, my *better-half*! Without them I feel helpless. The way seemed far wearier yesterday than when I got over it rapidly and pleasantly, mounted on "Rival," some four months ago. The sun shone so brightly all day that I absolutely longed for rain and clouds—anything rather than this desperate heat. Even now, at 9PM, the heat is quite suffocating and I feel languid and absolutely exhausted from it.

Passing over the high hill which is between Khumand and Bijoura, I observed many flowers similar to those growing in Kishtawar and Chumba.

The last few miles of ground were covered with very pretty kinds of feathery grasses, which grew to the height of three or four feet. Some of them were pink and slender, others of a beautiful silvery white. The roads are very much cut up by rain and several hill-streams are considerably swollen. About half-way down the mountain before eluded I saw a *Faqueer*,²³⁴ who has been in that one spot for nearly nine months. His only shelter appeared to be a projecting rock and here, in the jungle, this absurd enthusiast has vegetated, his only food milk and his sole companions the wild denizens of the wilderness. The rock must have afforded but poor shelter in rain or snow and yet he appeared happy and contented. These ignorant heathens suffer far more for *their* religion than the most zealous of Christians for theirs. There is a melancholy moral in this fact.

CHOONG (THE RAHAH OF KULU'S ILLAKA)

Distance, ten miles

2 September 1850 Sunday:—I can hardly believe I have had the moral courage—the wondrous strength of mind to re-visit this ill-omened spot, where I so nearly lost my life some months ago! However foolish it may seem, I had great difficulty in making up my mind to the heroic act and I consider that I have immense reason to be proud of my fortitude!

The first portion of the road from Bijoura to Choong is the same which leads to the city of Sultanpur (the capital of Kulu). About three miles from Bijoura the Beas is crossed by the *Mussuck-ferry* I described at length the last time I went this route, nearly four months ago. Since then, owing to the rains, the Beas is greatly increased in size and the current is so rapid we were carried a long way down before we attained the opposite bank. There was great delay in taking all the dhoolie-bearers across, one by one and consequently it was nearly dark before we reached this place. Still there was sufficient light to see the spot from which I fell. As I looked at it, I remembered with a shudder how nearly I lost my life that night and visions of many hours of pain and suffering rose before my mind. Though I have persuaded myself to revisit Choong, I cannot possibly summon courage to leave my dhoolie. Superstitious fears and painful reminiscences prevent my encamping here and I only wait for coolies

to proceed to Munnie Karn. This is in the Illake of the Rajah of Kulu. The Lumbadar of Choong is a mere lad, lately appointed and appears to have no influence here. So, though I sent a Chuprassie on before-hand, I see but little immediate prospect of getting coolies. The whole of the arrangements in these districts of Mundy and Kulu are most heart-breaking and the coolies are the worst I ever had to deal with. Two or three *seers* (from four to six pounds) is a very usual load and even this slight burthen they constantly leave lying on the ground and run away as if they were bewitched, for no apparent reason. I never saw more unmanageable, odious people.

The Parbuttie²³⁵ River, which flows into the Beas not far from the village of Bohun,²³⁶ has very much increased in volume since I was here in May. Its bed is much broader and the current appears very strong. The path winds along the valley of this river for the last seven miles; the greater part of the way consists of steep acclivities, the road by no means good.

MUNNIE KARN (THE RAJAH OF KULU'S ILLAKA) BOILING SPRINGS

Distance, fourteen miles

3 September 1850 Monday:—I did not get away from Choong till 1AM and just as I started it began to rain heavily. The chuprassie coolly and impertinently stayed behind and there was no one to keep the refractory coolies in order. They behaved very badly, carrying my dhoolie all away and the jeopardy my neck was in, combined with the hideous noise they made, prevented me effectually from closing my eyes all night. At daybreak, or a little after, we reached the village of Jurrie, about half-way and here they set me down and ran away in every direction, though no one spoke a single word to them. They must have met the baggage coolies and instructed them to do likewise, for each man as he came up, put down his load and scampered off as if possessed by the "Flying dutchman." Two of my servants were with me and a few of the coolies were finally caught. These were well flagellated and their blankets taken from them, to ensure their remaining. However, I was kept seven weary hours at Jurrie in the hot sun, before a sufficient number of men were collected and I could proceed. Oh, what a delightful state of discipline! Quite agreeable to wearied and invalid travellers!

I have had so many touches of fever since leaving Kashmir, while travelling through the low hills of Kishtawar and Chumba, which at this season of the year bear malaria and death in their dense Jungles, that I am quite knocked up and utterly unable to proceed. Nothing but a determination not to "give in" has borne me up so long, but I feel I shall be laid up in earnest, if I do not rest myself for a few days at least. So I have resolved to test the efficacy of the hot baths and begin this very evening to take my first. The road from Jurrie to Munnie Karn is very hilly and not particularly good. However, after the break-neck paths of Kishtawar and Chumba, these indifferent roads appear perfectly delightful. Ghaussie quietly remarked yesterday, that we had come to "*tunda surrucks*"²³⁷ now! [Anglican roads, as good as Malls.]

I never saw a more rapid and foaming torrent than the Parbuttie near Munnie Karn. This river is perfectly white with foam and there are so many large rocks in the bed of the stream that the spray is dashed to a great height and is scattered about in every direction. The bed of this torrent, never wide, is, near this place in particular, very much confined by high and nearly perpendicular rocks.

As I passed the boiling spring near the road, on entering Munnie Karn, I observed that the steam issued in a much smaller volume now than when I saw it last. I do not know what can be the cause of this.

I am sorry to hear that there is no practicable road to Busehr from this and I must retrace my steps if I wish to see Kanawr. I have been misled in a very unaccountable manner, as I was distinctly informed, that there *was* a road from Munnie Karn to Kanawr. It is now so long since I received letters, that I think I shall go to Simla first and defer my visit to Busehr for a month at least. I certainly require a little rest to recruit my shattered health,—and deserve it too, after my arduous journey.

I have been much struck by observing the difference between these hills and those I have lately traversed. Flowers are in less variety here and much less abundant. These hills are more cultivated, certainly and more populous too, but I nowhere see the luxuriant vegetation of Kashmir and Kishtawar.

4 September 1850 Tuesday:—I took a both last night just before going to bed. These baths have a powerfully soporific effect; I experienced this the last time I was here and last night I again enjoyed the same delicious, dreamless

slumber. Long months have passed since I slept so long and so soundly. I am generally a very light sleeper, but last night I think nothing could have roused me. I found my clothes this morning covered with the marks of the horrid fleas, which had nearly devoured me during the night and yet I had slept peaceful through it all!

The extreme heat and sulphurous smell of the bath, made me feel very faint before I had been many minutes in it. On coming out of the water, a profuse perspiration always breaks out and unless imprudently checked, usually lasts for two or three hours. When I was here before, I arrived deplorably weak and ill, still suffering from the accident I had met with not long previously. I found a very rapid benefit from the use of these hot-baths, though I did not remain at Munnie Karn long enough to take many. They are decidedly most beneficial to the health. I caught cold in the Jungles of Kishtawar and ever since that, my old cough has been ceaselessly harassing me and I have suffered in the most distressing manner from cold night-perspirations. I am in great hopes of banishing both once more, by a few of these infallible specifics. I mean to try them, morning and evening, as long as I am here.

Though the Lumbadar declared that no one had been bathing in my particular *Khoond*²³⁸ since I was here before, I have made him empty, cleanse and refill the said bath. I like to feel certain of its purity.

This evening I went a little way beyond the place called "Ram-Gunga"²³⁹ which is the sacred spot I was taken to when I was here formerly, as one of the lions of Munnie Karn.

I find that the Parbuttie rises in some high mountains a long way beyond Munnie Karn. It is joined at the Ram-Gunga by another torrent, which rushes down from lofty hills to the right. The latter is spanned by a small bridge, very narrow and very frail. I crossed it and ascended to a village about a quarter of a mile beyond. The apology for a path was narrow and very stony and it was with great difficulty that the dhoolie was carried up. There is a village called "Kanawr," seven coss from Munnie Karn and I have little doubt this gave rise to the mistake about there being a road to the *District* of Kanawr, in the principality of Busehr, as I before mentioned.

I have had a good deal of experience in drying flowers. I find that it is next to impossible to preserve those gathered in wet weather. Even if they do

not spoil altogether, they invariably lose their colour. In the most favourable weather it is very difficult to preserve the colour of lilac or pink flowers. The "Potentilla Sanguinea," invariably turns to an ugly brown if plucked in wet weather and all vestige of its rich crimson hue disappears. Most of the flowers I gathered in Kishtawar have completely lost or changed their colours; even the yellow Potentilla and the pink roses I found on Puddrie Pass. The former is usually an easy flower to preserve and those I gathered in the dry climate of Putseo, in Lahoul, are very perfect to this day. I have even now a large collection altogether, though I have been obliged to throw away hundreds, which had been irrevocably ruined by damp and mildew. As specimens, I have preserved many, the colours of which have faded away; this being often impossible to avoid, even in dry weather. For instance, a small, bright pink flower I gathered in Lahoul, between Goondla and Kardung, one fine clear day, soon lost its rosy hue and gradually changed to a delicate lilac tint. The Columbines, white, yellow or lilac, rarely retain a vestige of the original shades. But it would be impossible to go through all the beautiful flowers that enamel these luxuriant mountains. I have found it a great amusement collecting the flora of the remote countries I have travelled through. It is not without some trouble and a good deal of perseverance, that I have managed to secure as many as I have, for often, when the end of a march was attained, though wearied and perhaps ill, I have resolutely set myself to examine and dry my collection, carefully changing the papers almost daily, till each flower was thoroughly dried. Still, it has been an *occupation* and every one is the better for having an object. Had I not been determined to *persevere*, I should frequently, when tired and suffering, have given up even my Journal; so I have a right to applaud my resolution at least, however meager and abortive my poor efforts at description may have proved.

5 September 1850 Wednesday:—The hot bath last night did not make me sleep as soundly as usual. I awoke at eleven, feeling cold and ill. I saw a shadow passing my bed-curtains and I screamed out in terror. There was a small night-lamp in a corner of the room and when I sat up in bed, I saw some animal lapping up the milk which was in a basin by my bedside. My screams frightened it away before I distinctly saw what it was. This reminds me that pistol has been for some time forgotten. Usually I do not sleep without it by my pillow, loaded and cocked.

The hot baths are already doing my cough wonderful benefit.

6 September 1850 Thursday:—These baths are really very excellent inventions. My cough is going gradually away and I feel stronger already. I missed the services of old "Bodhieka-ma (my Abigail), the first bath I took this time. When I was here before, I used to make the old women precede me always and let me know if the water was very deep, or very hot. But as she is *hors de combat* at present, I employed a woman of the village to assist me in her stead. The water looked so deep and black by torch light, I felt absurdly alarmed. However, Kulu people are so disgustingly dirty that I could not venture to send her in, so I merely made her act as sentinel on the edge of the bath in case I fainted as on previous occasions. Since then I have put away all childish fears and require no one's presence to give me confidence.

At night, particularly, a dense steam issues from the water and it always appears to me to be unmistakably hotter and more sulphurous at that time than during the day. I shall fill a bottle of this Munnie Karn water and have it analysed at some future time.

The other day, when I was on my way here, one of the dhoolie coolies declared he was very sick and could not proceed. This was at Jurrie, where all the coolies so unceremoniously eloped, leaving me to practice patience by the way side till more arrived from the village above. Seeing that this man was malingering and knowing that his only reason for not taking "French leave" lay in the fact of his blankets being in Ghaussie's custody, I determined to punish him effectually. So, with many expressions of condolence and sympathy, I took²⁴⁰ three powders of tartar emetic and ordered Ghaussie to mix the same in water and make the pseudo-invalid drink this startling dose in my presence. However, heterodox the punishment, I believe he has learnt a lesson and will not again feign sickness. I shall never forget how convulsively ill the magical "powders" made him, though from the mixture being nearly colour-less he had no fears no fears in swallowing it. I believe the natives imagined I had cast the evil eye on him, or bewitched him by "*Jadoo*"²⁴¹ in some incomprehensible manner. When he came for his blankets next day—for I left him rolling on the ground, at Jurrie, *in extremis*—I asked him maliciously, "If the English medicine or the English dhoolie was the pleasantest to take?" It was my favourite plan after this, when any Coolie, camp-followers, or servant, pretended sickness in

order to avoid work, or night marching, to administer tartar emetic in anything but infinitesimal doses and I verily believe that at last nothing was so much dreaded in my Camp as the call for the medicine-chest.

I never saw a more turbulent, impertinent, ill ordered set of people than those of Kulu. They unite the vices of the Hill-tribes, with those peculiar to the men of the Plains, while the virtues of either are absolutely unknown. They ought to be kept down with an iron hand and every fault severely punished. Till a strict and unflinching discipline is exercised; the Kulu people will never be worth their salt. They ought to be forced, if they carry burthens, to take the proper load. No one feels any objection to pay for the carriage of a load of full weight, conveyed in a reasonable time from the beginning to the end of a march. These people are by no means in a state of charming simplicity. They are utterly devoid of the honesty and truthfulness of many of the primitive Hill-races. They steal, lie, fight and make false and frivolous complaints to their superiors, in a manner which is extremely reprehensible. The fact is, they are too much indulged and this lax state of discipline will be the ruin of the people, if absurdly persisted in. In no civilized parts of the Himalayas have I seen coolies leave their burthens half way and run away so unceremoniously. My property has increased in a most magical manner; at least, some fifteen or twenty loads are transformed into fifty and sixty! One can readily make allowances in Ladakh, Lahoul and even Kashmir. There the people are semi-barbarous, rarely see an English face and as yet are totally unaccustomed to carrying loads. In the more uncivilized parts of Gulab Singh's dominions, coolies never think of *asking* for hire and I often found they had all disappeared without waiting for payment, when I came up late to my camp. In Roopshoo, the coolies always expect to be paid, but there they were not changed daily and in the *Oojar* they could not well run away. Kulu is very different from those savage lands. They know better here and ought to be constrained to act as people who do. Mundy is, if possible, even worse than Kulu. In Lahoul, women act as coolies far more frequently than the men and though the Lahoulis are a very barbarous and uncivilized people, they have wit enough always to ask for their hire. I like them much better than the Kuluites, though from so rarely carrying burthens, they make lazy and bad porters. In Roopshoo, women and yaks are used more frequently as beasts of burthen than the men and I can

hardly condemn this practice, where the women are so hideous and so masculine. In other parts of Ladakh, the males are more gallant and a female Coolie is comparatively rare. In Kashmir, Kishtawar, Paddura (or Bhadarwah) and Chumba, the system of female coolies is absolutely unknown and whatever want there may be of men, nothing will induce a women of those countries to carry a burthen, however light. At Singapoore in Kishtawar, where I was most vexatiously detained for want of coolies, my servants made a woman carry some *zuroorie*, (i.e., absolutely necessary) load. After going two miles, she overtook her husband, who was carrying a burthen of nearly double the ordinary weight. I was close behind in my dhoolie and was highly edified by seeing the *caro sposo* take his wife's load on the top of his own and send her back to her own house. (*Nota bene*; the woman was middle-aged and ugly too!)

The Kulu women wear the same dress as the Lahoulis; a single blanket, or sometimes two, fastened at the neck or shoulder by a brass or iron pin. Their head-dress is a woolen skull-cap with a puffed border all round, exactly like the cap worn by the men and described in some previous page. They wear fewer ornaments in their hair than the Lahoulis. In the latter country, every woman is decorated with a multiplicity of turquoises, etc., in her hair. These stones (which are found all over Tartary in great quantities) are set in a sort of a band, long or short as the case happen, from one to four inches broad; gold silver, brass and various stones are mingled with the turquoises. This band is fastened on the forehead and goes along the top of the head, down to the neck occasionally; when long, hanging in a sort of tail behind. The poorest women wear this ornament, (more or less elaborate of course,) and some of the richer people value theirs at nearly a hundred pounds sterling each "band." A woman of the tribe of traders, had an ornament of this kind for which I offered her four hundred rupees (£40) on the spot. She refused my offer peremptorily, much to my surprise. The Lahoul women also wear a kind lappets made of fur, sometimes of most valuable sorts, such as sable, seal skin, etc. These lappets come down on each cheek and do duty for caps. I observed the same in Ladakh.

Turquoises are abundant at Leh and are plentifully found in the more remote regions of Tartary and Yarkhund. Some of these stones are as large as pigeon's eggs and without a flaw; I have seen some of even double that size though not perfect. Indeed, I observed that the majority of the

turquoises were flawed extensively. A small stone, tolerably perfect, cost from one to ten shillings.

There was a kind of fur selling in Ladakh for fifty and sixty Company's rupees, (£5 and £6,) while I was at Leh. This fur was small and dyed black. It was the skin of the Seal and the hair was long and glossy.

Several lamb-skins sell at Leh for one Company's rupees each. These skins cost so much (though lambs are much cheaper if bought alive) because the lambs from which these skins are taken, are brought into the world after the manner of the Cesarean operation, before the full time of their birth, to ensure peculiar softness to the skins. They are beautifully downy and delicate, but so very tiny that a large number are requisite to make a *choga* or *postine*.²⁴² Marmot skins are also highly prized, as the fur is very warm. But these animals are not found near Leh, so I should think it would be difficult to procure the fur there. At Lingtee, near the foot of the Bara-Lacha Pass, Marmots are found in great numbers throughout the Plain. Between Pourana (or Païen), Draus and Metchahoy, (the *Oojar* encampment near the foot of the Draus Pass in Ladakh,) the hills are burrowed in every direction by these little animals. I saw hundreds of them as I rode along. They stood on their hind-legs in long rows and allowed us to come quite close. Then they all darted into their holes like lightning. They make a peculiar noise which cannot be mistaken, something between a whistle and a squeak. The colour of the fur is of a shaded fawn and sometimes of a brownish yellow. They have funny little peaked faces and seem of the *Rat-genus*.²⁴³ Standing on their hind legs is their favourite attitude and while the little colony of Marmots are sporting outside their underground habitations, a sentinel marmot invariably keeps watch and at the approach of man or beast gives his warning whistle, when every one of his *con-frères* instantly darts back to his hole with surprising agility. However, with a few precautions, I think they might be shot, or caught in a trap in large numbers and it would be worth one's while for the sake of the fur, to secure two or three hundred.

I went out this evening in the dhoolie and though the path was narrow and bad, I made the coolies carry me about three miles beyond Munnie Karn. There, very lofty mountains covered with deep snow some way beyond. These must be very high, judging from the quantity of snow still lying on them at this time of the year. These hills are not visible from Munnie Karn. The snow

which was lying on the heights in the vicinity of the Boiling Springs when I was here in May has almost entirely disappeared. The Parbuttie appears to rush down from the snowy mountains in the distance. They are not so very distant, either;—as the crow flies, they scarcely appear ten miles off, though I am told the mountain-path leading thereto is many miles longer than the apparently short distance I have mentioned. If the season were not so far advanced, I should certainly explore these hills. I feel assured I could go to Kanawr this route after all!

I do not know the elevation of Munnie Karn above the level of the sea. Judging from the constant ascent from Bohun to Choong, I should say it must be nine or ten thousand feet high.

There is an excellent house for people visiting Munnie Karn. I feel it hot even here and have a hand *punkah* going all day. The nights are chilly and a couple of blankets quite indispensable.

7 September 1850 Friday:—My baggage and servants started early this morning and I shall go in the cool of the evening. Ghaussie is of course to be in attendance. I was nearly scalded to death today, by entering the bath rashly. The whole stream of water had been pouring in all night and as it had not been turned off the bath was full of nearly boiling water. There is an aperture in the side close to the top of the bath for the water to run out, which prevents the possibility of an overflow, when the water is allowed to run from the Boiling Spring (which supplies the "Khoond") all day or all night. But the ordinary custom is to fill the bath and then turn off the water and allow the bath to cool a little or much, according to the temperature required by the bather. On this occasion it had been neglected and I heedlessly jumped into the nearly boiling fluid and was much scalded before I could scramble out again. Poor little "Monte" (my Kashmir spaniel) who was playing at the edge of the Khoond, fell in and got well scalded too. He is not nearly so precious as my poor lost "Princey," but I should be sorry to be deprived of his companionship, so I hope Munnie Karn will not be his grave.

The greatest height of the water in the bath is up to my waist. When it reaches above a certain mark, it flows out by the aperture I mentioned before, so no one can be easily drowned in these Khoonds. Besides the bathing-house I use, there are several inferior places, built of bricks and covered in, five or six I believe. They are thronged with dirty natives from morning to night.

BOHUN (THE RAJAH OF KULU'S ILLAKA)

Distance, twenty-one miles

8 *September 1850 September*:—My servants were seized last evening by a servant of the Rajah's in the most tyrannical manner possible and I have come on here quite alone. I am too poorly to go further, but I have written to Captain H—, as I can hardly believe it possible that it can be by his order I have been placed in so unpleasant a position, without any reason officially assigned for the seizure. From the villagers I hear that it is on account of some goats bought by my people, when the owners were unwilling to part with them. But no reference or application whatever has been made to me and the whole proceeding appears lawless and unjust.

This village is on the bank of the Beas and almost immediately below is the place where the river is crossed by the Mussuck-ferry often alluded to in the previous pages.

9 *September Sunday*:—I have received no reply yet from Captain H—. I hear he is not at Sultanpur (where I directed my epistle), but has gone up to his house at Nuggur. My poor servants will think I have deserted them, so I must, at great personal inconvenience, go to Nuggur myself. I shall start directly *dak*, ill though I am.

This Kulu is a most disorganized country, badly managed in every way and I shall be glad to be out of it.

NUGGUR

10 *September 1850 Monday*:—I arrived here this morning, after receiving endless annoyance on the road. Though I absolutely paid the coolies *before-hand*, I was obliged to start on foot, having waited eight hours at Sultanpur. I walked three weary coss before the coolies condescended to bring up my dhoolie; nor would they have overtaken me at all, if fatigue and feverishness had not brought me to a stand-still and forced me to seek repose on the hard stone-floor of a paltry grain-shop by the wayside.

After a great deal of trouble, I have had my servants released. It is only in Kulu that such oppression is known. I'll before, I am considerably worse now.

What between repeated attacks of low fever, numerous and harassing annoyances, combined with weeks of forced marches, I am quite exhausted and utterly unfit to proceed any further.

14 September 1850 Friday:—I have halted here several days to recruit my shattered health and strength. My *dak* is to be laid to Nagkunda, in the Simla district and I shall reach that place on the 17TH instant.

The snow on the hills opposite Nuggur has all melted away. The Rotung Pass is not visible from this spot; but I am told that even the "Beas Rikhie" is free from snow now. When I passed that way in June, the "Rikhie" was so deeply embedded in snow as to be perfectly hidden. The weather is at present clear and bright, but still too hot for my taste. The periodical Rains evidently cease much sooner in these parts of the hills than at Simla, Mussoorie, or Darjeeling.

The view from the windows of this house is quite enchanting. The valley of the Beas is wide at this spot than anywhere else. Everything looks so verdant and all nature seems smiling around. The cultivation is quite luxuriant and nothing but green fields and beautiful trees cover the sweet valley below. The river flows along rapidly and turbulently in the middle of the peaceful vale; its angry waters in their ceaseless course form a striking contrast to the calmer features the scene. The hills on both sides are so high that the beauty of the landscape is much enhanced I have been struck with this view on a moonlight night, when the surrounding mountains were covered with snow. It is one of the finest I have anywhere seen. I have passed hours in the contemplation of its calm and peaceful beauty, when all nature sweetly slept and softened by the distance, even the mountain-torrent beneath appeared at rest. I never weary of gazing on such lovely scenery.

This evening I leave Nuggur, *dak* for Nagkunda.

LARJEE (DISTRICT OF SURAJ)

Three marches from Nuggur; Distance, thirty-five miles

15 September 1850 Saturday:—I have been eighteen weary hours in coming here, so much for the "*daks*" of the land. I started from Nuggur at 6PM

and went direct to Sultanpur. After some delay in the city, I proceeded to Bohun, intending to go *via* that village. It was quite dark when we arrived at the Mussuck-ferry and the Chuprassie whom Captain H—had sent with me, shouted for an hour at least, but without success. No Mussucks appeared and not a trace of a single Coolie, though the village of Bohun was directly opposite. In despair we left the spot and proceeded three miles further, to Bijoura, which village we reached at daylight. Here another delay occurred, but we managed to get off at last. The road soon leaves the Kangra highway and we followed the course of the Beas, instead. At about two miles, we reached the second place where the Beas is crossed on Mussucks. The stream is not so wide at this point as below Bohun and appeared less rapid. These Mussuck-ferries cause the most vexatious delays and when one is in a hurry, are very temper-trying. I had the *satisfaction* (!) of seeing the sun gradually rising above the high hills which flanked the valley and of feeling the weather becoming more and sultrier. The coolies I had, were wretched men withal; as soon as they reached Dilasseney, a village five miles from Bijoura, they ran away (as is their common practice) and I had to do as I have so often done in Kulu—practice philosophical patience in a hot, dirty village, till substitutes could be secured.

Dilasseney is in the Illaka of the Rajah of Kulu and appears a small, paltry hamlet. I had great difficulty in procuring even a tiny cup of milk. Larjee is in Suraj and is said to be seven miles from Dilasseney. In my opinion this is an under-estimate of the distance. This is a very common encamping place after Bijoura, but when people halt at Dilasseney, the next march is Sarus, a village about five miles beyond Larjee. The road from Nuggur I have before described, as far as Bijoura. It subsequently follows the course of the Beas steadily, sometimes winding along the banks, sometimes rising considerably above them. The road between Bijoura and Larjee is by no means creditable to the *artiste* who made it. It aspires to being a “made” road, but there are many steep and bad places. However, despite of this, I longed for my gallant Arab, as I languished in the dhoolie. Ah! It is *that* “pace kills!”

I observe that the houses in Suraj are almost invariably built of two or more stories. These stories are by no means lofty; they appear to be designed for a race of Liliputian growth and look ridiculously small and confined, rising

one above another. The houses are generally constructed of wood and rough stones of sizes. The former is placed in regular layers, a foot or more apart. Frequently there is no cement and when there is it appears to be merely mud, with the slightest possible admixture of clay. The roofs of the houses are commonly slated. Larjee is a small village and would appear to consist principally of one *Bunniah's*²⁴⁴ shop. The usual delay about coolies has occurred and the Chuprassie who was sent from the Thannah²⁴⁵ to make arrangements here, vehemently declares that the men he collected yesterday "*bhageea*" (ran away) overnight, so I am detained as usual and the only shelter I can procure is the hot verandah of the *Bunniah's* shop aforementioned.

The hills through which the road winds after crossing the Beas are bare of trees, though well covered with grass and flowers. I observed a few bushes of the prickly pear and one or two trees scattered here and there. The opposite heights are well wooded. About half a mile from Larjee, the road leaves the course of the Beas and turns abruptly to the left. Two hill-streams flow down near this spot and join the Beas; the torrent to the left is called the "*Sahnjah*," and the larger one to the right flows below Larjee and is named the "*Teertun*" by the natives. We had to cross the former by a wooden bridge, which, for a wonder, was in good preservation.

DILASS (DISTRICT OF SURAJ)

About five marches; distance, forty-eight miles

17 *September* 1850 *Monday*:—I have been thirty-six hours between this and Larjee, including halts. I have put the distance at forty-eight miles, but the route Mr B—gave me did not allow so much. My ideas of the distances are as follows:

| | | | | | | |
|----------|--------|----|---------------------|----------|----|-------|
| Sarus | called | 3 | coss, | About | 5 | Miles |
| Monglore | „ | 3 | „ | „ | 5 | „ |
| Ressaleh | „ | 6 | „ | „ | 8 | „ |
| Kote | „ | 8 | „ | „ | 12 | „ |
| Shumsher | „ | 6 | „ | „ | 8 | „ |
| Dilass | „ | 7 | „ | „ | 10 | „ |
| Total | | 33 | coss ²⁴⁶ | 48 miles | | |

Mr B. makes the distance some twelve or thirteen miles *less*. I think he must be mistaken and his route must refer to "cosses," and not English geographical miles. Between Lahoul and Kashmir, both Captain H—and Sir Henry Lawrence accused me of making every march considerably *shorter* than the reality. It is the reverse now, for I always imagine that the distances given are much under-rated. I suppose riding made the way seem short before! However, I now judge not by my feelings of weariness, but by the time consumed in every march, taking into consideration the rate of travelling, etc.

The road from Larjee to Sarus was very good for riding and consisted of ascents as well as descents, principally the former. We had to ford a river, which came above the men's waists. I observed several villages, perched like eagles' nests far above. There was a good deal of cultivation, principally of the coarser native grains, such as *bhatoo* and *mundooa*, of which flour is made by the mountaineers for their unleavened bread-cakes. The houses are larger and better looking in most of the villages in Suraj, than they are in Kulu. Most of them are built of stone and wood, two or three stories high and many are plastered outside. Some are roofed with large thin blocks of stone, but most of the houses I observed were slated.

The people seem turbulent and disorderly. While I was waiting at Kote for coolies, one of my servants was nearly killed in an affray. He had ordered a villager to take up some load and the man abused him instead of obeying the command given. My servant struck him in the face for the insulting language he had used and the blow grazing some previous sore on his cheek, it began to bleed. I never saw such a scene as ensued when the *blood* began to flow! I was too much alarmed to interfere at first, though my poor servant was mobbed by the whole village. I sent for the Lumbadar and but for his timely arrival and authoritative interference, the unfortunate servant would have been severely injured, if not killed. As it was, he was bruised and bleeding when rescued; but nothing daunted, he wanted to fly at his assailants again, though he was one and they were legion. The hero of this combat was "Bodhie," my washerman (or "*Dhobie*," as they are called in India,) a young Hindu lad, not more than seventeen.

From Sarus to Plach the country belongs to the Mundy Rajah. At Plach there is a Thannah, (of the Company's,) but being a mile out of the direct

route, I have not put Plach down in my list of marches and I did not go to it at all. It is between Monglore and Ressaleh, about twelve miles from Larjee, perhaps a little more. The road was very hilly and a perfect see - saw. We crossed a bridge near Monglore; I was too sleepy to inquire what river it spanned. Some parts of the road were very rugged.

I remained several hours at Plach, or rather at a village a mile from the Thannah of that place, called by some such name as Khaneh. There is another village near Plach, called Seddie. From this march to Ressaleh is a long ascent, the hills are principally covered with grass and a few shrubs. From Ressaleh to Kote I should say was good twelve miles. With sixteen men to my dhoolie, I was nine hours in going this march. It is over the Jellourie Joth (which is the word for Pass or High Mountain). The acclivity is steep and tedious; the path very good and the hills beautifully wooded with firs of two or three species and various other trees. The under-wood was very dense and the wild flowers most luxuriant. I noticed the yellow *Potentilla*, the small white *Everlasting* and many species of *geranium*; also other plants and flowers only found on considerable elevations, (from nine to twelve thousand feet.) many of the Flora were similar to those I have seen in Kishtawar. Unfortunately my flower-presses were nowhere in sight, so I could not preserve any specimens. I noticed quantities of the "Sun flower;" a smaller species than that found in English gardens, very similar to some we gathered in Ladakh and Kashmir, where, however, they seemed much scarcer and had a blighted appearance.

The descent from the Jellourie Joth to Kote is very great and the road is in many places steep. The principle tree for the first two or three miles of the declivity is one called by the villagers, the "Khurson;" I do not know the English name for it. It is something like the bill-oak, only it grows to a greater height.

Having fasted all day, I became quite faint with hunger before reaching Kote. Luckily we passed some apricot trees, heavily laden with small but ripe fruit. These I ate in quantities, so we did not delay at Kote for breakfast and I took that meal at Shumsher at 10PM. The road from Kote to Shumsher is down a steep declivity, prettily wooded. Near Shumsher the Kussowlie fir-tree covers the hills through which the road passes. It was bright moonlight when we reached Shumsher. There is a river flowing below the village and near its banks we saw several tents pitched, which we were told belonged to a party

from Simla, who were encamped there. I went straight to the village above and halted four or five hours.

From Shumsher to this place (Dilass) the road is bad and wearisome. The first three quarters of the way consists of a steep ascent and the last part descends to this village. Dilass belongs to the district of Suraj and is within Captain H-'s boundary and consequently subject to his jurisdiction. Not far from Dilass flows the Satluj or Satluj, one of the five rivers of the Punjab. This river is the boundary between the two districts of Simla and Kangra, with its Dependencies of Kulu, Suraj etc. Dilass appears a large village; some of the houses are roofed in a peculiar manner and these fancy-roofs look pretty and singular in the distance. The Lumbadar of this village is a civil and obliging man.

The houses of Kotgurh are distinctly visible on the opposite height; these two ranges of mountains being separated by the rapid waters of the Satluj. To the right, three or four hundred feet or more below Kotgurh, the town of Komharsin is situated; the houses are quite distinct from this point of view, in the bright sunlight. Both Kotgurh and Komharsin look quite close, but neither can be attained without a formidable descent and ascent.

NAGKUNDA (SIMLA DISTRICT)

Distance, sixteen miles

18 September 1850 Tuesday:—I arrived here about eleven last night. We left Dilass at 2PM and the sun had nearly set by the time we reached the Satluj. I had no idea that the descent was so very long and wearisome; the road is steep and bad, in many places considerably cut up by the rains. The hills are bare, with the exception of a short, coarse grass and here and there a few shrubs. The Satluj flows through the valley in a thick muddy stream. The bed of the river is not wide at this part and the current is less rapid than that of many of the torrents I have lately crossed: it is spanned by a wooden bridge, in not very creditable repair,—the railing to the left is all broken and many of the planks loose. The ascent commences directly this bridge is crossed. The road also improves and it continues unexceptionable the rest of the way. As I before remarked the Satluj is the boundary between the two districts of Simla and Kangra and the roads all throughout the Simla *Illaka* are broad and good and kept in excellent repair.

After ascending the mountain for three or four miles, Komharsin is reached. The moon was shining brilliantly on its white-houses as we approached. It seemed a large town for the mountains and I observed a very tolerable bazaar. A Hill "*Rana*"²⁴⁷ lives there and Komharsin belongs to him. I did not halt, though I saw all my baggage lying on the ground as I passed. From Komharsin to Nagkunda is an ascent of some five or six miles of pretty wooded road. There is a Dak bungalow²⁴⁸ here, but I was obliged to spend the rest of the night in my Dhoolie, as the house was crowded with travellers. I have managed to get a small room this morning.

19 September 1850 Wednesday:—I am obliged to halt here as coolies are not to be had for love or money. I am told there are so many employed in making new roads in every direction and such numbers of people are travelling about this district, that it is quite impossible to satisfy everyone.

This is a very lovely spot and has long been a favourite one with me. The elevation of Nagkunda is estimated at 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. The air is cold and bracing even in this month. When I was here last November and December, snow was on the ground and lay a foot deep;—it was bitterly cold then, the wind keen and piercing. There is a magnificent view of the snowy range from a hill just above the Bungalow and I took a solitary walk to the summit to enjoy the beautiful prospect. The sun was setting on the white peaks of eternal snow and the heavens were clear and cloudless. There was a solemn stillness in the scene, which stole over my spirits and I felt sad and lonely as I gazed on the *sea*²⁴⁹ of mountains around me. The snowy peaks glittering like burnished gold in the glowing rays of the setting sun, appeared so distant and so inaccessible, that I could scarcely believe I had ever crossed that shining belt. The trees which thickly covered the mountains around me, looked so dark and gloomy, that visions of bears and leopards soon put an end to my pensive contemplations and fear imperatively usurped the place of romance. With a sudden revulsion of feeling, I rushed down the hill, forgetting alike the lovely prospect and my fond reminiscences of the icy regions in the distance, "forgetting *all* but the thought that now,"—I might be food for the un-courteous denizens of these beautiful forests. I rushed down the mountains frantically, mistaking every bush for a grizzly bear and not feeling safe till I heard my servants laughing at my sudden arrival among them.

Some impromptu terror, some ludicrous association, invariably puts to flight all sad or somber thoughts with me. I do not think I could be serious long, but I consider this a subject of gratulation, for it is unpleasant to be haunted by the ghosts of departed joys and when the *past* is brighter far than the present, or the probable future, it is wiser to avoid dwelling on "days long past and gone." This is the philosophy I sagely practice.

This Bungalow is empty now, so I am more comfortable and I have taken possession of the large room. Whenever anyone asks for coolies here, he is told that "Mr Bayley must first be served;" that "he has been expected for the last ten days and eighty men have ever since been kept in readiness for the great man."²⁵⁰ I never heard of such oppression. What right "Mr Bayley" has to be the cause of putting other travellers to inconvenience, I cannot imagine. I never knew that the Governor-General's Secretary had any prescriptive right to the coolies of the country?

There is a road from this place to Kotgurh, which I travelled last year. The distance is ten miles; the road good and principally descending. There is another road to Kotgurh from the bridge over the Satluj (which I described yesterday). Instead of taking the path to Komharsin, a person wishing to visit Kotgurh, ought to follow that which turns off to the left, a few hundred yards from the bridge. By that route, Kotgurh is some six miles distant. There is also a route to Rampore which turns off from this Kotgurh road. Rampore is the capital of Busehr and that road leads to Kanawr, in Busehr. Huttoo (or Whartoo) Peak, is one of the lions of Nagkunda and commands a beautiful and extensive view of the hills, though it is not more than 10,053 feet in elevation above the level of the sea. The whole range of mountains is densely wooded and the scenery is lovely. When I visited Huttoo last winter, I observed numbers of *Minal*, a handsome pheasant of golden plumage. I was told that bears, wolves and leopards, were found in great abundance a little beyond Huttoo. This Peak is five or six miles from Nagkunda. It is possible to ride up the greater part of the way, though the footpath is narrow and steep. Ponies must however be abandoned the last mile and a half.

There is another mountain in the Simla district which commands one of the most extensive views of the mountains of the Himalaya that the mind can conceive. I allude to the Height, called the "Chor," the most elevated of all the

Peaks, within a hundred miles. It is a little more than twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea,²⁵¹ and towers proudly above the neighbouring hills and peaks. I was fortunate in getting a clear, bright day for the excursion, when I visited it last year. On one hand I could distinctly see the white-houses and wooded hills of the Simla and Kussowlie range; on the other, Mussoorie and Landour loomed in the far distance,—the European habitations plainly perceptible. To the south, a glimpse of the unbroken Plain of Hindustan was obtained, while the vision was bounded to the north, by the glorious belt of everlasting snow, glittering like gold and silver, as the different shades of light fell on its deep, unbroken surface of icy-white. How peerless in its *majesty* of beauty, is the long, uninterrupted range of Snowy Heights, raising their proud and lofty crests, coldly and sternly, many thousands of feet above others. So icy white do these distant snowy mountains appear, that they seem like some awful barrier erected by an omnipotent hand, to check the daring of helpless mortals from penetrating too far. They seem quite perpendicular and inaccessible and distance lends enhanced beauty to the matchless landscape.

Simla is about sixty miles from the Chor. The marches are,

| | | |
|------------------|----|--------|
| Muhasu | 8 | miles. |
| Fagoo | 6 | „ |
| Synge or Syhines | 8 | „ |
| Dya or Deeah | 8 | „ |
| Pattarnulla | 8 | “ |
| Khugnoo | 7 | „ |
| Suran | 10 | „ |

and thence to the top of the Chor is a very rugged ascent of about five miles; the summit being a collection of huge rocks, very difficult to clamber up. The only conveyance adapted to these last five miles of the road is the hill *Dandly*,—a carpet, each end of which is gathered up and closely tied, slung on a long pole, which is carried on the shoulders of two men only at a time. It is more portable than a dhoolie, but less convenient for the traveller; especially the sitting dandies, where he is constrained to sit in the middle of the carpet,—putting his head and shoulders on one side of the pole, (and *above* it,) while his legs hang *below* the opposite side!

MUTTIANA (DISTRICT OF SIMLA)

Distance, thirteen miles

20 *September 1850 Thursday*: —I managed to get away from Nagkunda to-day, by dint of excessive bribery. I am told here also that till "Bayley Sahib" passes, I have not a single chance of a coolie. What admirable justice, verily.

The distance of this march is thirteen miles. The road, though broad and good, consists of ceaseless ascents and descents, very long and very steep. The ascent to Nagkunda (from the Muttiana side,) is called the "Nagkunda Pass, (a very easy "Pass" after those I have seen in Tibet). There is a *pugdundie*, or footpath, from Nagkunda to Muttiana, which saves four miles, but I think it would be almost impossible to *ride* it. I went that way in the conveyance I described yesterday, (the hill-dandy,) last December and found the path narrow and rugged, flanked by dangerous precipices, nearly the whole way. It runs along high ranges of mountains, frequently rising to a greater elevation, than the Bungalow at Nagkunda. In November and December all the streams on this path-way, were frozen hard. Bears and leopards abound on these heights and two of my servants saw a bear along here yesterday. When the long-talked of "New Road" from Hindustan to Tibet is made, the route will be nearly level and carriages will be able to come up from Simla to Nagkunda.

The Dak bungalow here is a good one, clean and comfortable. I should think the elevation of Muttiana must be about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea.

21 *September 1850 Friday*: —Halted here today, having to wait the pleasure of that very important personage, "Mr Bayley."

22 *September 1850 Saturday*: —I took a walk yesterday evening on a portion of the "New Road." It was very cold and rain fell.

When I was here nine months ago, I was nearly frightened out of my senses. In the middle of the night, the windows of my room shook violently and my bed was so sensibly moved, that I fancied someone *must* be underneath. I called out repeatedly and at last hid my head under the bed clothes in abject terror. My servants and every one to whom I mentioned the circumstance next morning, laughed at me, but a few days afterwards we heard from Simla that an earthquake had been experienced there and that it had likewise been felt all over Upper India, the identical night I had been so much alarmed. So the shaking of the windows and bed was *not* imaginary after all.

FAGOO (SIMLA DISTRICT)

Distance, fourteen miles

23 September 1850 Sunday.—This is a double march; Theog, the intervening one, being a very usual halting - place. There is a small Dak bungalow (a Chokidar, or watchman, in charge,) there, but no village. Fagoo is about six or seven miles further than Theog. The road is good and broad, as throughout the entire Simla district. Though there is but little *level* ground, the ascents and descents are not steep. The hills are generally bare and uninteresting and nothing worthy of remark throughout the road. I remember galloping the whole of this march at a frightful pace last December and the recollection made me long for my gallant "Harry Hotspur," as I was slowly carried along in the dhoolie "at the pace that kills" (me.)

That dear delightful bore (Mr Bayley) condescended at last to arrive and some hours after he had taken as many coolies as he could possibly require, I was permitted a few at double the usual rate of hire. I left Muttiana at 7PM, or a little later and we travelled by the light of the moon: my servants accompanied me. We arrived at Theog at about 11PM and a great delay occurred, as the coolies are generally changed at this bungalow. I ended by securing only enough for my dhoolie; and leaving all my baggage behind, I have come on here. I am a good traveller, for I care little about doing what I have so often been compelled to do in my wanderings,—"*philosophize*," *minus* breakfast or dinner.

I have never halted at Theog, but for people travelling leisurely it would be a very good division and quite long enough for an ordinary march. The bungalow, however, seems in bad repair and the Chokidar in charge was sulky and disobliging. The village is some distance down the khud, so that I could not see it from the road. There is an old fort on a small hill opposite the Dak bungalow.

The Shali Peaks, 9, 746 feet in elevation are visible all along this march. They are striking from their sharp, pointed shape, so different from the surrounding hills. There is a road to these heights from Fagoo and though, I believe, impassable for horses, many people visit them.

Major F—called today and dined with me; he is as great a madcap as ever. I have just received letters from two dear friends of mine, who are, I find, at

Simla. I am very glad of this, as I feared I should not meet any one I knew there. I received several letters today, which have been long wandering in search of me, but I was distressed to learn that about thirty, sent to Kashmir, addressed to me, have never since been heard of.

24 September 1850 Monday: — Halted today. The Chokidar of this bungalow coolly informs me that no coolies are to be had here for any amount of money, without an order from the Superintendent, or the magistrate of Simla. All this is a change for the worse since last year; I had then no difficulty whatever in getting coolies at every stage. I have written to Mr Forsyth, the Assistant-Superintendent, for a supply and I suppose I must wait patiently till his reply arrives.

G—came to see me today. He is very little altered in appearance since I last saw him at Indore in Malwa, nearly three years ago.

Fagoo is a very lovely spot; the elevation must be between eight and nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. However, I only say this at a guess, having no correct information on the subject. The verandah of this bungalow commands a magnificent view of the Snowy Range on a clear day. Last December, the space in front of the house was covered with snow and frost. There are some pretty walks about Fagoo and I stroll among the hills surrounding the bungalow till I am quite tired.

The road to Mussoorie turns off here. The first stage is Synge, or Sines, which also leads to the magnificent peak called the "Chor," before alluded to. Synge is situated on the banks of the river Gheery and is about eight miles from Fagoo. It is a most weary march and comprises a descent of five or six thousand feet. However, I rode it in one hour last year and I had no design of endangering my neck, either.

25 September 1850 Tuesday: —That obliging and amiable Assistant-Superintendent of Simla, yeleft "Mr T Douglas Forsyth," has sent me an *accommodating* answer to my application for coolies. He declares his "inability to aid any travellers." What an obliging "magistrate!"

I saw Mr W—today. He looks in very indifferent health, *pauver enfant*.

26 September 1850 Wednesday: —I shall be able to go on *at last* to Simla. Major F—has kindly sent me out coolies, so I shall lose no time in starting. "To one" place "constant never," — I am tired of Fagoo!

SIMLA²⁵² ("SPRING COTTAGE")

Distance, fourteen miles

27 September 1850 Thursday:—My cousin accompanied me to Simla and we arrived about 8PM. Having neither saddle nor horses, I was reduced to being carried, like an old grand-dame, in my dhoolie, which conveyance is rather the worse for the long service it has seen in my late marches. The road from Fagoo to Simla is very pretty. The magnificent forest between Fagoo and Muhasu (which is about six miles from Fagoo) has been cut down in the most lamentable manner possible to make room for stupid, unromantic crops of *potatoes*. The utilitarians who have thus desecrated one of the prettiest spots in these mountains, have ruined much of the picturesque wildness of the scenery and I noticed with sorrow the ravages committed in its beauty. I looked with regret on every fallen tree and regarded with sorrowful interest each charred and devoted trunk,²⁵³ unconscious of the certain doom awaiting it and blooming in verdure still. Ruined as this magnificent forest now is, yet "traces of beauty linger, like the shades of departing day," and the road is still lovely, still beautifully wooded and pleasantly shaded.

After leaving Fagoo there is a long declivity and then the road ascends to some shops about half way to the first Bungalow in Muhasu. A further ascent and a short descent lead to this house. There are a few shops near it; it is situated on a high hill and commands a beautiful view. The house is a very good one and boasts of a large garden. The whole estate belongs to Captain H—. The Governor-General rented it this year as well as last season and it is, I believe, a favourite retreat of his. At present, however, that august personage is luxuriating on the confines of Tartary, I am told.

From this Bungalow to Muhasu Proper is two miles of excellent road, tolerably level. There is a small Bungalow here belonging to one of the Simla residents. Below this mansion is a tiny bazaar and all supplies are *sans doute* procurable. From Muhasu Proper to Simal are eight miles of ascent and descent in weary succession, but as the road is broad and good it is quite possible to canter the greater part of the way. The hills about the latter portion of this march are bare and ugly, so Simla in all its beauty is the more appreciated when attained.

This "new road," now in embryo, will be constructed at such a trifling angle as to be nearly level. This road is to go from the Plains to Simla, thence *via* Rampore to Kanawr, as far as Cheeney in Busehr.²⁵⁴

If ever completed, it will be the means of rendering Kanawr a "Cockney's" visit, as I understand carriages will drive up there and elephants, camels, etc., be as common as in the plains. It would be too easy a journey then for enterprising travellers like myself.

Now that I have reached Simla I feel a proud satisfaction in contemplating my late arduous Journey and my adventurous wanderings in strange lands. I forget all the sufferings I endured and only recall the novel scenes and peculiar countries I visited, with pleasure and self-gratulation. Travel always improves the mind, unless one chooses to shut both eyes and ears mentally and bodily, which I never do.

HARIDPORE (DAK BUNGALOW)

Distance, twenty-one miles from the top of the Simla Ghat

28 October 1850 Monday: —I left Simla at half - past three this afternoon; Cousin G— and O—accompanied me. I was wretchedly ill and feverish before starting, but as we went at a startling pace, I soon forgot my troubles. We were only one hour and a quarter in reaching Syree Dak-Bungalow, which is about half-way, or two and a half miles from the top of the Simla Ghat. My house being in "Chotah Simla," I had some five miles of additional ground to kill. The road is a good "made" one the whole way, but the ascents and descents are so everlasting, that we decidedly risked our necks by galloping in the reckless manner we did round each sharp corner.

At Syree there is a Dak-Bungalow, but we did not halt there. My companions changed their steeds, but I having only "Rival" with me, went on steadily. We reached Haridpore about sunset and were fortunate in finding this Bungalow nearly vacant. When I was here nearly two years ago, in the winter, I spent a night in the cold verandah, as no corner was available in the house; swarms of "Philistines" crowding each apartment. Visions of a similar calamity rose before my "mind's eye" as we approached the Bungalow. There are but few "Samaritans" in this wicked world of ours and it is a bore "falling

among thieves." After leaving Simla, the hills are bare and uninviting. The new road, which is being constructed, will be finished in a year or two, when carts, camels, etc., will all be able to travel on this route and coolies will be at a discount. I wish such a blessing had been in store for my Simla visits, for the "coolie" system is the bane of one's life.

As we were riding along this afternoon, we overtook a man carrying a *kilta* (or basket) of bottles, at which we cast envious glances, for we were dreadfully thirsty and knew that none of our baggage would be at Haridpore when we arrived—and consequently no refreshment to be obtained. O— rushed at the hamper and after a considerable struggle succeeded in abstracting a bottle. We then all galloped off, laughing triumphantly, while the unfortunate Coolie ran frantically after us, yelling out to the admiration of all passersby—"Sahib lootā leea, lootā leea," (the gentleman has stolen it!) Congratulating ourselves merrily, we rode on quite heedless of the miserable man's cries, duly intending, be it said, to remunerate him in good time for his loss. We were, however, justly punished for the *animo furandi*, as we found out very soon that the bottle contained no generous wine or sparkling malt,—it was labelled "Vinegar!" So we left it on the road-side in unutterable disgust!

KHUDLEE (DAK-BUNGALOW)

Distance, ten or eleven miles

29 October 1850 Tuesday: —We came on here to breakfast and arrived just in time to seize a room. We passed an old lady in a Jaunpaun, close to the Bungalow. Poor woman! She had started at break of day and must have mentally consigned us to Tartarus, for overtaking her as we did and "adding insult to injury," by first covering her with dust and then forestalling her by taking possession of the only vacant room. The "new rules"²⁵⁵ are never enforced, so she will have to philosophize in a hot verandah for an hour or two. I do not envy her.

The road to Khudlee is broad and good, but consists of ascents and descents in the heart breaking manner usual in the hills. After leaving Haridpore, we descended to the bed of some small river, name unknown, which we crossed by an iron suspension-bridge. An ascent succeeded and then

a couple of miles of level ground. There is a Dak bungalow at Kuckerry, about three and a half miles from Haridpore; a mile beyond this, the road divides. The upper one leads to Kussowlie and the lower one on the right to Buddee, which we took. After turning down this road, we had steadily to descend and again crossed a small river. Ascents and descents then provokingly alternated for the remaining four or five miles, which, however, did not prevent our galloping the whole way. The latter part of the march was pretty and the hills looked quite verdant and picturesque on all sides. I saw one palm tree, about five miles from Khudlee. The heat is great and I regret having left Simla so early. Of all the ills of life, *heat* is the worst to bear. Cousin G—goes back to Simla now and we proceed to Buddee this evening.

BUDDEE (DAK-BUNGALOW)

Distance, nine miles

30 *October* 1850 *Wednesday*. —We arrived here last evening, a little after sunset. The road is principally a descent and we had to ford one or two stream. The country is pretty the hills are covered with prickly pear and look refreshingly green. About five miles from this, we had a view of the plains and saw the Soowalic range quite close.

I passed a wretched night,—sick, hot and sleepless, though I escaped the attack of fever which has hung about me for some nights past. The excessive heat must have driven away the enemy, on the counter-irritant principle. Alas! I begin already to sigh for the bracing air I have left far behind. We go on this evening to Nalla-Ghur.

NALLA-GHUR

Distance, ten miles

Same day: —Arrived here a little after dark. Road good and level;—"it winds along the valley of the Sursa River," so says the road book; but I saw no "valley," and so river near the road. We accomplished this march in forty minutes. When we reached this place, we inquired at the Chowkee²⁵⁶ where the Dak bungalow was and were electrified by being told that there

was no such place. This was pleasant under the circumstances;—a dark night;—hungry, thirsty, sleepy and Roopur, the next stage, fourteen miles distant! Hearing that there was a portion of the Governor-General's camp a mile or two further on, we determined to proceed there and indent on someone or other for a dinner and the loan of a tent for an hour or two. The night was so dark, we could not see the road and ere long, we found ourselves quietly floundering among ploughed fields and every now and then sinking into unpleasant bogs. Had it not been for me, we might have been there now; I procured a guide and finally, we reached this camp in safety, after much time wasted. O—found out an acquaintance and with some difficulty, we got a little dinner, though I cannot say much for the hospitality shown on this occasion, to us weary and benighted travellers.

ROOPUR (DAK-BUNGALOW)

Distance, twelve miles

31 October 1850 Thursday: —We arrived here soon after daybreak. We lost the road once or twice, in spite of the juvenile moon. Close to camp, we had to ford the Sursa River, which was very shallow. We seemed to cross over successive beds of sand and had to wade through water for the first two miles. It was bitterly cold;—tired, sleepy and lightly clad, we felt rather wretched. However, we galloped along, recklessly disregarding our precious necks, till we reached this Bungalow. The higher hills and the Soowalic range, are left behind, but there some low hills on every side. The Bagaur mile further on and the Satluj River lies yond. The Governor-General's camp is pit on the opposite bank. O—goes away today to be present at muster tomorrow morning.

On arriving here, I found a quantity of things had been stolen during the night. Baggage-mules arrived here yesterday even and my sapient servants took no precaution whatever; so I have been largely robbed, we but a small chance of being in any way dimwitted.

2 November 1850 Saturday: —Halted here, it is very hot during the day. The Governor-General arrived this afternoon. We saw him pass an elephant; Lady D—was mounted on another and we amused ourselves by looking at the precession of elephants, camels, etc.

3 November 1850 Sunday: — Cousin G—rived yesterday and is to ride with me this afternoon to Nyashur, nearly half — way to Jullundur. The arrangements, so far, are very uncertain and unsatisfactory. I dare say, however, that we she contrives to reach Julundhur, trusting to Providence and not to ourselves! The Governor-General's came leaves this tomorrow morning for Hoshiarpore.

NYASHIR OR NOUASHIR

(BARUH DURRIE)

Distance, thirty miles from the City of Roopur

4 November 1850 Monday: —We left Roopur at 4PM, yesterday. After riding over a mile of dusty road, we reached the Satluj River. The bed of this river is very broad here, but the water has receded considerably from the banks. We crossed over in a flat-bottomed boat and I *rode into* the said barge; so there is no difficulty about horses being taken across, as I had been told there certainly would be. The river is shallow and oars were not used. After crossing the Satluj, we had to ride through the Governor-General's camp, in order to reach the Julundhur road. It was a gay scene, but the dust was overpowering. We reached Phurtulla, the first march, nine miles from the river, in a very short time, riding at a hand — gallop the whole way. The road is heavy and sandy. To Bullachor, the next stage, is six miles of equally bad ground. Here we found fresh horses and a dhoolie. Availing myself of the privilege of my sex in such cases, I appropriated the dhoolie and made myself comfortable; we arrived here at midnight. The Baruh Durrie is a very good place to halt at and as we have servants and baggage here, we have managed very well. The house is a spacious building and of course preferable to any tent; it is situated in the middle of a large walled Bagh, or garden. Everyone is tired and cross! *Dicu soit benit*, I have not to ride this evening.

JULUNDHUR (DAK-BUNGALOW)

5 November 1850 Tuesday: —I think the distance is about thirty — four miles from Nyashir to Julundhur. The first stage on the road is Seral and

the next, Phugwara, about fourteen miles from this. This Bungalow has been but lately finished; it was not built when I was here last March. Though small, it is a tolerably good one and is situated near the Mall. I feel it very hot already and I heartily thank Heaven that I am not doomed to dwell in the burning plains of India.

8 November Friday: —I left the Dak bungalow today, as Cousin G—has kindly made over his house to me during my stay here and will he remain in any old quarters meantime. That wretched bungalow is crowded from morning to night with travellers of all sorts. This seems a stupid place, with people corresponding. The heat and dust are intolerable.

18 November 1850 Monday: —I have been busy all day starting off the rest of my baggage destined for Lahore. The house looks desolate; even more completely so from the few corded chests and trunks which are still lying in the entrance room and which I shall leave for my worthy cousin to take care of. I intend starting *very* early tomorrow morning and the said cousin escorts me to Byrowal, thirty miles from this. We shall drive to Kapurthalla, a couple of stages hence and then we ride to Byrowal. I am told I shall find a tent and breakfast there, but as the camels, etc., started only a few hours ago, a "Flemish account" will there be of breakfast or tent, I expect. Ah! It is lucky that I have learnt too often in the wilds of Ladakh, Kashmir, etc., to philosophize without either, for me to break my heart over the necessity of doing so again!

BYROWAL

Distance, thirty miles

19 November 1850 Tuesday: —I have had scarcely any sleep all night. My servants awoke me at midnight and kept on continually rousing me for the next two hours in the most unnecessary manner. After all, I had great trouble in getting some tea and did not start till past three. The moon was nearly full and shone brightly and coldly upon us. As far as the city itself, the road is an excellent "puckha"²⁵⁷ one, but afterwards becomes desperately heavy and sandy. The first stage, Byram-khan-ki-kote, is eight miles, heavy but well-marked road. The second is to Kapurthalla, distance eight miles, the ground equally bad. By the time we arrived here it was sunrise and our horses were waiting for us. It is

very easy to lose the road about half a mile from Kapurthalla, after crossing a nullah. The traveller must take care not to swerve too much to the right, or he will probably go "mooning" in the sandy wasters for a few unsatisfactory hours. A second nullah is crossed before reaching Mianee, the third stage, nine miles. After passing Mianee, the river Kalnah is crossed by boats. There are flat-bottomed like the ferry-boats on the Satluj near Roopur and it would be very easy to *ride on board*. Just below this town (Byrowal) flows the river Beas, which is broad and in some parts deep. Great delay occurred in procuring boats, but neither at this ferry is there any difficulty in getting the horses across. The road is tolerably good and this march is only five miles. We have gone into the Baruh Durrie, which is in the *Kila* (or Fort) and we are very comfortable after all; quite cool and no flies. This appears to be a tolerably large city.

I do not much like the idea of going on by myself tomorrow morning. Cousin G—must return to Julundhur.

AMRITSAR (DAK-BUNGALOW IN THE RAM BAGH)

Distance, twenty-three miles

20 November 1850 *Wednesday*: —I have had nothing but a succession of misfortunes today; first, missing the horse posted half-way; then breaking my stirrup and having to ride nearly twenty without that requisite support; and finally, only arriving here to find that my Camp and servants *wee non est inventus*. This is a double march; Jundiala, the first stage, is thirteen miles and Amritsar is ten further. The first part of the road is not heavy, nor too sandy for driving a buggy, but it is so overgrown with shrubs and so encroached upon by the fields of cultivation that it is badly defined and often not more than a few feet wide. However, as I missed my horse at Jundiala, the chances are that I took the wrong route altogether. About a mile on this side of the city of Jundiala, I came to a broad good road, much more to the right than the one I had been following, which confirms my idea that I lost my way from Byrowal at first. I wandered about Amritsar a good hour, vainly endeavouring to find the Dak bungalow. It is a very good one and is situated at the entrance of the garden belonging to the Baruh Durrie. The Governor-General's tents have arrived and his whole camp will be here tomorrow.

22 November, 1850 Saturday: — O—arrived yesterday. In the evening we went to see the illumination in the city, perpetrated in honour of the Governor-General. It had a very pretty effect and famous Temple, too, was well worth the trouble of going out at such an unreasonable hour to see. This is a very fine city, but I shall reserve my description of that and the temple, until I visit them again and by daylight.

LAHORE (ANARKULLEE CANTONMENTS)

Distance, thirty-five miles

24 November 1850 Sunday: —I left Amritsar this morning a little after gun-fire. There was a storm yesterday evening and so much rain fell that we found the roads dreadfully heavy. The first march is to Bhoperahee, about ten mile; the road broad and well marked. The next stage is Kunchunee-ka-pool, about the same distance. The last stage into Lahore is about fifteen miles of excellent road. About five miles from this, we passed the Shalimar gardens to the right and we resolved to visit them. Leaving our horses at the entrance, we lazily strolled in. These gardens are rather pretty and delightfully shaded by fruit trees—orange, Mangos, etc. There are a good many reservoirs and tanks full of fountains like those in the Shalimar gardens in Kashmir. These, however, were very silent and did not play in honour of our advent, as they decidedly ought to have done. There are also some buildings in the gardens, resembling romantic grottos. After wandering about for some time, "half in sun and half in shade," (as said some sentimental poet of his lady love,) we once more mounted our gallant steeds and reached Anarkullee about noon. On entering this Cantonment, the city of Lahore lies to the right hand. I have a house in the middle of the Mall; the situation is as lively as it is public, but a few stunted trees luckily shade it from popular gaze.

25 November 1850 Monday: —I had a drive last evening round the Mall and this morning we drove all round the city, outside the walls. After wards we visited the "Soldier's Garden." The city is said to be five miles in circumference; it is surrounded completely by high brick - walls and a deep, wide ditch. I am told there are twelve gates, but as I did not count them, I will not vouch for the accuracy of the statement. The "Soldier's Garden" is a very good place to

spend an idle hour in. There is a racket court, a tiger, a leopard, a cheetah, gymnastic poles, a giant's stride and a dozen varieties of swings. We spent rather a childish hour there—throwing stones at the wild beasts for the sake of seeing them in a passion; and then getting into the swing, we forgot our advanced years for a few minutes! This swing is after a peculiar fashion and consists of four large trays, which go over and over spontaneously, when four people occupy the seats and maintain the balance. As O—and I could not by any means contrive to divide ourselves into the four compartments, we deposited ourselves *vis-à-vis* to each other and made the gardener spin us round. To those unaccustomed to this grave and intellectual diversion, the effect of the motion painfully resembles the feeling of sea-sickness, so we were fain to get out of our berths as quickly as possible. There is a house and a small library in the garden, the room decorated by wood-cuts, *not* of the most refined description. I believe this garden has been laid out and managed by Sir Henry Lawrence; it is of some extent and in a few years will be a delightful place. It is tastefully designed, but the shrubs and trees are as yet in their infancy.

26 November 1850 Tuesday:—We went all over the city of Lahore this morning. It is large and the streets are paved; the principal ones are tolerably broad, from twenty to forty feet and clean. The pavement consists of *puckha* bricks, built in, sideways, in diamond shapes. The houses are high and entirely built of brick. We saw two or three *Masjids* (or Temples); one of them beautifully painted or inlaid on the outside.

The Fort is a large rambling place. We visited the "*Toshukhana*"²⁵⁸ but could not get admittance at so early an hour. An old *Masjid* has been converted into the ammunition store-room. The European barracks are in the same square, in the centre of which I observed a small stone tank. At each corner of this square is a Minaret. We took the trouble of ascending one and were rewarded by a glorious view of the city of Lahore and surrounding country. The river Ravee is about two miles distance and on the further bank are the tombs of the celebrated royal lovers, Jehangir Shah,²⁵⁹ Emperor of Delhi and Noor Mahal,²⁶⁰ the "light of the Harem." These Minarets are built of red sandstone, cut into long and regular blocks. The stairs are in good preservation, but very dirty. While we were enjoying the extensive prospect, we were edified, by seeing in the square below, the

guards marched off and by hearing the band play the "Aurora Waltz." It would have been a dangerous experiment had we danced to the sweet music, for there was no wall to the top of the Minaret and the circumference of the spot we were perched upon, was not more than a few yards. Immediately below we looked upon "Ranjeet's Tomb." It is in an unfinished state, but we were told that no one was allowed to enter it with shoes on.

We left the city by another gate and returned home by the "Soldier's Garden."

27 November 1850 Wednesday:—This morning we rode to Jehangir's and Noor Mahal's²⁶¹ tombs on the opposite side of the Ravee river, which we crossed by a bridge of boats. The river is very shallow at present, but its bed is wide and sandy. There is a house, apparently a Baruh Durrie, close to the banks; Jehangir's tomb is about a mile further on. In entering the enclosure which surrounds it, Noor-Mahal's is passed to the left. The latter is a complete ruin; the traces of bright colours inlaid or painted, still linger here and there on the gateway which leads to the building containing the tomb and parts likewise of the dome of the edifice still retain slight traces of departed beauty. In a few years the whole will have crumbled to dust. The wall is even now inclined so far out of the perpendicular that it cannot last much longer. A few trees are scattered within the enclosure. The tomb of the celebrated royal beauty is of marble, handsomely inlaid. Jehangir's tomb is a much larger and finer building, surrounded by a far more extensive enclosure and appears to be kept in some preservation. We first entered by a large, desolate looking Serai, opening on one side into the portal of the enclosed ground containing the Emperor's tomb. The structure is built of red sandstone and is placed in the centre of a large quadrangle, to which entrance is given by a fine marble gateway, inlaid with enamel.

It is rather in a ruined state at present and in many places the enamel is completely worn away. The building containing the tomb is environed by a long verandah with small rooms, which were built, I am told, for the express convenience of Fakirs. The verandah is paved with marble of various colours and the walls are still covered with faded paintings in the Eastern style. The remains of the Emperor are enshrined in a beautiful sarcophagus of white marble, considerably elevated above the ground. The sides are covered with flowers of mosaic work, such as decorate the tombs in the Taj at Agra. The

floor of the apartment containing the sarcophagus is also of marble and the four walls are of the same material, with four doors beautifully cut in a "latticed" style. The walls are covered with passages from the Koran. The top of the building, which seems to be square, is paved with a coarse kind of marble, variegated. At each angle of this square rises a Minaret built of red sandstone, hewn in long, massive blocks. The summit is surmounted by a sort of cupola, which is connected with the Minaret by pillars of marble. The stairs are of red stone and in perfect preservation. The *cicerone* of the place told me that once a dome surmounted this building and that Aurungzeb took it off, to show his horror of the licentious habits of his grandfather. This may be true, but I must say I could see no traces of a dome.

The great Jehangir is said to owe the political prosperity of his reign to his beloved wife, the beautiful Noor-Mahal, who was subsequently, in the height of her prosperity, called by a still more flattering appellation—Noor Jehan, or the "Light the World." The decrees of the Emperor, though ostensibly issued by him, there is a mass of..... dance to prove, were in reality fulminated by.....favourite Empress, the signal display of who intellectual energy and unbounded ambition find no parallel in the annals of a Seraglio. It may.....be uninteresting to give a slight sketch of the career of this remarkable woman, whose obscure origin strangely contrasted with her subsequent elevation position. Her powerful intellect could conceive and her indomitable spirit could carry out and enterprise, however vast. There is no similar instance in the history of the East, where woman attained an ascendancy so paramount, and exercised such a complete *political* sway over the destinies of mighty principalities, as the far famed queenly beauty, who held captive the heart of her lion-consort. She was the daughter of a native of Western Tartary, by name Chaia..... Whose families were in comparative poverty at the time of her birth. Hoping to ameliorate.....fortunes, he departed with his wife, (a beautiful girl whom he had but recently espoused,) to the renowned capital of the great Akbar. There he suffered all sorts of miseries from want of the common necessities of life and to add to the perplexities, the young wife gave birth *en route* to a daughter. They were then in the midst of an extensive desert, where "the foot of man hath ne'er or rarely been," and expected to be provided for in no better way than by furnishing food to the savage denizens of the trackless

wilds. The mother was so weak and ill, she could not carry the unwelcome little addition to their party and so they covered the *weean* with leaves and left it to the mercy of the great Allah, (which, in my opinion, was carrying a beautiful trust in Providence a little too far!) But after proceeding a mile or two, the mother remembered her child;—maternity at last prevailed and she refused to go on without the baba. The young husband being still uxorious was touched by the entreaties and lamentations of the lady and returned to seek his deserted offspring. As he approached the spot, he saw a huge black snake enveloping the screaming infant in its folds, but on seeing him the serpent glided away without doing it any injury and suffered the father to carry off his child unhurt. After wonderful interposition of Providence, they reached Lahore in safety.

A long series of good fortune ensuing, the Tartar refugee became the Lord High Treasurer of the Empire and Akbar's especial favourite. His lovely daughter, as she grew to womanhood, so far surpassed all the other Oriental beauties, that she was styled in consequence, "Meh-r-ul-Nissa," or "the Sun among women." She was taught to excel in every fascinating accomplishment and her talents were as unequalled in every way, as her wit and vivacity were surpassing. Salim, the son of the great Akbar, saw the lovely girl and *instantly* became desperately enamoured. He demanded her in marriage, but his august parent harshly scorned the misalliance and she became the wife of a Turkoman noble, called Sher Afkoon. The unhappy Salim vowed vengeance on his rival and when he became Emperor, tried a hundred devices to compass his death. Sher Afkoon, however, escaped for a long time the Imperial wiles, through his own most wonderful prowess and sagacity, but at last was one day overpowered by numbers and fell in a sanguinary and treacherous conflict in the province of Burdwan, while making a political tour of the territory he commanded.

The widow was transported to Delhi and Jehangir, dreading his own implication in the cruel murder of the Turkoman noble, whose bravery had won, long since, the esteem and affection, as well as the unbounded and enthusiastic admiration of all the people of the land, ordered the widow of his victim to be immured in the meanest apartment of the Harem. For a long time he refused to see her and was gradually forgetting his violent passion, when he met her suddenly one day in an undress robe of white muslin and his former *enchantment* returned with renewed vehemence. As saith the bard: "She

was one whom women dread,—men fatally adore!" The great Jehangir, if he felt poetically inclined, doubtless exclaimed—

"Her overpowering presences made you feel,
It would not be idolatry to kneel!"

At all events, he at once wooed and won her and the royal nuptials were immediately proclaimed. Her name was first changed by her royal lover into Noor-Mahal, the Light of the Harem, (or palace, more properly,) and as I have before remarked, in the zenith of her power over the Emperor, he ordained that she should be universally styled, "the Light of the World," or Noor Jehan. She was allowed to assume the title of Empress, (*Shahe*) and the currency of the realm was stamped with her name as well as the Emperor's, so tenderly did the lover-husband delight in exhibiting his deep devotion.

As we returned homewards we passed what was once the principal Mosque in the City, converted into an ammunition store-house.

Its three white domes and four lofty Minar are the most conspicuous objects in Lahore.....we viewed from a distance. They are certainly.....picturesque and impart a perfectly Oriental.....raster to the scene.

The country about this place is pretty this covered with Palm trees; I never saw them such numbers anywhere out of Bengal.

AMRITSAR (LENA SINGH'S BAGH)

Distance, thirty-three miles

Three marches; viz, Kunchunnee-ka-pool, miles; Bhoperahee, 10 miles; and Umritsi miles.

9th December, 1850 Monday:—I have been trained at Lahore longer than I intended, first wait for camels and then unable to move from illness. Meantime, there has not been much to chronicle in my Journal, in the monotonous routine of a.....at an Indian cantonment. This morning I.....here all alone and accomplished the distance thirty-three miles, in two hours and a quarrel being delayed on the road a quarter of an hour changing saddles, etc. So, on the whole, I must have astonished the steeds I victimized! The road was straight

and good and I let them steadily run away with me. My tents are pitched in a garden near the Dak bungalow, called "Lall Singh's Bagh." There is a nice little summer house in this garden, when I shall have cleaned out and occupy during the day, as I find the tents rather hot.

10 *December* 1850 Tuesday: —Though I was so knocked up this morning, from the effects of my long ride of yesterday, as to be scarcely able to sit on horseback, I went to see the city and paid a visit to the famous "Golden Temple," which was so grandly illuminated, in honour of the Governor-General, when I was here about three weeks ago. The city of Amritsar is one of the finest I have seen in India. The circumference is said to be nine miles, according to the natives. The walls are about twenty – five or thirty feet in height and though I dare say pea – rifles might level them, they look secure and substantial enough. There are twelve great gates to the city. The houses are from two to five stories high and built principally of "puckha"²⁶² bricks. Many of them are elaborately painted and some are beautifully enameled. There is one street called the "New Bazaar," where the line of shops is very regular, all consisting of one story only. Pillars, about eight feet high, are built at regular intervals, along the outer verandahs of the shops. The facades of these houses are covered with paintings of flowers, men, women, gods, demons, etc. We went to see the palace of Tej Singh, a quondam Sikh-Rajah, which is a fine stone building and boasts of one very grand apartment. The walls of this chamber are beautifully painted and are covered with looking glasses. Most of the paintings represent the various incidents in the life of Krishna, the favourite god of the Hindus. This deity is so famous, that before proceeding any further, I must say a few words regarding him. He is the eighth *Avatar* (Incarnation) of the god Vishnu and in his mortal form unites all the immortal attributes. He is the Shepherd Apollo of the Hindus and his conquests in war and love are equally famed and sung by the noblest poets of the East. This deity is one of the most enthusiastically worshipped in the Hindu Pantheon and is the especial idol of the women of Hindustan. In pictures, he is represented of an azure colour, the features beautifully chiseled and the graceful limbs modelled to perfection. Sometimes he is drawn as a lovely, sportive child, playing among the companions of his infancy; at others he figures as the favoured of the *Gopees*, (or milk-maids,) ravishing all ears with the divine melody of his flute—even

birds, beasts and trees. Again, he stands as the youthful hero, protecting all the other shepherds by his divine power,— raising a mighty mountain on his finger to shelter them from the terrible storm evoked by the god Indra,²⁶³ in a fit of petulant wrath.

The Brahmins say he reigned on earth a hundred thousand years and that a hundred thousand years would not suffice to chronicle the wonders he performed; “even though the seas were all ink, the earth only sheets of paper and the inhabitants did nothing but write night and day!” which is enough, perhaps, to deter any moderate person from commencing the recital! His love adventures were as numerous as his victories and as gratifying to his vanity; but the Brahmins say that they were mere illusions and vainly endeavour to portray their Apollo as a second Joseph in morality.

His favourite nymph was Radha, a very loving mortal, who is worshipped with him, in most of the temples dedicated to Krishna. Like many modern votaries of pleasure, the handsome but fickle god resolved to lead a new life and for that meritorious end, he perpetrated matrimony. To prove the sincerity of his penitence, he absolutely contented himself with *eight* wives. After a few years of domestic bliss, he wearied of “dull decencies,” and deserting his unfortunate partners, returned to the forest, where dwelt his beloved and beautiful Radha; and here he passed the remainder of his earthly career, amidst the fascinations and allurements of the enamoured *Gopees*, who, by all accounts, were tearing out each others’ eyes for the sake of the fickle lover.

The anecdotes told of him are very amusing and numerous, but in deference to the assertions of the Brahmins, mentioned above, I will not attempt their insertion here.

The principal sight in Amritsar is “the Golden Temple.” This building is well worth the trouble of coming so far to see. It is situated in the centre of a tank and is approached by a variegated marble paved road. The gateway is handsomely painted and on the wall is a portrait of “Baba Nanak.”²⁶⁴ The lower portion of the temple is of marble, beautifully inlaid with representations of fishes, flowers, fruits, etc., in mosaic work; and four doors of massive silver, elaborately wrought, leads into the interior of the structure. Here we found a priest, reading out of the “Grunt’h,” (or sacred book.) A handsome silver lamp, about five feet high, stood in one corner. The officiating priest was

seated under a grand canopy of gold and silver tinsel and the space in the middle of the temple was apparently devoted to the reception of money and other votive offerings, presented by the devotees who flock thither, morning and evening, day after day, at the hour of prayer. The great dome of the temple, which the people believe to be of gold, is in reality only gilt, but has a very gorgeous appearance; the doors are also gilt. We were obliged to take off our shoes before we could be permitted to enter the sacred precincts and the attendants provided us with woollen stockings instead. There is a pavement of marble all round the tank. Close to the temple is the golden-canopied chair of state in which the spiritualized "Gurus"²⁶⁵ are supposed to sit and I saw a man engaged in fanning the invisible and imaginary being with a yak-tail "Chowrie."²⁶⁶ The walls of the apartment were painted in a very gay manner and some musicians were performing in a corner of the chamber, the hideous discord of whose notes were calculated to affect painfully the nerves of civilized ears. It may be as well to explain here who "Baba Nanak" is, as the great renown of that worthy in the East may well excuse a digression in his favour. He was the founder of the Sikh religion and a Hindu of the *Khetric* caste. The "Khetries" are the warlike tribes of India and are believed by popular superstition to have emanated from the arms of the sacred Brahma. Nanak (for "Baba" is a mere prefix to the name, a term of respect) was born at the village of Talwundee, also called Rhaipore, about sixty miles west of Lahore, in the year 1469. He is said to have wandered through most of the countries of India and to have penetrated even into Persia and Arabia, disseminating his doctrines peacefully. His moral character is reported to have been unexceptionable and his simplicity and gentle demeanour were, according to tradition, most praiseworthy. He died at the age of seventy at Rawee, a hamlet to the north of Lahore. During his life-time he converted to his tenets one hundred thousand persons in various lands, by whom he was regarded as their Guru, or religious guide. After his decease, this sect had successively nine Gurus, of whom the last, named Govind Singh possessed rather the characteristics of a military chief, than those of the leader of a religious body. Two of his sons having been put to death in a most barbarous and cold - blooded manner by the Mohammadan Governor of Sirhind, Govind Singh assembled all the Sikhs,²⁶⁷ and attacking the Mohammdans, massacred every man, woman or child that fell into his hands.

This bellicose priest was assassinated in 1708, nor was any successor to his office appointed at his decease, he having limited the number of Gurus to ten. His followers, however, still distinguish their priests by the generic appellation of "Guru," and in their temples he is believed to dwell in spirit, a chair or couch being always furnished for the ethereal visitor.

After Govind's demise, but little was heard of the Sikhs for more than a quarter of a century, as after a violent struggle for power with the Mughals, they were subdued, *pro tempore*; subdued, but not vanquished,—for when, about the year 1740, the disturbances in the Mughal Empire gave them an opportunity of emerging from their mountain strong-holds, they carried on during many consecutive years the most sanguinary conflicts both with the Afghans and the Mughals, until victory, which had long hesitated on which side to confer its smiles, at last decided in favour of the Sikhs, who were finally established as one of the most important and formidable tribes in Upper India. They then separated into two great factions, viz., the followers of Nanak on the hand and the martial adherents of Govind Singh on the other. The former were distinguished as "Koolassas," and the latter as "Khalsas." They are always united, however, in cases of emergency and when the Great Council²⁶⁸ of the nation is called together, all sectarian and private differences are laid aside in behalf of the common weal. Only a few years ago, Kashmir, part of Tibet and the whole of the Punjab belonged to this warlike people, whom all must allow being a brave and hardy race. After a protracted struggle, they were conquered by our arms, though the subjugation may prove as temporary as before, since, on the occasion of our recent memorable defeat at Jhalianwalla, the *prestige* of our usually victorious army experienced a humiliating failure, teaching us the timely lesson that were no contemptible foes with whom we had to deal.

But I have no intention of entering into a long account of the Sheikh history, or plunging into any argumentative disquisitions regarding the Punjab wars. Are they not all written in the Chronicles of the "Blue Book" and if, peradventure, fiction be there mingled with truth and defeat on our side is sometimes misnamed victory, it is, *certes*, no business of mine; I will therefore pass on and give some account of the religious tenets held by the tribe in question.

They possess two sacred books, called the "Grunt'h," the first written by their founder Nanak and the second by Govind Singh, the tenth of the Gurus. Certain initiatory rites only are requisite to enable any member of a different sect to become a Sikh, be it man or woman: in the case of an aspirant to admission amongst the Khalsa sect, the man must allow his hair and beard to grow previous to initiation. The sacred books are regarded with great veneration and while they admit the existence of the principal Hindu deities, such as Vishnu, Brahma, Siva, Durga, etc., they maintain that Narayana is the only true and omnipotent god. They teach that the highest reward awaiting man in a future state is absorption into the Divine Essence. And this can only be attained by *innate* holiness; mere external and ceremonial devotion having the power only of exalting to the inferior degrees of beatitude. The Sikhs are divided into castes like the Hindus; but they eat together, which the different castes of the latter do not, nor is the use of animal food and ardent spirits forbidden to them, as it is amongst some of the highest and holiest sects of the Hindus. They burn their dead, but Nanak forbids the rite of *Suttee*,²⁶⁹ (i.e. the practice of women burning themselves with the bodies of their deceased husbands.)

Many of their festivals are held in honour of the birth and death of their revered founder. The temples of this people are generally flat-roofed edifices, on the floors of which a carpet is always spread and all persons are allowed to enter if they take off their shoes. The alter is usually covered with a cloth of gold, on which is placed a shield and one or more *chowries* of peacock's plumes, mounted in silver or gold handles. Before the alter is a throne, sometimes of silver and near it is a sort of desk on which is placed the holy "Grunt'h," bound in a large folio size. The book is covered with a cloth, sometimes of velvet, sometimes of glad or silver tissue, very costly. The congregation seat themselves on the carpet. The Guru, who is generally an old man with a reverend white beard, then reads aloud passages from the sacred volume, kneeling down before the desk, with his face towards the alter. By his side is placed a performer on the drum and cymbals and to the noise of these instruments the aged priest chants the service the congregation joining in the chorus. The hymn is followed by prayers and on the conclusion of the religious ceremonies, sweetmeats are handed round to every member of the congregation.

Among other tenets of religious belief, the Sikhs hold the doctrines of transmigration and a plurality of heavens and hells of various kinds. They believe that mankind will be rewarded or punished hereafter, according to the lives they lead on earth. The fundamental doctrines of the faith of Nanak are full of truth, sanctity, benevolence, justice and inculcate meditation and prayer as more efficacious in the sight of God than mere outward ceremonies, however elaborate.

Narayana is often confounded with Vishnu and Brahma by the Hindus. They represent the supreme deity of the Sikhs, as sleeping on the back of the divine serpent Sheesha, on the waters of eternity and causing the creation of the world, when weary of his many abodes of bliss, the fickle god wished to have a new place in which to divert himself. The Sikhs say that Narayana created not only this globe, but a multiplicity of other worlds subsequently.

We went to see one of the shawl manufactories of this city. The looms resemble those I saw in Kashmir, but the manufacture itself is miserably inferior. Paper is also made at Amritsar and sandal-wood combs are extensively manufactured for native use.

The streets are clear and broad and paved with brick; a stone gutter runs along each side of the way. I was much amused by observing paintings of European ladies and gentlemen on the walls of many of the houses in the city; they are invariably represented as drinking and making love! There are some fine houses outside the city walls, surrounded by gardens laid out in the Eastern style.

RAI OR RAYA

Distance, twenty-five miles

11 December 1850 Wednesday:—Arrived here at 11PM and found the tent pitched, but no servants—no dinner—nothing ready! Heaven only knows what has become of them. The road is good and not heavy; we came by the "New Road," which, instead of going by Byrawal and Kapurthalla, passes by Wuzzeerka-Puttun and Kurtarpore.

KURTARPORE (CITY)

Distance, twenty-three miles

12 December Thursday:—A good broad road. Wuzzeer-ka-Puttun, the bridge of boats over the Beas, is about five miles Rai, where we were encamped last night. Rumeedee, the next stage, is about ten miles further and eight miles more of good road takes the traveller into the city of Kurtarpore. This evening we visited the Guru's Palace, which is a fine building and the Sheesh-Mahal, also belonging to him. The latter is hung with numerous paintings and the walls are covered with plate-glass mirrors in gilt frames. This Guru is an old man nearly blind and belongs to the most ancient of the Sikh families. He has the reputation of being talented and informed, far beyond the general average of even high-born Natives, but is said to be dissolute to the last degree.

JULUNDHUR (CANTONMENTS)

Distance, twelve miles

13 December Friday:—I came on here in a buggy last evening and proceed to Ludhiana tomorrow.

LUDHLIANA (CANTONMENTS)

Distance, thirty-four miles

14 December 1850 Saturday:—On our arrival here last night, we wandered about hopelessly, looking for the tent and servants. This place is three marches from Julundhur,— the intervening stages being Phugwara and Philour (Cantonments). The Satluj is crossed by a bridge of boats, shortly after passing Philour. The bed of the river must be a mile broad at this point and it took us half an hour at least to get over the deep sand in the buggy. The bridge was composed of about fifty boats, each some nine or ten feet in width, so that the actual breadth of the river now must be about a hundred and fifty yards. On our arrival, to our unutterable disgust, we could see no trace of our camp, so were forced to put up in a Serai, of all horrible places. May I never pass such a miserable night again!

DOURAHA-KA-SERAI

Distance, fourteen or fifteen miles

15 *December 1850 Sunday*:—We left Ludhiana just as the day was breaking. As there are no arrangements made to take us on to Patialla, a city some fifty miles distant, I suppose we must trust to Providence to help us! This march is about fourteen miles of heavy, sandy road. We have taken up our quarters in the upper story of the gateway of a ruined Serai. Traces of departed beauty still linger on the walls of this old gateway, which must have been a handsome building, once upon a time.

PATIALLA

Distance, thirty coss

16 *December 1850 Monday*:—The road from Douraha-ka-Serai is a mere footpath and there are so many like it in every direction that it is easier to lose one's way than to find it again. Luckily we took the precaution of securing a guide, or we should doubtless be wandering in the direction of the Kamschatka road, for during the night, not a living soul is to be met with on the Rajah's high way. One guide relieved another at the several villages we passed; each man loudly screaming until his successor appeared. When no attention was paid to this signal, we made the luckless guide proceed with us to the next hamlet, in hopes of "better luck;" turning a deaf ear to all cries of "xoolm."²⁷⁰ It does not answer being too tender-hearted at inconvenient seasons.

I will give the names of the villages we passed on the march, as a guide to travellers on this road—

| From Douraha-ka-Serai, | | |
|------------------------|----|-------|
| Pahil | 4 | Coss. |
| Isroo | 3 | " |
| Ronoo | 1 | " |
| Summurspoora | 3 | " |
| Muccheewara | 1½ | " |
| Puttonh | 1½ | " |

| | | |
|-----------------|---|------|
| Bhadsonh (Fort) | 4 | „ |
| Muttonhra | 3 | „ |
| Aloowalla | 2 | „ |
| Seonah | 5 | coss |
| Patialla (City) | 3 | „ |

The Rajah's palace in this city is the only fine building; the rest of the city is mean in appearance and exceedingly dirty. The streets are narrow and irregular and many of the houses are only built of mud. The Rajah has politely sent his Dewan or Prime-Minister to us this morning and I am promised an elephant to take me on to Kurnaul, for which place I start this evening alone. No signs of my Camp here, though I sent it on two days ago. This negligence will put me to great inconvenience, as I have scarcely anything with me, nor can I delay a single day, my Dak being laid from Kurnaul to Delhi.

KURNAUL

Distance, fifty coss

17 December 1850 Tuesday.—I have had a most fatiguing journey here on the Rajah's elephant. We lost the road and the elephant went very slowly. When we reached Thanesir, a city about forty miles from Patialla, the poor animal was quite knocked up and I was obliged to halt there. Through the kindness of Captain L— (a perfect stranger to me,) I was assisted in my difficulties. He not only gave me breakfast and laid a dak for me to Kurnaul, but sent my servant forward, on a camel, to see that everything was in readiness for me here. Thanesir is twenty-three miles and a half from this place; the intervening stage is Leela-kheeree. Kurnaul was once a cantonment for our troops, but is now abandoned. It resembles a Necropolis, a city of the dead: the houses are all falling to ruin and there is something very desolate and melancholy in its deserted aspect. There is a very good Dak bungalow here. I am going on to Delhi by Palky-dak this evening, travelling night and day.

DELHI

Distance, seventy-eight miles

18 December 1850 Wednesday.—Seven marches, viz:

| | |
|-------------------|-----------|
| 1. Gurounda | 12 miles. |
| 2. Paneput | 10,, |
| 3. Somalka | 12,, |
| 4. Burke - Chokee | 11,, |
| 5. Barotah | 13,, |
| 6. Aleepore | 10,, |
| 7. Delhi | 10,, |

The road the whole way is broad and well marked, but in some parts very heavy and sandy. I have taken up my abode in the Dak bungalow, which is situated in the city, near the fort.

19 December 1850 Tuesday.—The shawl-merchants, painters and jewellers of this city swarm from morning to night and torment a hapless traveller out of his wits, with entreaties to buy "something." And then they open their thousand and one boxes and bundles and what with their numbers and their noisy tongues, no mortal head can hope to escape a frightful aching. The Delhi shawls are worked in gold and silver, the lighter specimens on lace, with floss-silk. The jewellery, though of fragile workmanship, is very elegant and pretty. Numbers of native artists likewise employ their talents in small paintings of the various buildings and ruins about the city and also in miniatures of sundry native Grandees of repute.

21 December 1850 Saturday.—W—arrived this morning, much to my satisfaction. We drove today to the "Jammia Masjid" in the city. This is a very fine building of red sandstone. A flight of stone steps conducted us to the massive stone gateway and through a courtyard into the Masjid itself. The interior of this building is paved with white and black marble. There is a Minaret at each corner, surmounted by a small cupola on pillars. As these Minarets command a view of the King of Delhi's "Zenana" we were not allowed to ascend any of them. This indulgence is only granted on especial permission. One very large dome, flanked by two smaller ones, is the most conspicuous

object in the Masjid and gives a very imposing appearance to this magnificent structure. We then visited the Tomb built by the Emperor Akbar,²⁷¹ over his father, called "Humayun-ka-Makbara,"²⁷² situated about four miles out of the city. This ruined Tomb is on a vast scale and is built of the same kind of red sandstone used in the structure of the "Jammia Masjid." It is placed in the centre of a square and walled in. There is a large gateway in the middle of each side of this square; the corners surmounted by small cupolas, half in ruins. The sarcophagus itself is a square building, erected in the centre of a courtyard and a low stone wall, cut in trellis-work, surrounds the whole. The tomb of "Humayun," which is made of white marble, stands in the centre of a lofty arched apartment, paved in white and black marble. The doors are of massive red sandstone, cut in open work, like a lattice; many of these were in complete ruins. At each corner of this apartment, was a smaller arched room, each containing two or three white marble tombs; these, our cicerone informed us, were in honour of the great "Humayun's" nearest of kin. We ascended to the roof of the building by several flights of stone steps. One very large dome rose from the centre, immediately above "Humayun's" tomb. At each corner was a cupola on pillars, with two smaller ones between each. We had a view of the "Qutub Minar" in the distance, with numberless ruins scattered on every side. On the cupolas, traces of paint and enamel can still be seen and the great dome is surmounted by an ornamental gilded spire.

Close to Humayun's tomb, is found the building called "Nizam-ud-din-ki-Durgah."²⁷³ This edifice is of white marble, with a small dome of the same. There are several marble tombs surrounding the principal one; they are all enclosed by a marble trellis-work, about eight feet high, with very handsomely carved marble doors. In order to reach this beautiful tomb, we had to pass a tank and we made some little boys jump into the water from a great height for our amusement.

We then proceeded to visit the "Safdar-Jung-ka-Makbara,"²⁷⁴ a very fine building, situated in the centre of a square, walled in. There are four gateways; and a Minaret, surmounted by a cupola, on stone pillars, stands at each corner of the roof. There are nine small domes on each side of the roof, (on the edge,) flanked by two Minarets, of diminutive size. One large dome in the centre completes the edifice. The whole of the surrounding country is studded with smaller ruins.

22 December 1850 Sunday:—There are numberless ruins scattered about in every direction round this old city. It is necessary to obtain a printed permission to see the fort and palace of Delhi, which we got from Captain N—, Commandant of the Palace Guard. There is not much worth seeing in either of these places. The wall of the Fort is about two and a half or three miles in circumference; it is built of red stone and has a very solid appearance. In the Palace, the principal sights are the Dewan-Aam or Hall of Public Audience, the Dewan-Khas or Hall of Private Audience, the Motee Masjid or Pearl Mosque and the Bath of black marble, in the royal gardens.

In the "Dewan Am," there is a sort of throne of white marble, inlaid with mosaic work of flowers and birds, overhung by a fine marble canopy. The covered court in front was filthy in the extreme and swarmed with natives either gambling or sleeping. The Dewan Khas is a handsome marble hall. Three rows of pillars, elaborately inlaid and gilded, line the interior. Nearly in the centre of the hall, there is an elevated white marble dais, on which the *Guddee* or throne of the kings of Delhi, used to be placed. The furthest end of this hall is partitioned off by a wooden paling, (sadly out of keeping with all this splendor,) leading, as I was told by the Chobdar,²⁷⁵ into the king's Zenana. The Motee Masjid is a beautiful white marble temple, delicately and tastefully inlaid; the dome is burnished and gilt, adding a gorgeous finish to this splendid Mosque. The black marble bath in the gardens is regarded as a curiosity, being made out of a single slab. The royal gardens are badly kept up and everything seems going to ruin.

We also paid a second visit to the Jammia Masjid and proceeded by a Chobdar, ascended to the top of one of the Minarets. This pinnacle is supposed to command a view of all the houses in Delhi and for fear the royal Zenana may also be overlooked; it is requisite to procure a *Purwanah* (or permission) before obtaining admission within the closed gates. These Minarets are very high; I counted a hundred and forty steps, each about fifteen inches in height, merely from the last flight. We had a beautiful view of the city and all the surrounding country from this eminence. The cupolas, pillars and domes belonging to this Masjid are of marble. There are three gateways considerably elevated above the ground, a long flight of steps leading on each side to the entrance.

The city of Delhi is said to be twelve coss or twenty - four miles in circumference, but I should think this must be an exaggerated estimate. The streets are wide and irregularly paved and the houses are from to three stories high. There are twelve gates to the city. There is a pretty English Church in the town and I saw a gloomy-looking church-yard close by. A fine spacious tank has been lately built close to the Fort. One wide *puckha* street goes through the city, passing the Dak bungalow, the Fort and the Church. The cantonments are three miles distant; some low rocks close by must cause an immense radiation in the hot weather.

We start tomorrow for Alwar, though I fear the arrangements we have made for the journey are very insufficient; having only provided two buggies and horses, with my black pony for Ghaussie.

QUTUB MINAR

Distance, eleven miles from the Kashmir Gate of Delhi

23 December 1850 Monday: —Left Delhi about 4PM and drove here in an hour the hired horse being a willing nag, for a wonder.

We passed numberless ruins on every side and the country is cultivated and partially wooded. We entered the Qutub by a covered stone gateway and are halting for the night in the two small Bungalows close to the Minar. Of our two buggies and Horses, *the best*, we have just learnt to our dismay, has been carried off by the Syce, (groom,) and we have not a day to spare in order to make other arrangement. On the whole we find ourselves in rather unsatisfactory circumstances,— Alwar being a hundred miles off and perhaps even there we may be unable to make any better travelling arrangement.

24 December 1850 Tuesday.—We went to the top of the Minar this morning and saw the sun rise while we were enjoying the glorious view. I counted the steps which led to the summit and they were 440 in number, each averaging nearly a foot in height. The Minaret is a fine building, principally constructed of red stone, but the upper portion is of white marble, inlaid with black. There are four balconies, railed in with stone parapets cut in open work, at irregular intervals on the outside of the building; each balcony marking a story, as the Minaret tapers to the top. A splendid view is obtained from the

pinnacle; I saw the city of Delhi quite distinctly, the centre dome of the Jammia Masjid looming in the distance. About three miles from the Qutub, are the ruins of "Tuglukabad,"²⁷⁶ and innumerable other ruined Mosques, Tombs and Forts lie scattered in every direction. Some years ago, a handsome cupola surmounted this Minar, but Lord Hardinge ordered it to be taken down and now it stands on a small mound of stones at a few yards distance. A melancholy want of taste has been displayed in thus wantonly depriving this magnificent building of so conspicuous an ornament. The humbled cupola ought to be called, in commemoration thereof, "Hardinge's Folly!" The architecture of the Qutub is very unique. Each story is constructed in a different style and the stone railings round the balconies are variously cut and carved. There is a marble tomb close to the Minaret; also a dome, a building of red stone, with the roof, pillars and walls beautifully and elaborately carved. The ground surrounding the Qutub is laid out as a garden in the native style.

We are just starting for Alwar; it is now 8AM and the sun is blazing. Our prospects are none of the brightest, as far as reaching our destination is concerned, but we do not despair and our hopeless circumstances only serve to excite a hearty laugh, which always does every one good.

FEROZEPORE

Distance, sixty-four miles

25 December 1850 Wednesday (Christmas-day)—We drove here yesterday with a hired buggy and horse; and *such* a horse! Scarcely any amount of flagellation could induce him to be-stir himself beyond the slowest possible walk, so that we were nearly *four* hours in reaching Gurgaon, a civil²⁷⁷ station, eleven miles from the Qutub Minar. The road is heavy and passes over a rocky ridge. By the time we arrived at Gurgaon, it was near mid - day and the sun was most distressingly powerful. With our *one*²⁷⁸ obstinate horse, our prospects were rather dreary and Alwar seemed at an unattainable distance. We delayed an hour endeavouring to procure elephants or camels, but in this we totally failed. As we had but faint hopes of any breakfast or dinner, we were glad to buy a couple of loaves and some questionable looking biscuits, before proceeding on our journey.

We passed through Badshahpoor (or Padshahpoor) a large village at six and a half miles. The road is heavy sand the whole way and the country is drear in the extreme, with very little cultivation visible anywhere. All the wells on the road are dried up and except in the villages no water is to be had for love or money. The next stage was Sonah, a walled town, ten and a half miles further on, where we halted for a few hours and had dinner. Such a bivouac! In a small door-less native hut;—a rude earthen floor our only table and a glimmering oil "*chiragh*" (or lamp) our only illumination! We were not too fastidious or too tired to laugh, so what did any of these little inconveniences signify?

Though we had repeatedly sent orders to the *Tehsildar*²⁷⁹ to have the city gates opened by 11PM, after waiting in a most temper trying manner, till past 1AM, in hopes of obtaining a more orthodox exit, we were finally obliged to *break* them open. "By the light of the moon," we proceeded on our way; Ghaussie, the invaluable factotum, acting as mounted escort and bodyguard. And he looked as proud as any Rajputana peacock, perched on my black pony and riding behind our buggy. Close to Sonah, there is a road to Muttra, which turns off to the right and is the broader of the two. By some lucky change, we decided on the right one to this place, which was the other. The village of Udhar is passed at thirteen miles from Sonah and Bhaduss, a town built on a rock on a rock, is ten miles further or some thirteen from this place, (Ferozepore). Heedless of a thick oak stick, our miserable buggy-horse could not be persuaded to exceed one mile an hour, through the deep sand. At this *lively* pace we were forced to travel and it is wonderful how we ever survived it. Poor W—was obliged to walk many weary miles and about two miles distance from Ferozepore, when the horse fairly came to a standstill, I also left the vehicle. Mounted on the pony, I purposed riding on in advance, in order to make arrangements for our further progress, if possible; but finding myself quickly surrounded by an inquisitive multitude, I was glad to return once more to the shelter of the buggy, leaving Ghaussie to go on alone. The very children ceased their play as I passed, in order to stare at the English stranger.

Passing through the town we proceeded to the first Tope (or grove) of trees on the Alwar road. We have taken possession of a Brahmin's hut, determined to halt here for a few hours, in order to dine. I have never before

experienced at this season of the year anything like the heat we have felt during the day, since leaving Delhi. Exposed to it day after day as we have been, it has proved most trying. Our slow pace, too, has been very wearisome and I long for some livelier mode of conveyance. The old Brahmin whom we un-housed, looks not a little distressed at the seizure of his miserable domicile; but we are too tired, hungry and knocked up, to give much heed to any remonstrance. Our fare today was of the most meager description; and *pour comble de Malheur*, a Pariah dog ran away with the two loaves we took the precaution of buying at Gurgaon, so we are gradually becoming more and more "reduced in circumstances!" I really must have a caricature opposite this page, entitled "Gypsying in the East," or "The Oriental Cruise of the Midge on dry land."

Ferozepore is a large walled town, surrounded by hills at no great distance. There is a good deal of cultivation in the neighbourhood. We have hired a Bylee²⁸⁰ to take our luggage and thus ease the buggy of part of its heavy load. Just as we are starting, rain begins to fall—but still we proceed.

ALWAR (CITY)

RESIDENCE OF THE ALWAR RAJAH

Distance, thirty-six miles

Three Marches, viz.: —1ST, Nougawa, 13 miles, 2ND Ramgurh, 8 miles 3RD Alwar City, 15 miles.

26 December 1850 Thursday: —The Road from Ferozepore to Alwar is a mere rugged cart track and the sand in some parts very deep. We started at half-past one this morning and arrived here only a little before sunrise. A most weary night and day. We had a storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by much heavy rain, shortly after we left our yesterday's bivouacking ground; but we pursued our way slowly and steadily notwithstanding, the Syce leading the horse. The rain after all proved a godsend, for it made the road less heavy. Indeed, the probabilities are that we never should have reached Alwar otherwise. Our amiable horse, sulky and unwilling on good ground, totally declines to move directly he sees the desperate sand and nothing but a painfully severe course of discipline has any effect in quickening his pace. His trots are rarer

than "angels' visits." I wish Job had tried him for a week and believe me, even his patience would have signally failed.

The country through which we passed during the last twenty miles, was very wild. I observed many conical and pyramidal peaks and the scenery altogether was both peculiar and picturesque. Rich fields of cultivation were pleasingly varied by wild tracts of land studded with fine trees, while hills surrounded us on every side, both near and distant. These hills in Rajputana vary in elevation from two hundred to one thousand feet. They are either barren or merely covered with low shrubs. Those which we observed between Gurgaon and Ferozepore were in more regular ridges and the summits appeared to consist of table-land. Many of the villages are built on solitary rocks; and about eight miles from Alwar, we were struck by a fine old ruined Fort, which lay under a hill to the right. Close by was a solitary building perched on an abrupt rock and a Temple not far below. The country for miles around this spot appeared to be wild and uncultivated, though numerous "Babul" trees relieved the scenery from its otherwise desert aspect.

About a mile from Ramgurh, we saw a beautiful buck antelope, quite black, with magnificent antlers. He was alone and coolly trotted across the road and then seated himself not far from us. About a mile further on, we saw numbers of birds of the *Sarus*²⁸¹ species. It is asserted of this winged tribe, that when one of a pair dies, the survivor never mates again, but wanders about alone, till it expires. It is a pity such a beautiful example of constancy should be unknown amongst *rational* bipeds. What a world it would be then!

In and near all the villages between Delhi and Alwar, I observed numbers of pea-fowl. I am told they are quite tame and considered sacred. They were walking about the fields and eating the grain unmolested. In the old ruins about Delhi, as well as throughout Rajputana, numbers of doves are found and pigeons are reared in my raids. No one is allowed to destroy these or the pea-fowl. The people of Rajputana appear to be very uncivil and impertinent and most disobligingly independent. They are a fine, stalwart race.

Alwar had a very pretty and picturesque appearance as we approached it. The city is situated immediately below some hills and the Fort, which is built on a rock twelve hundred feet high, commanding the city, has fortifications extending along the summits and slopes of two neighbouring

heights. To the left, is the hill called Motee-Doongree, surmounted by a pretty summer house of the Rajah's. On every side of this eminence, gardens and trees abounded. To the right and left, hills—either detached or in regular ridges—encircle the environs of Alwar, averaging in height one thousand feet and redeem the scenery from the monotonous sameness, so wearisome to the eye in the plains of India.

The small state of Alwar is situated to the north-west of Agra, between the 27TH and 28TH degrees of north latitude. Delhi lies to the north-east. The inhabitants of this country have been described as singularly brutal and savage, robbers by profession, who were never to be reformed or subdued. The ancient historian's mention that they used to be taken into the pay of the native Chiefs, on account of their expertness in the arts of desolation, when any country which was the seat of war was required to be ravaged. They then bore the name of Mewaties and indeed they are frequently thus designated in the Mohammedan Histories, while the province has been styled "Mewat," though, properly speaking, the distinctive appellation ought to have been restricted to the more thievish portion of them.

27 December 1850 Friday: — This morning was devoted to visiting the "Lions" of Alwar, accompanied by the *Kotwal* of the city and half a dozen other functionaries. We first went to the Motee - Doongree Bagh," or gardens belonging to the Rajah of Alwar. They are so called after a neighbouring hill, "Motee-Doongree," signifying "Mount of Pearl." This name is given to the hill from the beautiful views it commands and the numerous gardens which surround it. The Royal Gardens are the finest I have seen in India. The extent is nearly one thousand *cutcha Beegahs* of land or five hundred and fifty-six *puckha* ditto.²⁸² It is a square in shape and in the middle of each side there is a handsome gateway. On either side of each gateway is a kind of summer house and at the four corners of the enclosure, bastions are built with stone steps, leading to the top. A fine Mahal or Palace stands in the centre of the garden and four avenues of graceful cypress trees, lead up to the four entrances of the building. It is constructed of red sandstone and the centre apartment is entirely of marble. The pillars of this apartment are of exquisitely carved and polished white marble, streaked with black. The walls are hung with French and English pictures. Near this miniature palace, there is a reservoir of water, containing gold and silver fish.

Every kind of Fruit tree is grown in this garden; the Rajah sends to Kashmir and Kabul for the finest specimens of Apple, Pear, Peach trees etc; and must spend large sums of money on this favourite spot. He sent all the way to Kashmir for saffron plants, which are highly prized and are found only in the saffron gardens at Pampur, four coss from the city of Kashmir. The very *mould* was brought with them from their native soil. The plants are thriving here and have already yielded saffron. They are tended with great care; *choppered*²⁸³ houses, railed in with bamboo palings, having been built on purpose to protect the delicate exotics from the sun. I saw a painting of the flower,— it is of a pretty lilac hue, small and something of a tulip shapes, with yellow in the centre. This yellow is the saffron. In the same *choppered* houses I observed several plants of "Lilies of the Valley," also brought from Kashmir. A native of the valley is kept at Alwar in charge of the exotics and is in great favour with the Rajah.

After leaving the gardens, we inspected a magnificent *puckha Bowlie*,²⁸⁴ just outside the walls. It is on an extensive scale and though a constant drain is kept on the water, there has been no apparent diminution as yet. It supplies the canal which flows through the gardens and which it is purposed in time to extend to a great distance.

We ascended the hill, called Motee-Doongree. It is about two hundred feet high and commands a fine view of Alwar and its environs. A pretty summer house has been built on the summit, which is a favourite resort of the Rajah's. We afterwards proceeded to visit the city, which is about a mile from the gardens. There are five gates to the city walls and a spacious Tripolia stands in the centre of the town. The streets are irregularly paved and from fifteen to twenty feet broad. There is a large tank in the city, to the left of which stands the Palace of the Rajah,—a handsome building. Close by is another beautiful edifice, called the "Chuttrie." The outworks are constructed of red stone, elaborately carved and the interior is entirely of marble, with a marble dome in the centre, (outside the building,) and four smaller ones at the corners. The floors and pillars are also of that costly stone, inlaid or variegated and the roofs and walls are adorned with mosaic work of flowers, figures of men, gods and animals.

The fort of Alwar is situated on a hill and the fortifications are carried along the brow of several adjoining eminences. It appears to be a superior strong-hold. No army is kept up in this State beyond a few Sipahis, as Chokidars (watchmen.) The city of Alwar is picturesquely built at the foot of a range of hills, while eminences, varied and irregular, surround it on every side. Wild-boars are found in great numbers, in the Babool Jungle, near the Motee-Doongree gardens and there is another Jungle at some little distance, where tigers are said to abound. The natives declare that only a few ago, wild-deer used to flock to a small summer house, built at one end of the Babool Jungle, as soon as they heard the sound of music. Of course, this may be a mere fabulous tale, for all I know!

The oranges here are very fine and appear to be plentiful. In the Royal Gardens, I saw a vinery and we were told that the grapes were of a superior quality. Fruit trees from every country appear to thrive here.

The Rajah is absent and in consequence, we find it most difficult to get any arrangements made for our further progress; so, for the present, much against my will, we must give up going to Jaipur, as we had intended. There is a Khidmutgar (table servant) kept here, for the convenience of English travellers and all supplies are provided by the Rajah. This attendant speaks English and consequently must be a rogue! But he cooks very well, which atones for a multitude of sins, to weary, hungry travellers. It is really distressing to be subjected to the gaze of a vagrant mob, as seems inevitable here. The very children follow our buggy through the streets, screaming out "*Feringhee aya!*"²⁸⁵ I dare not leave my tent, for fear of being surrounded by a gaping multitude of men, women and children.

Red seems the favourite colour here; almost every man wears a gay, red turban. The Rajah has a carriage of English build, two or three buggies and a fine stud of horses. He also keeps several artists in his employ. They are no great portrait-painters however, if I am to judge from the melancholy failure made by one of them in taking my likeness. Marble is found in great quantities throughout Alwar, also a species of sandstone, both red and white. The district does not seem to be richly cultivated; hills and barren rocks form the prevailing features of the surrounding country and I am told that the *Raj* (kingdom,) is not a productive one. Wheat is very little growth throughout the greater part

of the district; *Bajera*, a coarse grain, being the one most cultivated in the more barren soils.

We start this evening for Bharatpur.

BHARATPUR (CITY)

Distance, sixty-six miles

29 December 1850 Sunday: —Arrived here at noon, after one of the most trying journeys I ever encountered. We left Alwar on the 27TH, at near midnight, after having waited a long while for carriage of some sort; the unfortunate buggy horse being quite knocked up. We could only get at last a camel and a *rut'h*, (or bullock carriage,) belonging to the Rajah. I never travelled in this most uncomfortable and miserable conveyance in my life before and I trust I may never again be similarly victimized. These *rut'hs* must have been invented in the year One and I only wish they had never been in existence, since my evil Genius destined me to suffer so many hours of purgatory in such a vehicle. The marches from Alwar are as follows, viz: —

- | | |
|--------------|----------|
| 1. Bamoulie | 12 miles |
| 2. Jaolee | 12,, |
| 3. Nuggur | 12,, |
| 4. Koomherh | 20,, |
| 5. Bharatpur | 10,, |

Between Alwar and Nuggur, we lost our way so repeatedly, that I doubt if we ever continued for a mile together on the right road. Though we started a little before midnight on the 27TH, day broke yesterday and found us only eight miles from our starting point! I never passed a more wretched night. The antediluvian machine, called by the heathen name of "*rut'h*," boasts of no springs of any kind and my neck was more than once nearly dislocated by the terrific jerks and jolts we had to undergo over the unequal ground. Sitting in these conveyances is perfect misery, for the backs are so constructed as to afford no support whatever, the interior surface being concave instead of convex. Lying down is even a more impossible position; the length of the vehicle is only four feet at the most and the frightful motion is still more painfully

experienced. We had a sulky driver, too, by way of adding to our miseries. The bullocks were fine, powerful animals and might with ease have trotted five miles (or more) an hour. But, alas! Our obstinate Jehu would only go one mile in two hours! We did not lose our spirits, however. We had several goats milked by the way – side in the morning and drank cold tea and cat biscuit and oranges by way of breakfast, having no time to lose. On, on we plodded the whole livelong day and only reached Nuggur a little before sunset yesterday evening. We would scarcely permit an hour's halt, but pursued our weary way in the same slow and heart-rending manner. From Nuggur there is a road to Bharatpur through Deeg, a fine city, worth visiting, which scarcely causes a *detour* of five miles from the direct route. However, we took the shorter road to Koomherh, which town we did not reach till near daybreak this morning. I suffered miserably all night and continued so ill for eight or ten hours, that I became alarmed at the idea I might be sickening for some serious fever. Though better today, I still feel languid an ill; but I am determined to prosecute my journey, nevertheless.

The country between Alwar and Bharatpur is very uninteresting. Trees are more abundant and cultivation becomes richer as you advance, but nearly all the hills disappear gradually, especially after passing Nuggur. We saw numerous herds of deer yesterday, both of the antelope and spotted deer species. Hundreds of these beautiful and graceful creatures bounded across our path, regardless of our proximity. Peacocks and pigeons also abounded throughout the whole of that country, near every village and appeared quite tame.

We drove through the city of Bharatpur on our arrival and about half a mile beyond the "Muttra Gate," we came to the Dak bungalow, built for travellers, by the Rajah of Bharatpur and kept up by him in the most liberal manner possible. We are comfortably ensconced in this same Bungalow and receive every attention and civility. There are servants kept here for the convenience of English visitors by his Highness and all the requisite supplies are furnished at his expense. His ale is very good and so is his claret. A most liberal prince he appears to be. He has kindly promised to make arrangements for my reaching Jaipur as soon as possible and now that I shall be alone, I am glad I shall not have to *rough* it as I have lately done. W—is unluckily obliged to leave me this evening.

8PM—We have just returned from a “lionizing” expedition into the city. The Rajah sent us an elephant at four; so, mounting the howdah, (somewhere up in the clouds, me thought!) we first proceeded to the Palace, which is inside the Fort. When I saw the line of horsemen along the road immediately leading to the royal abode, I became alarmed at the idea of a formal visit and tried to escape entering the house, but was obliged to conquer my reluctance.

The Rajah came a little way to meet us, at the top of a flight of steps and shaking hands with each, led us to seats placed in the middle of the Reception Hall. The room was crowded and I felt a little bewildered by the long range of chairs filled by gorgeously dressed sable Grandees. The Maharajah himself was attired in yellow velvet, with a grand turban and his feet were encased in gold-worked slippers. His name is Bulwunt Singh and he appears about thirty years of age. He is very much marked by small-pox, but though far from good-looking, his manners are most pleasing and courteous. He asked W—politely after the health of his “sister,” and promised I should reach Jaipur in three days. He took us all over his suite of show-rooms. These apartments are quite in the English style and everything is handsome, costly and in good taste. Numerous beautiful chandeliers adorned each room, while tables of all descriptions, of the finest marble and chairs in every fanciful variety, reminded me of some elegant drawing-room in English. The walls were decorated with immense sheets of plate-glass in splendid gilt frames and hung with some good English and French oil-paintings and engravings. The Rajah told us that poor Colonel Sutherland died in one of these very rooms two years ago.

On taking leave, we were conducted by the Rajah to the top of the steps, as before and in shaking hands at parting, he presented us with two beautiful Chowries,²⁸⁶ one of ivory and the other of sandal-wood; the peculiar manufacture of the country.

The Fort is surrounded by very high walls and a deep moat full of water. The city of Bharatpur is said to be three coss and a half in circumference, or about seven miles. There are twelve gates to the city walls. The greater portion of the old city is being leveled and new buildings, of a handsome description, faced with stone carved all over, are now in progress. The streets are to be made very wide and a drain on each side will keep them clean. In twelve months, we were informed, the place would be entirely rebuilt.

The Rajah has upwards of a hundred horses in his own stables, ^{usually} elephants and three hundred "Sandonnies," or riding camels. He sees ^{all} of everything in the plural number, even *wives*! For he has five ^{or six} *ranes*!

There are plenty of trees about Bharatpur and a good deal of cultivation in the immediate neighbourhood. The favourite colour in Rajputana was evidently red: here, apparently, green prevails in the native costume. There are five tigers in the city, kept by his Highness, which we went to see. They appeared very different from those we saw at Alwar and were as meek as lambs. Some Cheetahs are also kept by the Rajah for hunting. He is a "sporting gentlemen," very fond of "*shikar*."

I shall go to Deeg tomorrow, though I am sorry to say, I shall now be all alone.

DEEG

Distance from Bharatpur, thirty miles

30 *December* 1850 *Monday*:—The Maharajah's open carriage and four conveyed me here in less than three hours this morning. I found a servant and breakfast awaiting me in the Palace and I have just been all over the place.

The whole Palace is called "Bhawun," but the different "Mahals"²⁸⁷ have names of their own. The principal building is called "Gopal Bhawun;" it has a large garden in front and numberless fountains in every direction. This edifice is constructed of white stone,²⁸⁸ elaborately carved and is three stories high. The lower hall is adorned with a double row of pillars, beautifully carved: the roof is flat and commands an extensive view. Close by is a white marble *Mahal*, called the "Soorij"²⁸⁹ Bhawun; which is a perfect gem. The floors are inlaid with yellow and black stones and the pillars are tastefully adorned with flowers in mosaic. Between this building and another called "Hardeo"²⁹⁰ Bhawun there is a square in which numerous fountains play. The latter *Mahal* is the one which used to be tenanted by the royal Zenana in days of yore. The "Kishen Bhawun" is the Rajah's own particular Palace. It is built of the white stone from Puharpore; there are two rows of carved pillars and a fine throne made of stone at the further end. Close by, but elevated some thirty feet from the ground, is a stone-built tank nine feet deep, supplied with water by four wells. This tank feeds all the fountains, of which there are said to be one hundred

and on these premises! Below the tank is an open court called the "Keysoo Bhawun" is situated at the further end of the garden. It is a stone building, open at all sides, with a double row of pillars carved all over like the others I have described. There are three hundred fountains between the rows of pillars, which all played at once during my visit. It was a very pretty sight, the spray dashing to a great distance. It made the air so cold, however, that I was obliged to leave in a few minutes, during which I got completely wet, though I was sheltered by an umbrella.

There is another building called the "Seesh²⁹¹ Mahal," near the "Kishen Bhawun," and beside it stands the "Pourana²⁹² Mahal," forming one square inside another. Here the wives of the Rajahs used to live.

The natives say that the circumference of the walls of Deeg is seven coss and a half, but this seems to me an exaggerated estimate. The Fort is in ruins and desolate inside; the walls are of great height and surrounded by a deep most. I ascended the only bastion which was practicable and found an immense gun lying at the top.

BHARATPUR

Same Day, 7PM—Just returned from Deeg, very tired and sleepy. My visit has been performed in great state! The Rajah's *Jemadar* and two red-coated outriders with desperate swords and helmets, attended the carriage and four in which I was seated. We went to Deeg by Koomherh, a large walled town; a great part of the road is lined with fine tamarind ("Imlee") trees. These tamarinds differ from those in Malwa, being of the ordinary small red kind.²⁹³ I saw two or three large herds of deer this morning near Koomherh.

BUSSAWUR (BHARATPUR DISTRICT)

Distance, thirty or thirty-two miles

31 December 1850 Tuesday:—Arrived here about eleven this forenoon. I drove myself in the Rajah's buggy and was only four hours on the road. His Highness had posted six horses, so I had a change at every five miles and galloped the steeds the whole way, even through the heavy sand. This was to

make up for the miserable slow pace I had been forced to endure on my journey to Bharatpur. The horses were fresh and spirited and as the road was a mere cart-track and I was driving myself, I had to keep *both* eyes very wide open. I flatter myself my Jehu-ship was perfect, for fast as I went, I met with no accident and avoided much jolting.

There is no lack of trees throughout this march and it is only near Bussawur (the last eight miles) that the road becomes heavy, the concluding mile or two being deep sand. This town is surrounded by a forest of trees. I passed the village of Aroudeh about half-way and between this and Bussawur we had to cross the Bangunga River. The bed was broad and of heavy sand, but the water was all dried up. However, it must be a formidable stream in the rains. I had an escort of the Rajah's Cavalry the whole way, an advance and rear-guard and a coachman (sent by his Highness) rode besides me, by way of precaution, to see if I *could* drive! Two riding camels carried my baggage and kept up with the buggy. One of these fell and broke his leg; so I am delayed here until coolies bring up my things. I am going on dak in a palanquin to Jaipur, as soon as they arrive. The whole dak has orders to wait on the road till I return, or send back the empty *palky*, in the event of my going on from Jaipur by any other route. Ghaussie is going on a camel from this. The Rajah has, indeed, been most kind to me.

JAIPUR

Distance, eight-two miles

2 January 1851 Thursday: —I arrived here by palanquin-dak about 10PM yesterday. The marches are: —

1ST Hoorlah or Hooroo, eleven miles; (in the Jaipur Territory;) road pretty good.

2ND Manpoor, thirteen miles and a half. There is a Bazaar here and plenty of water. The road heavy and bad, being cut up by ravines part of the way and leads through a break in a low ridge of hills, called the "Balakera Pass."

3RD Kalakoh, thirteen miles and a quarter, a small village. At six miles the large town of Secundra is passed on the right bank of the Bangunga River. There are three nullahs to be forded the road is a tolerable cart track, though

heavy in some parts.

4TH Deosir or Dewsa, nine miles. A large walled town, commanded by a Fort on a hill. The road is very hilly and stony, as it approaches Deosir.

5TH Jutwarra, seven miles. A large village, road heavy.

6TH Mohunpoor, eight miles. Road heavy sand and narrow. Hills surround on every side.

7TH Kanotah, eight miles and a quarter. A large village, bad road.

8TH Jaipur, ten miles and a quarter. Road is heavy the whole way. The entrance to Jaipur from the Bharatpur road is through a gorge between two ranges of hills. The road has been lately made and a low wall flanks it on either side. I went this afternoon on one of the Rajah's elephants to see the city and what is called the "Ghat."

This "Ghat," is merely the above mentioned gorge and after the first quarter of a mile, the road is flanked by buildings of different kinds. Among others, are a *Mahal* and *Bagh*, belonging to the Rajah. The canal flows along on both sides. I was much amused at seeing a windmill at the head of the Ghat. It is the *first* I have met with in India and forcibly carried me back to the "old countries." I understand it was built by my brother William, during his residence here as Engineer. Close to this windmill, is an old fort, built on a hill. A good road leads to the city from the Ghat. Considerably to the left I observed a fort, situated on a Height and called the "Motee-Doongree," or Mount of Pearl. It looked picturesque in the distance and would have made a pretty sketch.

We proceeded to visit the city of Jaipur. I was told there were eight gates to the city - walls. The streets are very broad and the houses and shops are built of stone, white - washed on the outside. There are many very handsome building and the city of Jaipur, taken altogether, is certainly one of the finest in India. There is one solitary Minaret in the city, but I was told that no one was allowed to ascent it. The reason was truly characteristic of the country, - because, from the summit, all the Zenanas are visible! My cicerone told me that the city of Jaipur is six miles long and as many broad and that the circumference is twelve "coss." I should not think it nearly so extensive. The walls are high and well - built; but what struck me more than anything else,

was the extreme cleanliness and unusual width of the streets. Hills encircle it on every side and the neighbouring country lies in absolute waves of sand: — on one side, nothing but sand meets the eye.

The Rajah of Jaipur is a mere lad of sixteen and not yet married; his name is Ram Singh. All the power is, in fact, in the hands of the "Darogahs," and "Moosahibs."²⁹⁴

There is a Dak bungalow, about a mile from the town, in which I have taken up my abode, but I cannot say much for the attendance or comfort. There is no Cantonment at Jaipur and only three European residents;—i.e., the Political Agent, the Doctor and an Officer in charge of a Company.

3 January 1851 Friday: —I went this morning to see the "Bund,"²⁹⁵ which my brother constructed here, in order to bring a large supply of water into the city. The object has not yet been attained, as time must be given for the sand to absorb as much water as it can hold, when the canal will be brought into play. The water is now thirty feet deep, but it must rise some twenty feet more, before it will be of any avail in filling the aqueducts which are destined to carry it into the city. A nullah flowing from the neighbouring hills has been dammed up, about two miles from the town and the construction is a very solid piece of masonry. The work has been considered by the most able, scientific judges, to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of engineering skill and talent and I was gratified by hearing every class of the people in Rajputana speak of my brother, whose duties kept him so long among them, with respect and affectionate interest.

We went through the city, entering by the Chandpore gate and proceeded to Amer, a walled town, six miles distant on the Kote Pootlee and Rewarree road. Amer Fort is situated at the extremity of a ridge of hills and the town lies below, surrounded by hills rising immediately above it. It is approached through a gorge, between two wooded eminences; the ascent is gentle and is succeeded by a corresponding descent, before the city is attained. The Rajah's Palace at Amer is situated below the fort, but is considerably elevated above the town. It consists of a mass of buildings, picturesque in the distance. The "Sheesh-Mahal" is a suite of handsome apartments, of which the walls and roof are covered with glass, cut in small pieces and cemented together by some peculiar preparation. Some are white and some coloured and the "tout-ensemble" has a beautiful effect; the floor is of marble. There is a second palace close to the

Sheesh-Mahal, which is also worth seeing. The pavement is of marble, inlaid and the walls are curiously painted. The flight of steps leading to the building is of marble and the Hall of Audience, or "Dewan-Aam," is paved with the same costly stone. From one of the upper stories of the palace I had a fine view of the city below and of the fortifications and ramparts covering the adjacent hills. I had a hot ride back and felt quite ill when I arrived here a couple of hours ago.

Various small articles made of marble are sold at Jaipur and I have just purchased sundry specimens in the shape of tiny gods, elephants, camels, cups, etc.

Custard-apples, oranges and pomegranates seem to abound in this district. The former are smaller than those grown in Bundelcund.

4 January 1851 Saturday: —Both yesterday and today, I have been beset by the myrmidons of "Rawul²⁹⁶ Sahib," the Regent of Jaipur, who overwhelm me with their civilities, in consequence of a letter which arrived yesterday from Mr M—, the Political Agent of Kerowly. However, though I receive *dallys* of fruit and *gurrahs* of sweetmeats, I can get no arrangement made for my journey, which is my great object, as the direct route from Jaipur to Meerut is through a country where Post-office-daks cannot be laid. Ram Singh, the young Rajah of Jaipur, possesses as yet no power or authority and the "Moosahibs," in whose hands the *Raj* virtually is at present, pull different ways. The Rawul, or Regent, gives an order which passes through so many channels, that it may or may not be obeyed. There are sad complaints made against Captain—who is accused of bribery and corruption and of utterly neglecting the interests of the young prince. The latter is so disgusted with his long minority and at the reins of government being in any hands but his own that he lives at some distance from the city, which he now rarely visits. His present residence is at the "Ghat," two or three miles distant, where he has a palace.

I went to see the palace in the city and the "Hawur-ka-Mahal."²⁹⁷ Both are fine buildings, though there are no gorgeous suites of apartments in either. In the former, there is a marble chamber, where the Rajah sits. The myrmidons, who acted as escort, actually expected me to take off my shoes here, which I unconditionally declined to oblige them by doing. *Quelle idée!*

I have obtained the promise of a palanquin to Munohrpore, distant thirty miles and a "Jhoola-ka-Rut'h," (or a Rut'h on springs²⁹⁸) with sixteen horses, is to take me on to Meerut, upwards of one hundred and seventy miles distant from Munohrpore. The very name of a Rut'h made me turn pale! I recalled my former sufferings in this hateful conveyance and objected to exposing myself again to a similar infliction. However, they assure me that this one belongs to the Rajah and is built on springs. I find it is larger and more comfortable than that wretched Alwar affair, so I shall venture to try it once more.

KOTE POOTLEE

Distance from Jaipur, about sixty-five miles

Six marches, viz: —

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| 1. Nangul | 11 miles. |
| 2. Samote | 10½,, |
| 3. Munohrpore | 11,, |
| 4. Bhabra | 13½,, |
| 5. Prangpore | 11½,, |
| 6. Kote Pootlee | 10½,, |

5 January 1851 Sunday. —Arrived here in about sixteen hours after leaving Jaipur. From Munohrpore, I have travelled in the "Jhoola-ka-rut'h," to which four horses were harnessed at a time and as no better posting arrangements had been made, the relief horses accompanied us and the second, third and fourth sets were harnessed *a discretion*. In this way I am to travel to Meerut! There is a road to Munohrpore, *via* Amer instead of Samote, which saves a few miles. Each of the villages I have given as marches are large and all supplies are procurable. The road is heavy the whole way, a mere cart-track.

The trappings and harness of the horses amuse me greatly. Everything is in the native style; the reins, etc. are mere ropes covered with red cloth and the harness is fashioned on a very ludicrous principle. However, as it answers all necessary purposes, I do not care. There is a coachman, but he has a sinecure, for there are two postillions on the leaders, who in fact drive the rut'h. On anything of a tolerable road, the conveyance is easy enough. The country we

have just passed through is intersected with ravines and is very hilly. Long irregular ridges flank the road at greater or less distances throughout each march. The cultivation appears but partial and sand seems the prevailing soil.

REWARRE (CITY)

Distance, about forty-five miles and a half

Five marches, viz.: —

| | |
|------------------|------------|
| 1. Goojurbas | 10½ miles. |
| 2. Byrode | 8,, |
| 3. Shahjehanpore | 10,, |
| 4. Bharawas | 12,, |
| 5. Rewarree | 5,, |

Heavy cart-track as far as Shahjehanpore and the last seventeen miles a marked road with mile stones.

6 January 1851 Monday:—Reached this town at sunset, having left Kote Pootlee at 3AM. The horses became quite knocked up by the heavy sand and the long forced march.

This is a large walled town; the streets are wide and tolerably clean. There was formerly a Cantonment here. The country is very hilly till Rewarree is approached, when the hills gradually become few and distant. I shall only halt here a few hours, as I wish to proceed slowly, for the horses will otherwise be quite knocked up.

SHAHDERA

Distance, sixty-one miles

Six marches, viz.: —

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Janth | 5 miles. |
| 2. Pataudee | 8,, |
| 3. Hursoo - ke - Gurhee | 13,, |
| 4. Sohul - ke - Serai | 13 miles. |

5. Delhi 15,,

6. Shahdera 7,,

7 *January 1851 Tuesday*:—I did not stop at Delhi, as I feared there would be a delay in getting the gates opened at night and I am anxious to reach Meerut tomorrow. The day broke when we passed Pataudee and looking out of the Rut'h, I perceived that the sand was even deeper and heavier than before. There are a great many villages *en chemin* at no great distance off the road and in spite of the unfavourable soil, there is a good deal of cultivation. About seven miles from the city of Delhi, we had to pass over a rocky ridge; the ascent and descent were, however, gradual and the road was a "made" one,—not desperately stony. This ridge extends for miles and from the summit, though but slightly elevated, I had a fine clear view of the Qutub Minar on the right and the Jammia Masjid on the left. The three domes and the lofty Minarets are most conspicuous objects in the distance. Our road lay right through the city of Delhi, entering by the Ajmere gate and leaving by Raj Ghat.

The eccentric-looking royal vehicle, in which I was conveyed, attracted numbers of people in the streets. I kept the curtains closely veiled and heard all the bystanders audibly wondering who the distinguished visitor could be; while the beggars who followed the carriage addressed its invisible occupant as the "Ranee!" As I passed by the Jammia Masjid, I peeped out to take a last look at it. Certainly it is a very handsome edifice, with its lofty minarets and marble cupolas. The Jamuna River flows by the city: it has receded greatly—nearly a mile, indeed,—but the sandy bed extends to the city walls by the fort. I had a fine view of the King of Delhi's palace; one gilded dome glittered in the last rays of the setting sun and looming in the distance, were the Minarets that surmount the Lahore gate of the fort, which gives entrance to the palace. I took a long last look at the beautiful city, which I shall, probably, never see again.

There is a Bridge of Boats over the Jamuna and from the river to this place there is a metalled road, which runs all the way to Meerut. My baggage has arrived on two riding camels, Ghaussie mounted on another; they have kept up very well with me.

MEERUT

Distance, thirty-eight miles

Three marches, viz.: —

- | | |
|---|----------|
| 1. On the left bank of the Hindon river, near Furrucknuggur | 8 miles. |
| 2. Begumabad | 13½,, |
| 3. Meerut | 15½,, |

8 *January 1851 Wednesday*: —The country we have passed through is perfectly level and well cultivated. There is a bridge of masonry over the Hindon, in which river there is but little water at this season of the year. After all my hurry, I find that my servants and property are still at Delhi. They have been of little use to me, as I absolutely have not seen them since I left Amritsar, a month ago! I must send Ghaussie back to Delhi, in quest of them and halt here myself a couple of days, which is an intense nuisance.

9 *January 1851 Thursday*: —I have purchased several beautiful Delhi shawls and scarves. I wrote from Bharatpur to "Jugger Nath," a Delhi shawl-merchant, requesting him to meet me here with some of his best specimens and he arrived before I did. Those worked in blue and gold, after a new pattern, are very pretty indeed.

10 *January 1851 Friday*: —No tidings of Ghaussie and my camp yet. It is raining in torrents, which makes everything, look gloomy and is enough to give one a fit of vapors'. Not that I feel them; I am only disgusted at being detained here in this vexatious and unprofitable manner.

Last night I was nearly frightened out of my wits by a cry of "Chor!" Chor!" ("Thief! Thief!") In fact a thief had got into the next room and was sedulously digging a hole in the wall, when a servant spied him quite by accident. He made a cut at the servant with a naked "tulwar," (or sword,) nearly killing him and actually escaped. The night was unluckily very dark.

My black pony, Ghaussie's saddle and also my watch, which were left behind at Bharatpur, have not yet arrived and I cannot conceive what has caused the delay.²⁹⁹ Nothing has gone right lately and my servants seem all demented. In fact, I begin to consider myself a downright victim.

SIRDHANA

Distance from Meerut, eleven miles

11 *January 1851 Saturday*: —I rode here this morning on "Rival," my camp having at last joined me at Meerut. I had sent on a servant and breakfast to this place, but only arrived to find that not one of the items had reached. I was in extreme despair and contemplated riding on to Muzaffarnagar, but the state of the roads deterred me. The late heavy rains have put them in such a condition, that riding is truly "vanity and vexation of spirit." As I stood waiting and considering in rather a hopeless manner, at the gate of the "Begum's house,"³⁰⁰ Mr M—, at present on duty there, saw me and begged me to enter. After a little hesitation, (for I did not like going among strangers in my mud-bespattered riding costume,) I accepted the invitation and accompanied my host to his abode. His wife received me very hospitably and I have met with every kindness from my new acquaintances. After all, *real* kindness is a rare thing in this heartless selfish world and I, for one, feel grateful when I do meet with it. We went to see the Roman Catholic Cathedral here, which contains the beautiful piece of sculpture, sent by Dyce Sombre from England and erected in honour of the "Begum Sumroo," his adopted mother. The principal figures are the size of life; the Begum is represented seated on a throne, with her adopted son standing in full uniform by her side. The face and dress of the former seem critically like the portraits of that masculine woman, which adorn the walls of her late palace. There are also several allegorical figures which complete the group and the monument is beautifully executed in marble.

We were obliged to walk back to the house, as on first starting, the buggy had become a fixture in the deep mud! Poor Mrs. M—was terribly alarmed, but I took it very coolly. So much for being an experienced traveller. My Dak is laid for Muzaffarnagar and I start this evening.

MUZAFFARNAGAR (CIVIL STATION)

Distance, thirty miles

12 *January 1851 Sunday*: —I arrived here at 3AM. The roads are all under water from the late heavy rains. There is a good Dak bungalow here and it is

raining so heavily now, that I am glad to be under shelter. That vivid lightning, too! It always makes me call for my silk "rezai," (or quilt,) ever since was told that it was a non-conductor of electricity. I remember that during my late Rajputana trip, while driving out one evening, a storm of thunder and lightning came on and I nearly smothered myself within the folds of a rezai, of that infallible material. My companion could not imagine why I was thus frantically enveloping myself in the heavy folds, afraid even to leave one tiny spot exposed! This is a weakness I cannot conquer.

The direct route from Meerut to Muzaffarnagar is—

- | | |
|------------------|-----------|
| 1. Douralla | 8¼ miles. |
| 2. Kuttowlie | 12,, |
| 3. Muzaffarnagar | 15,, |

In coming round by Sirdhana, I have added six miles to the distance. I joined the above road, near Kuttowlie, fifteen miles from Sirdhana.

SEHARUNPORE (CIVIL STATION)

Distance, thirty-seven miles

Three marches, viz.:—

- | | |
|----------------|------------|
| 1. Deobund | 15½ miles. |
| 2. Nagul | 10½,, |
| 3. Seharunpore | 11,, |

13 *January* 1851 *Monday*:—I breakfasted at Deobund, where there is a Dak bungalow and rode on here in the evening. The road would be a good one, but for the heavy rain we have had. The bridge over the river Hindon, five or six miles from Seharunpore, is broken down.

(There is a tremendous storm at present raging and gradually depriving me of my wits.)

My Dak is laid for Amballa and I start in my palanquin tomorrow evening, so I shall not be able to write in my Journal till the day after.

AMBALLA (CANTONMENTS)

Distance, about fifty-six miles and a half

Six marches, viz: —

| | |
|----------------|-----------|
| 1. Chikana | 10 miles. |
| 2. Jagadrie | 13,, |
| 3. Mustaphabad | 10½,, |
| 4. Molanuh | 8,, |
| 5. Khoodah | 9,, |
| 6. Amballa | 6,, |

15 *January* 1851 *Wednesday*. — Arrived here at sunset, after a most miserable dak trip from Seharunpore. The whole country is one vast swamp at present; and I had the satisfaction of finding all the nullahs and rivers, *en route*, rapid and swollen. The Bridge of Boats over the Jamuna (between Chilkana and Jugadrie) was more than half-broken and the river increased to three times its usual breadth. It was two in the morning when my palanquin reached the banks and the bright moonlight seemed only to gleam on one unbroken expanse of water. Five ladies and gentlemen, who had been waiting for several days, were still encamped on or near the banks, afraid to cross the swollen stream; the only vestige of a bridge being at the further end and by the uncertain light appearing a mile off at least! Every one tried to dissuade me from entering the rapid river, but I was determined. The hurrying clouds threatened more rain and I did not like the prospect of being detained, perhaps an indefinable time, at this dreary spot. So I bribed the palky bearers with "filthy lucre," and for a heavy consideration, they agreed to risk their life and mine by taking me across. In we plunged! I tried to feel very brave, but could not help a sensation of half sickness when I found myself fairly launched on the broad Jamuna and saw the water flowing within a foot of me, though the palanquin was perched on the heads of the men. The bearers had great difficulty in stemming the tide of deep waters, though there were sixteen of them, all holding each other's hands, in order to preserve their equilibrium. However, everything has an end in this world and so had my rash undertaking. This is the second time that I have risked my life on this river, by madly crossing it, when

the bridge was broken. I fear I must have nearly exhausted even my "nine live."

Oh, how I hate a palanquin! I wonder if the inventor of this odious machine died a howling lunatic. He surely must, the unfortunate man, if he met with a just retribution. I long to be out of this miserable conveyance; but I must be patient yet a while. Having halted an hour to recruit myself with a little refreshment, I am going on at once to Jullundur.

JULLUNDUR

Distance, one hundred and six miles

Ten marches, viz.: —

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Rajpoora | 15 Miles. |
| 2. Pattarsee | 9,, |
| 3. Sirhind | 10,, |
| 4. Kunha-ki-Serai | 10,, |
| 5. Lushkurree-khan-ki-Serai | 9,, |
| 6. Soneewal | 9,, |
| 7. Ludhiana (Cantonment) | 10,, |
| 8. Philour (Cantonment) | 8,, |
| 9. Phugwara | 15½,, |
| 10. Julundhur (Cantonment) | 10½,, |

17 *January* 1851 *Friday*: —I have at last reached the terminus of my "Eccentric Marches,"—for the present, at all events. I hope to return to England by the March steamer, but as no arrangements are yet made, I may not be able to get them completed before the hot weather sets in. In this case, I must postpone my homeward voyage to a more convenient season. In the event of such a contingency, I really must revisit the Desert Mountains of Ladakh and the smiling valley of Kashmir. Indeed, I look forward with delight to the possibility of even *insinuating* myself into the murderous wilds of Gilgit and Yarkhund. Should I ever return from those inhospitable and barbarous climes, I shall at least expect to be considered a—Phoenix!

End Notes

1. "Dak" signifies "post." It is generally used in reference to palanquin traveling, when the bearers are ordered before hand and wait on the road, to relieve each set every eight or ten miles. The expressions "horse-dak," or "carriage-dak," etc., are also used and imply relays of horses on the road.
2. "Syce," (proper orthography, *Suhees*,) is a groom.
3. Stone-built.
4. A Dak bungalow is literally a posting - house; a domicile for travellers of all kinds. These Bungalows are built by Government and their servants have a pre - right of occupation to any other gentry. The usual allowances of rooms are two bed-rooms, two sitting-rooms and two bathing - rooms, with some rude and scanty furniture in each. A cook and *chokidar* (watchman) are always kept on the premises to attend on travelers and procure such supplies as they require. In the larger stations, a *Bhishtee* (or water-carrier), a *Sirdar Bearer* (or valet) and a *Khansaman* (or butler), are also retained at the expense of Government. Every traveller pays a rupee (two shillings), for every twenty-four hour and under, that he remains, solely for the lodging: Sometimes there are half-a-dozen people in each room, but they each pay the fee of one rupee. There are Dak bungalows all over India, (in the plains and British hill stations), at distances of from eight to fifty miles between each.
There are not half-a-dozen hotels (except at the Presidencies) throughout Hindustan, so bad though these Bungalows be, they are still an indispensable comfort.
5. The carts of the country; very primitive conveyances, drawn by from two to six bullocks or buffaloes, at the rate of a mile an hour on sandy road and never more expeditiously than two and a half miles on the best macadamized highways.
6. It is not for my sake, mark! That I do refrain!
7. The "civil" and "military" lines are generally quite separate in a station; the former is appropriated to the civilians, i.e., the judge, the magistrate, etc. Each of these lines have bazaars of their own.
8. Grove.
9. *Am-Ke-Bagh* or Garden of Mango's. "Am" is "Mango" and "Bagh" signifies "garden."
10. Also called *Jwala-jee* "*Jwala*" means "fire" "*Mookhi*" can be translated either

as "mouth" or "spirit;" and "Jee" signifies "lord" (it is used as a term of respect).

11. There are three Hindu Goddesses called "Devi" Lakshmi, Saraswati and Parbutti and I do not know which of the three is referred to, as the patroness of the Jwala-Mookhi temple. Parbutti is generally understood as Devi or Maha-Devi, unless one of the other two be especially mentioned.
12. Pilgrimage.
13. Or *Faqueers*; holy beggars.
14. "*Baruh Durrie*," literally a place of *twelve doors*. These buildings are erected by opulent natives for travellers, in the midst of gardens. There are *generally* "twelve doors," (or doorways). No furniture and very rarely any servants in attendance.
15. Garden.
16. My favourite canine pet, who will be subsequently described.
17. Or *Puhariya*, mountaineer.
18. The "*Goorkhas*" are sturdy mountaineers, the warlike aborigines of the soil.
19. Stone-built.
20. Police-office.
21. Porters or carriers of baggage.
22. The Thanadar is the head of the officials who preside in the Thannah.
23. Since writing the above, I have again traversed the same route, as will be observed in a subsequent page of this volume. The road to the "New Bridge," as well as the bridge itself, had been completed (to my satisfaction).
24. "*Hookm*" means command.
25. "*Gram*" is a pulse on which almost all horses are fed in the plains of India. It ought always to be ground and soaked first.
26. "*Ardawa*" is a mixture of gram and barley, either in equal proportions, or two one, as the buyer prefers. Both the grains are parched and ground before being mixed together. *Ardawa* is thought very fattening food for horses, but owing to the loss of weight and substance in the parching process and the extra labour required, it is more expensive than plain gram.
27. Since the above was written, some material improvements have taken place on this road and I believe travellers are indebted for the advantages now secured, to the exertions of Captain Wroughton, of the 8TH N.I. This gentleman represented to the Rajah of Mundy, the sufferings and inconveniences to which sick or delicate travellers were liable, by the want of a Bungalow. There is one now built on the road, just above Dring (whereby steep descent is spared) and also about half-way between Goomah and Dring. Supplies are procurable at these Bungalows and a guard is kept on the premises for the protection and convenience of travellers.
28. "*Khud*," sometimes means simply a precipice; but its ordinary signification

is a precipitous valley flanked by high and nearly perpendicular rocks or mountains.

29. A *Wuzeer* is a Prime Minister.
30. The *Sirdar-bearer* is the major-domo of all Mofussilite establishments where the master or mistress is too indolent to take charge of the *Chabee* (keys) of the different departments. The servant alluded to in the text, was named *Ghaussie*, a Mussulman by caste. Two years subsequently, this faithful attendant accompanied me to England and is still in my service. He had been with me during all my Indian career and I did not like to part with such a staunch and attached dependant. His name will frequently occur in the following pages, so I may be excused this reference to him.
31. The term "*Ghat*" has several meanings; the two principal are,—a rocky and high mountain and that part of a river where a ferry or bridge is found.
32. "*Sekundur*" means Alexander; "*Dhar*," a hill, (generally refers to a wooded mountain); thence the name is translated, "the Hill of Alexander."
33. A "*Jaunpaun*" is a conveyance very different in shape from a Palanquin or Dhoolie. It is more like a chair, with a high back and covered in on all sides, with doors, panels, curtains and canopy. It is carried by four men at a time, on their shoulders, two to each pole. There are a great variety of *shapes* in the Simla, Mussoorie and Darjeeling *Jaunpauns*—the fashionable conveyance in those Sanatoria; and the men (*Jaunpaunies*) who officiate as the carriers of the *Jaunpaun*, are gaily attired in many coloured garments, or different kinds of livery, *selon les gouts varies du beau monde*.
34. "Obeisance; a mode of respectful salutation in the East. The right hand is applied to the forehead and the person making the "*salaam*," bows down, often nearly to the ground, while the forehead is touched two or three times with the right hand during the bowing process. It is disrespectful to use the left hand in performing the salutation.
35. "*Chuprassies*" are men who wear badges; generally in Government employ. They are men of high caste and are held in great respect among the natives; they are above all menial work.
36. The "*Mall*" is where the European residents in India drive and ride in a Station or Cantonment.
37. 1ST, Sookhet,10 miles.
 2ND, Puttun Dher,7 "
 3RD, Belaspore,7 "
 4TH, Seran-ka-Huttie,9 "
 5TH, Irkee,9 "
 6TH, Simla,12 "
38. A little more than a year subsequent to the above, the Rajah of Mundy suddenly and mysteriously died. There were hoarse murmurs of foul play;

dark whispers of poison; and the corrupt "Goshaan" was deeply implicated by popular rumour. And yet—can it be believed—this man was elected to more than vice-regal power by the Deputy Commissioner of Kangra and he is the "Regent" now, with full scope for his wicked designs. The blood with which he imbued his guilty hands appears forgotten—willfully forgotten, by the moral British rulers to whom the State of Mundy pays tribute and subjection.

39. Kingdom.

40. Since the above was written, I can give an illustration of the shabby falsehoods which are so common in Mundy. *Ecesig*:—That promising character, "Goshaan, the Wuzeer," when asked by one of the officials of Kooloo if I had received every attention at Mundy, had the barefaced impudence to reply, that I had received the usual "Nuzzur" (present) of "one hundred and one rupees," and that my whole camp had lived free! Now, not only I, but all my people paid *exorbitantly* for every single article; and as for the supposed "Nuzzur," it is not likely I should have accepted money! However, I was not put to the proof and never had a chance of accepting or refusing a sous. Not so much as a "Dally" (or basket of fruit and flowers, always sent as a compliment in India) was offered and I bought everything at twice the market value. After this, the veracious Wuzeer asserted that my servants had carried off three blankets without paying for them and eleven "seers" (upwards of twenty-two pounds!) of *spices*. I think, when they were about it, they might have said a ton at once. Quite as worthy of credence.

The corrupt state of affairs in the Mundy Raj (kingdom) is entirely attributable to that monster of iniquity, Goshaan, the Prime Minister.

41. A "Bunniah" is a seller of grain, sugar, spices, tobacco, etc.

42. A "Shouldree" is a kind of small tent, adapted to hill marching and is generally light enough to be carried by two or three men.

43. The "Tindal" is the *Klashie*, or tent-pitcher of an establishment in the Bengal Presidency. At the hill stations the man who has authority over the *Jaunpaunies* and who always accompanies the Jaunpaun, is also called the "Tindal."

44. Master.

45. I observed similarly flowered Rhododendrons, near the top of the Rotung Pass, some time subsequent to the above. Such Rhododendrons are quite unknown at Simla or Mussorie, as far as I could learn, nor indeed have I met this species elsewhere in the Himalayan Mountains.

46. "Mussucks" are inflated skins, generally of bullocks and goats.

47. Contrivance

48. *Attah* is a coarse kind of flour. The finest sort, i.e., such as the bakers use in the bread baked for the European residents of the stations throughout the plains of India and the hill Sanatoria, is called "Majda" The natives univer-

- sally use "attah" in the manufacture of their daily food—the unleavened cakes.
49. An official who possesses great power; the peasantry of the district over which he holds sway owe him unlimited obedience. He also looks after the revenues of the Illaka.
 50. When I passed through Kooloo some four months subsequently, I discovered that these fruits had a *way* of never coming to a ripe, or at least a sweet state. The Pomegranates were then as hard as brickbats.
 51. A "*Rupee*" is the current silver coin of the East Indies and is equivalent to two shillings.
 52. "*Malik*," means master.
 53. House; A Bungalow is, properly speaking, a house with a *choppered* (grass-roofed), tiled, or slated pent-roof. The domiciles with flat, stone-built roofs, are termed correctly "*puckha kotee*."
 54. On the right bank of the Beas, I mentioned that there was also a road. The intermediate marches between Sultanpur and Boorooah, are Dwara and Kelat. The elevation of the former is 5,104 feet above the level of the sea and of Kelat 5,733 feet.
 55. Elevation above the level of the sea, 13,000 feet. The "*Beas Rikhie*," or the spot on the Pass where the Beas rises, is 12,941 feet.
 56. *Khoond* signifies a spring.
 57. A species peculiar to these hills; large, shaggy animals; the fur quite a reddish brown in tint.
 58. These were the inflated skins of bullocks
 59. Terrace.
 60. Hill-man or Mountaineer.
 61. "*Mem-Sahib*" is the term used by the natives for a married lady; "*Missy-Baba*," denoting a spinster, no matter whether young or ancient.
 62. Native lady's-maid.
 63. He writes an excellent letter.
 64. "*Joth*" means a high mountain and is often used to signify a "Pass."
 65. The Hindus have a religious objection to eggs. Their sacred books class both fowls and eggs in the category of "unclean things," and no strict Hindu will touch anything so unholy, on any possible pretext.
 66. "*Chupatties*" are made of flour, unleavened, in the shape of cakes of different dimensions. The flour is well kneaded previous to being formed into cakes.
 67. All the inhabitants of Munnie Karn cook their food in these boiling springs and *wood* is never used by them for culinary purposes.
 68. "*Khoond* is used indiscriminately to signify a spring or bath.
 69. A watchman.
 70. Or "*Tirth*." *Anglice*:—to make a pilgrimage to a holy spot, especially at sacred

waters.

71. A coarse species of flour.
 72. "Bhai-bund" means brotherhood; comrades.
 73. Parbuttie is the mountain-born wife of Maha Déo or Siva. Some accounts say she is the daughter of Brahma in his incarnation of Daksha and they also call Parbuttie, "Sootie." The terrestrial abode of Siva and Parbuttie is in the mountains of the Himalaya. Parbuttie has a great many *aliases*. As Maha Devi, she is the consort of the Lord of the Universe. As Parbuttie, she is his constant companion. As Doorga, she is the gods, endowed by them respectively with their numerous attributes and armed by them for their protection, with various instruments of destruction. As Kali, she is their Diana Taurica; and personifying eternity, that black and fathomless abyss, by which Kal (Time) shall itself be destroyed, she is arrayed in attributes supreme over those of her spouse. She has been described under numerous forms; the principal of which are, Bhawanie, Devi, Doorga and Kali, (besides Parbuttie, her ordinary cognomen). As Doorga she is represented with ten arms and is a majestic and tremendous character. The famous Hindu Festival, celebrated all over India, called the *Dussera*, or *Doorga Poojah* (worship of Doorga), is one of the most splendid and universally held of all the Hindu Festivals. It takes place in the end of September or beginning of October, according to the time of the year the Hindu month "*Ashwinoo*" falls; the whole of the preliminary ceremonies and festivals itself (lasting ten days) is a season of universal pleasure and festivals. As Kali, in the destroying character of Time, Parbuttie is represented of black or dark-blue complexion.
 74. Maha Déo, or the Great God, is called Siva and Roodra. He is usually represented as the Destroyer, under various forms. Sometimes with three eyes and the crescent in the middle of his forehead; sometimes with five heads; at others he is represented with numerous instruments of destruction, or seated on his bull Nundi, with his wife Parbuttie on his knee. He is also represented under the appearance of Kal, or Time, the destroyer of all things. Some authorities suggest that he is represented with three eyes in his character of *Time*, to denote—the past, the present and the future; and that the crescent on his forehead is the symbol of the measure of time by the phases of the moon. He is often represented with a necklace of skulls, to illustrate the lapse and revolution of ages and the extinction and constant succession of the generations of mankind. When he extends the trident in one hand, he is supposed to show that the three great attributes of creating, preserving and destroying are in him commingled and that he is the *Iswara*, or supreme lord, above Brahma and Vishnoo.
- In the immediate vicinity of Calcutta, stands the famous Temple of Kali, sacred to Siva or Maha Déo, in his character of Time, the Destroyer. Myriads

of animals are said to be annually sacrificed on this alter. The consort of Maha Deo is Parbuttie, the mountain-born Goddess elsewhere alluded to. The Hindus being divided into six sects (the Vishnaivas, the Saivas, the Saurias, the Ganapatyas, the Sactis and the Bhagavatis), it is only the second sect who acknowledge Siva as the supreme deity.

75. Sheesha was a thousand-headed serpent, also called Ananta (or Eternity). Vishnoo, the second of the Hindu Triad and the preserving Spirit of the supreme Deity Brahm or Brahma, is often represented as floating on the primeval waters, reclining on Sheesha, when weary of his usual *barque*, the favourite Lotus-leaf.
76. Munnie Karn signifies "ear-rings;" "Munnie" literally means a jewel and "Karn" is the ear.
77. This youth was famous for his bravery (!) in crossing a terrible suspension-bridge of twigs over the Chundra, near Koksar, in Lahoul, which will be described subsequently. He got half-way and then fear overpowered the gentle boy and he sat down on his heels, weeping like a timid girl. The native expression is that when they tried to move him, he *bellowed like a bull!*
78. "Princey" was my especial pet, a dog of notorious and matchless beauty. He was a very small English terrier, black and tan, perfect in form and feature. His diminutive size, exclusive affection for me and most eccentric ways, endeared him to me for years of my lonely life. His favourite attitude was standing on three legs, with his head on one side. He was poisoned in Kashmir and all that remained of my *Dil* (heart) was interred with my faithful companion in his romantic grave in those wild and lovely gardens of Shalimar, so famed in song
79. Commands.
80. The Naighie is the native superintendent of the district and the Thanadar is the head of the Thannah, or police (Both terms have been elsewhere explained.)
81. *Master.*
82. A man who is distinguished by a brass badge conspicuously placed on his breast, as a token of his influential post. (Very probably elsewhere explained.)
83. Chundra is one of the deities of the Hindu Mythology, representing the Moon. This god is described always as a *male* when the moon is in opposition to the sun. He is painted by the Hindus as young, beautiful and of resplendent fairness, with two arms, bearing in one hand a lotus and the other a club, riding on an antelope, or in a vehicle drawn by one of those graceful animals.
84. Remembrance Sign.
85. Water-carrier.
86. The range of mountains I have just crossed, forming a natural barrier to the Periodical Rains; Lahoul lies beyond their influence.

87. Tandee is a village on the opposite bank, situated near the junction of the two rivers (the Chundra and the Bhaga). It is on the road to Triloknath and Chumba.
88. It resembles the surplice of the Roman Catholic clergy, only the sleeves are more *distinct* and elaborate. The priestly robes are always of deep purple or yellow colours and are made of the Thibetan "Puttoo," or woolen cloth.
89. The *Bos Grunniens* of Linnaeus.
90. Bearers.
91. A "Seer," is an Indian measure, containing about 2 lbs, 1 oz of English weight.
92. "Dak," means Post; but let no tyro imagine that *these* Posts resembled such as are customary in civilized countries. In India, the "Post" consists of letter-carriers, who relieve each other every eight or ten miles. This mode of conveyance is slow enough in the plains, the men walking about three miles an hour, (all delays extra), but in these wild mountains, the greatest uncertainty attends the delivery of these letters.
93. Snow falls so heavily and continuously in the Himalaya, that it is very usual to find a natural bridge of snow spanning the most violent torrents. The depth of this snow varies from a few feet to perhaps *fifty* and large caravans can safely pass over. These bridges are of course more permanent when the river beneath has free *cóurse* and I have frequently heard its roaring echoes far below, as I crossed on the snow above. When the waters have not an unimpeded current, they very soon cause deep fissures in the bridges and then great care is requisite in crossing, especially after fresh falls of snow, which treacherously being conceal the gaps. I have heard of these snow bridges being stationary for many consecutive years.
94. "Bischk," or Bikh, is "poison," and "Hawa" signifies "wind," so the expression is literally translated by, "*Wind of Poison.*"
95. A "Nullah" is a sort of ravine, either full of water, or dry.
96. A "Chuprassie" is a servant wearing a badge, or brass plate. These men are generally Government servants and are always above mental work. They are principally taken from the highest castes of Hindus, such as Brahmins and Rajpoots. The badge they wear on their breast ensures them immense respect from the natives.
97. "Maharajah" means the "Great King." It is a higher title than Rajah and none of the Hill Sovereigns, but Gulab Singh, is entitled to it.
98. From various proofs, subsequently adduced, I feel obliged to confess that perhaps, I *did* under estimate all the distance of our marches through Tartary.
99. The literal meaning of this cognomen is "*cloves and Cardamums*;" I suppose from some imaginary resemblance!
100. Prostrated by illness.
101. "Thakoor" is a high-caste Hindu, of a religious order of the laity; they are

always men of good birth and education.

102. From two Thibetan words, *Kiang*, wild horse; and *Choo*, water. The wild horses used to come here in herds to water, before the springs dried up, which christened the plain with its present name.

103. In the Thibetan language, "*Choo*," or "*Tehoo*," signifies "water," and *Soowurrh* means "bitter."

104. A very common bird all throughout the Plains of Hindustan.

105. This lake owes its name to a legend. A goddess ("*Mo*") is said to have haunted this lake ("*Choo*,") and while flitting over it, used to call out incessantly "*Ree, Ree!*" thence *Choo-mo-ree-ree!*

106. The meaning of this name in Thibetan, is Black Mountain, "*Nagpo*" being "Black," and "*Goonjun*," or "*Goonjun*," a "Mountain."

107. The sequel will show how wrong it is to jump to conclusions rashly. After traversing the said "barren district," I found it was far from an unfruitful country. It was rich in mines and other resources and Gulab Singh found it highly profitable, deriving a good deal of revenue from various items. At first I thought the wandering tribes too heavily taxed, but considering the resources at their command, they are a hundred degrees better off than the majority of the Maharajah's subjects.

108. It is almost superfluous to observe that *at night* the air is more rare and the cold many, many degrees more intense than during the day.

109. The following year I again visited the Choomoreeree and I took the trouble of riding entirely round it,—a feat never before accomplished by any traveller.

110. So far from the "*Para*" rising in the Choomoreeree, I can confidently assert that it flows into it, ending its source in the bosom of the blue lake.

111. This is on the road hence to Simla.

112. "*Ghee*" is clarified butter.

113. As I have elsewhere observed, I did not think the taxes so very heavy, when I had seen all the resources of this part of Tartary.

114. "*Pittarahs*" are boxes of a peculiar shape, particularly adapted to *Dak* travelling, when the effects of the traveller accompany the palanquin. They are portable enough to be slung on bamboos, one at each end and carried by a *Kuhar* (or bearer) as fast as the palanquin. In the remote regions of the Himalaya, there are no *Kuhars* and the hill people do not understand how to carry anything on their shoulders; so my Pittarahs were placed on the heads of coolies (common porters), or tied on with other baggage to the backs of the Yaks.

115. This was the *sentinel* of a herd of wild horses grazing at some distance, out of sight. They always place one of their numbers on the *look-out* and as soon as any human being approaches, it is wonderful to see the intelligent sentinel

- scamper off to his fraternity, when the whole herd gallops away to the higher peaks. They only leave their secluded haunts for the grass and water on the plains, which are more exposed to the passing wayfarers.
116. A "*cutcha maund*," in Tartary, weighs about forty pounds of English weight.
117. The year subsequent to this journey, I returned to Poogah and after a careful measurement of the dimensions of the valley, I found that the **present** estimate is over-rated.
118. £ 150 or £ 200 sterling—a fortune to these poor people!
119. Query—By what right? I fear no right but that of "possession!" (With Gulab Singh, that comprises even more than the allowed "nine points of the law!")
120. "Yarkhund" is a country subject to China, far to the northwest of Ladakh.
121. These *nuzzurs*, or presents, are complimentary offerings meant as tokens of respect.
122. The Glaciers in the Himalayas are formed of snow, ice, earth, rocks and stones, in a wonderful *mélange*, sometime fifty or sixty miles in extent, though ordinarily they do not average more than half-a-mile or so in length. Though the motion is imperceptible, these Glaciers are *always* moving. The havoc they frequently perpetrate when they reach the brink of some precipitous place and have a sudden fall, is very terrible. Whole villages have been entombed in a few hours and every soul has perished.
123. "Sepoy" is properly spelt and pronounced *Sipahi* and signifies a soldier.
124. The "Indus" is one of the five great rivers of the Punjab; the names of the other four are, the Chenab (into which flows the Beas, at Huri-ka-Puttun in the Punjab), the Jhelum, the Ravee and the Sutluj, or Sutledge. The meaning of the word "*Punjab*" is "five rivers," from "Pun" or "Paunch," five and "Ab," water. In the days of Alexander the Great, these five rivers were known by other names. The Jhelum was called the "Hydaspes;" the Chenab, the "Acesines;" the Ravee, the "Hydraotes;" the Beas, the "Hyphasis;" the Jhelum, the "Vehut;" or "Behut;" and the Sutluj (also called the Ghara in the Punjab), is, I believe, by the ancient authors called by the same name as the Beas, viz, the Hyphasis.
125. Both these words signify a temple; the first is essentially of Thibetan origin.
126. A "Serai" is a place where native travellers find lodging in the shape of huts and people who (for a consideration) will cook for them.
127. Anglice, *bugs*.
128. It will be observed in the sketch I have taken of Leh that the walls slope in such a manner that the base occupies a larger space than the roof would cover. Nearly all the houses are built on the same singular plan.
129. A Broker.
130. The word "*cutcha*" is full of meaning and properly and efficiently *translateable*. It means unsubstantial, unsatisfactory and a great deal more

131. The literal meaning of "*Zemindar*" is, a man belonging to the ground, from "*Zemeen*," ground. A *Zemindar* is a farmer, or a man who owns fields of greater or less extent.
132. The expression, "keeping the *Purdah*," refers to the Eastern custom of excluding women from the sight of all men except their husbands and fathers; they were supposed to remain behind a "*Purdah*," or curtain, when any man came to their houses.
133. The population of Leh has greatly diminished since 1820. Moorcroft states it to be between 150,000 and 180,000 souls.
134. Here called the "*Singhey-Choo*." It is a principal branch of the Punjab River (the Indus).
135. *Jagheer* or hereditary property.
136. Only found in the eastern parts of the country.
137. While this work was passing through the press, I observed a remark in Vigne's work on Kashmir and Thibet, regarding the identity of the "marmots" with the "gigantic ants" mentioned by Herodotus. In my opinion the descriptions are far from analogous, far I have read Herodotus and particularly noted his description of the "ants." I subjoin a translated extract, that the glaring difference may be observed.

"There are other Indians bordering on the city of Caspatyros and the country of Pactyica, settled northward of the other Indians, whose mode of life resembles that of the Bactrians. They are the most warlike of the Indians and those are they are sent to procure the gold; for near this part is a desert, by reason of the sand. In this desert, then and in this sand, there are ants in size somewhat less, indeed, than dogs, but larger than foxes. Some of them are in possession of the King of the Persians, which were taken there. These ants, forming their habitation underground, heap up the sand, in the same manner as the ants in Greece do and they are very like them in shape. The sand that is heaped up, is mixed with gold. The Indians, therefore, go to the desert to get this sand, each man having there camels—on either side a male one harnessed to draw by the side and a female in the middle. This last the man mounts himself, having taken care to yoke one that has been separated from her young as recently born as possible; for camels are not inferior to horses in swiftness and are much better able to carry burthens. What kind of figure the camel has, I shall not describe to the Greeks, as they are acquainted with it; but what is not known concerning it, I will mention. A camel has four thighs and four knees in his hinder legs. The Indians, then, adopting such a plan and such a method of harnessing, set out for the gold, having before calculated the time, so as to be engaged in their plunder during the hottest part of the day; for during the heat the ants hide themselves under ground. Amongst these people, the sun is hottest in the morning and

not as amongst others, at mid-day, from the time it risen some way, to the breaking up of the market. During this time it scorches much more than at mid-day in Greece; so that, it is said, they then refresh themselves in water. Mid-day scorches other men much the same as the Indians; but, as the day declines, the sun becomes to them as it is in the morning to others; and after this, as it proceeds it becomes still colder, until sunset; then it is very cold. When the Indians arrive at the spot, having sacks with them, they fill these with the sand and return with all possible expedition. For the ants, as the Persians say, immediately discovering them by the small, pursue them; and they are equalled in swiftness by no other animals, so that if the Indians did not get the start of them while the ants were camels (for they are inferior in speed to the females) slacken their pace, dragging on, not both equally; but the females, mindful of the young they have left, do not slacken their pace. Thus the Indians, as the Persians say, obtain the greatest part of their gold; and they have some small quantity more that is dug in the country."—(Herodotus, Book III., chapters 102 to 105.)

I have given the whole paragraph, as I wish to point out the glaring want of analogy between these monstrous "ants" and the "marmots" of Tartary. The size may nearly correspond, as likewise the subterranean habits of the genus, but there all resemblance ceases. I have myself seen the marmots sporting on the desert at all hours and they only retire to their holes at night, or during the long and rigorous winters. The mornings in Tartary, in such parts of the desert mountains where the marmots are found, are the very reverse of "hot" even in the summer months and "Mid-day" is the hottest period of the twenty-four hours; so Herodotus must be referring to some other country, or he is strangely incorrect and draws most extensively on his fertile imaginings. As for the fact of the "ants" pursuing and killing the gold-diggers, or gold stealers, it is a preposterous fable if applied to the marmots, who are timid, gentle creatures, flying precipitately from the very approach of man or beast,—flying into their subterranean dwellings. Finally, there is no gold found in the Tartar desert, as far as I have ever heard.

138. The hybrid between the yak and the common cow. The female is called a *sho-mo*.

139. Incarnation.

140. Or "*Hoom*;" or according to some authorities, merely the repetition of the first word "*Aum*," or "*Om*."

141. The Lotus is a plant held sacred throughout the East; and the deities of the Hindus and Buddhists are represented as sitting on a lotus throne, or pedestal, holding this sacred flower in the form of a scepter. They are almost invariably decorated with some of the flowers. The Lotus floating on the surface of the water, is the emblem of the world. The Hindu Poets are fond

of using metaphors in every variety, which are suggested by its expanding and closing peculiarities and its brilliant colours. It is the favourite emblem of female loveliness and the type of "Meroo," the fabled residence of all their deities.

142. The Vedas are the earliest sacred writings of the Hindus. The first four, called the Immortal Vedas, are—the *Rig* or *Rish Veda*; the *Yajar* or *Yajoosh Veda*; the *some* or *Saman Veda*; and the *Atharoa*, or *Atharvana Veda*. They are divided into sections and again subdivided into numerous distinctive heads, such as "*Brahmana*," "*Poorana*," "*Mantras*," etc. etc. They were reduced to order by Vyasa (a sage) and contain the religious and moral duties of mankind. The Hindus believe that the Veda were revealed by Brahma and preserved by tradition, till the afore-mentioned sage arranged them in their Present form. There is no doubt that the Brahmins (who are mythologically supposed to have sprung from the head of Brahma and are, in consequence, the most distinguished and honoured race among the Hindus) have interpolated and altered the original *Veda*.
143. In the account of Brahma, which immediately follows the above quotation from Mr. Coleman, will be found the apology given by the Brahmins for the mystery left unexplained by that author.
144. A "*Gold-Mohur*" is an Indian coin worth sixteen rupees, or one pound twelve shillings, English money.
145. The periodical rains in tropical countries.
146. *Lameeroo*, properly spelt *Lama-eeroo*, is so designated from the numerous *Goompas* and *Lamas* found in it.
147. "*Jemadar*" is a title generally used for a superior grade of soldier, but also denotes the higher civil officials among the natives.
148. *Iskardo* is the capital city of *Baltistan*, or *Balti*, (also called by English geographers, "*Little Thibet*,") a country a good deal to the north-north-east of *Kashmir* and north-west of *Ladakh*. *Gilgit* is a savage country, lately conquered by *Gulab Singh*, to the west of *Iskardo*. *Sir Henry Lawrence* did not manage to reach *Gilgit*, but was forced to turn back when close to that barbarous district.
149. My fears were verified, for I never saw my poor favourite any more, nor could I ever ascertain her fate, though I offered the large reward of 200 rupees to anyone who would bring her to me. She had been my faithful companion since my girlish days and I missed her sadly.
150. The elevation of *Draus*, taken by the thermometer, is nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.
151. While this work was going through the press, I received a copy of "*Vigne's Travels*." In glancing over his pages, I was quite pleased to find my estimate was not wrong after all and that the measurement of this pass, taken by the

- thermometer, gave an elevation of 10,500 feet above the level of the sea.
152. In Vol II, the real source of the principal branch of the Jhelum is mentioned; the head, de facts, of that river, in contra-distinction to Baron Hugel's opinion, as expressed in his work on Kashmir. I have explained how he probably fell into the geographical error alluded to.
153. The "Begar" system is very common in the East and strange to say, though it involves the loss of all remuneration to the carriers of the baggage, these lazy Orientals much prefer it to the more civilized method of going a full march without a change. The coolies who are used as "beggaries" go from village to village only—sometimes a quarter of a mile, sometimes perhaps two or three miles; and fresh carriers take up the loads and go on to the next hamlet and so on. Generally this involves great delay and except in the case of a very long march in one day, it is far better not to adopt it. It is always far easier, however, to collect coolies, when they know they are to be changed from village to village.
154. After the rice is sown, the fields are all flooded with water. There is generally a narrow path between the compartments of each field, raised two or three feet above the latter. With mud and water in unpleasant proximity on a dark night, this uncertain footpath does not make a good bridle road.
155. The torches used in the Himalaya are made of the pine or fir tree so common there, which burns with a bright flame the moment it is ignited. The fact of its extreme dryness makes it very wasteful firewood. For the latter purpose oak-wood (the Ilex) or Rhododendron is used mixed a few pieces of fir. However, in this part of Kashmir we could not obtain fir torches and most primitive and unsatisfactory substitutes, formed of bundles of grass of a peculiar kind, lighted us through the rice-fields.
156. Let no hypercritic intimate that this language is exaggerated. I verily believe that mosquitoes in myriads let loose on any devoted person, would drive him in a few days quite insane, if before that they had not literally killed the hapless sufferer.
157. The meaning of this name is, "The Garden of Bliss." The words are Persian.
158. Poor Kulloo, my *Bhishtee* (or water-carrier), was the servant here alluded to. It was evidently his fate to die a watery death, because, not a month subsequently, he was drowned in crossing a river in this very country of Kashmir.
159. When the boats are going against the current up a river, oars are seldom used. The boats are "tracked:" that is, drawn by half the boatmen alternately, by ropes fastened to the boat, which have halters for each man. These halters they put round their shoulders and drag the boat, by walking in single file along the bank of the river.
160. This is "the Lake" described by Moore, in *Lalla Rookh*;
 "The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,

With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths
 Had fall'n upon it from the sky"

161. In the prose parts of Moore's story of Nourmahal, he mentions the Gardens of Shalimar; and in the palace of Shalimar, the "Light of the Harem, the young Nourmahal" is wedded to the King of Bucharia.
162. The "*Tukht-i-Suliaman*" means "The Throne of Solomon."
163. From "Sing, a horn,—the horned water-nut.
164. The "*Nilumbium Speciosum*." This aquatic plant has a very handsome pink and white flower.
165. A singular plant, whose broad, circular leaf lies on the water like that of the Lotus. The upper surface of the leaf is not peculiar in any way; but sharp, aquiline spicula thickly cover its lower superficies. The botanical name of this aquatic plant is "*Annesleya horrid*;" the Kashmirians call it the "Joowur".
166. Kashmir and also Kishtawar, Juskur, Chumba, etc., etc., are all subject to the influence of the periodical rains.
167. I did go, subsequently, the very route I had intended—through Kishtawar and Chumba, notwithstanding violent remonstrances on the part of the Dewan. I could not, however, manage to go round by Kanawr, as the season was so far advanced.
168. The year subsequent to my first visit to Kashmir, so many English travellers went there, that ("familiarity bred contempt," I suppose!) this "free living" was entirely stopped by Gulab Singh. In other respects, too,—attention, civility, etc., etc.,—I found great changes, in consequence of the European invasion of visitors the year after I first sojourned in the lovely valley.
169. The correct name of Kashmir city is "Srinagar," which literally means "the Holy City."
170. In the year 1828, there was a tremendous earthquake in Kashmir and there is ample ground for the belief that volcanic action is at work to this day under the valley. The earthquake, or rather *earthquakes* (for there were several terrible shocks for about ten weeks) to which I particularly allude, were the severest ever heard of. Many hundreds of persons were killed; upwards of a thousand houses leveled; and the earth opened in several places near the city, (hot water of a footed smell exuding from the clefts,) and monstrous rocks tumbling down from the mountains. Sometimes there occurred more than a hundred shocks in one day and they did not die away for nearly three months. Almost immediately after this, the Asiatic cholera appeared in the valley and decimated the unfortunate inhabitants. The deaths were said to be so very numerous, that the census of corpses was no longer taken, when the number exceeded five thousand in the first fortnight.
171. Measuring the valley from the extreme north-west to the extreme south-east,

- which would give the greatest extent of the valley in length.
172. In the great Akbar's time the returns of the crops amounted to more than a million sterling and that wise and beneficent prince allowed it to be fairly divided between the government and the husbandmen.
173. The "Nymphae Lotus."
174. A "*Khurwar*" of rice, or any other article, is an as load, or about 180 lbs English weight.
175. Copper currency.
176. I call this a "supposititious rupee," because no such coin actually exists in itself. The Tartars put four powlies together and say,— "that is the Ladakh rupee."
177. "Tillah" is the correct name of this gold coin.
178. The colour green, in the entire dress, is the prescriptive right among the Mohammedans, of a person who has performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, which confers priceless honour on the devout individual.
179. Among the natives, the privilege of taking a *chair* is confined to the higher ranks. It is a most delicate point of etiquette with Orientals on all public occasions.
180. The Kashmirians drink the most horrible compounds by way of *tea*. They mix butter, pepper, salt, onions and many other even more absurd ingredients and this heterogeneous mass they boil in one copper vessel, containing tea-leaves and water and drink it with or without milk and sugar! They are inordinately fond of this shocking beverage. I had not the courage to taste it. The Tartars make a very similar *mélange* of their basins of tea, which they always *bidle* out as if they were helping soup.
181. Jacquemont gives the height of Kashmir at five thousand two hundred and forty-six feet above the level of the sea. Moorcroft estimates it "at about five thousand."
182. "*Attar*" is fragrant and powerful *oil* extracted from various substances, generally from sandal-wood and roses.
183. There are sixteen *chittacks* to an ordinary Hindustani seer, of two pounds and about one ounce, English weight. A *chittack* weights five Company's rupees.
184. "Jammia," large and "Masjid," a mosque or temple.
185. Relays of men for the dhoolie.
186. I was miserably disappointed. "Blessed are they who"— *expect nothing!*
187. This is the south-east end of the Vale of Kashmir.
188. Vide volume II, for further particulars of these numerous snowy passes.
189. The "*Mukaddam*" is a functionary of inferior dignity to a Kardar.
190. This refers to those parts of Ladakh *near Kashmir*, far on this side of Leh. At Leh itself and among the wandering Tartar tribes, the women dress quite

differently: with woollen or variegated petticoats and tanned sheep or goats' skins, as mantles.

191. "Mughal," a class of Mohammedans, reputed descendents of the Mughal dynasty. "Mazar" is a tomb; "Maidan," a plain.
192. The river of Wurdwun, called by the people of Bootan or Thibet, the *Siund*.
193. The native of India wear "*Chuddurs*" of Muslin over their heads, which are large enough to envelope the entire body, when folded round them.
194. The "*Tehseel*" is a sort of petty court, where civil and criminal cases are inquired into and adjudicated.
195. The subsequent year when I explored the road above Duchin, from Wurdwun to Sooroo and Ladakh, I found that the Wurdwun River, which flows through the Wurdwun Valley, sometimes called the *Defile* of Muroo-(or Murooa) Wurdwun, is properly designated by the Thibetans, the *Siund*. It rises in Bootan or Thibet and is a broad and violent torrent in the Wurdwun Valley. Its source is probably on or near the Nana-Kana Peaks, (called by Hugel the "Mer and Ser,") but as the bed is for miles (near its source) obstructed by one of the most stupendous Glaciers I ever saw, it is impossible to trace the *Siund* to the *actual spot* where it takes its rise. However, I think its source is, probably, on the Brar-Moorj Punjal (or Pass), close to the Nana-Kana Peaks. There are lofty snowy mountains to the east of the Brar-Moorj Punjal; but the Thibetans assured me there was *no road* whatever that way. It is therefore impossible to say (from the fact of the Glacier concealing the river) whether it rises in the snowy heights to the east of the Nana-Kana Mountains, or on the Pass of Brar-Moorj. I incline to the latter belief.
196. The following year, (as I mentioned in the preceding note,) I went this difficult—and, owing to the Glacier-Pass to be crossed—*dangerous* road. I had the proud satisfaction of being the *first* European who ever visited Sooroo and the Nana-Kana Peaks. A full account of this route is given in Vol II.
197. Often pronounced Doodha.
198. Most of these places are described in Volume II., when I visited those districts the subsequent year.
199. A species of Chamios.
200. "Masala" are torches;—usually made in the plains of India of a quantity of rags rolled round a thick short stick and well steeped in oil. When travelling Palanquin-dak, at night, there is a *Masalchie* or torch-bearer to every Palanquin and each man carries a Masal and a leathern bottle full of oil.
201. Doodha, or Dodah, is a district belonging to Gulab Singh and lies south of Kashmir and east-south-east of Kishtawar.
202. The following year I visited Doodha and crossed this very bridge.
203. Bhudurwar means the fastness of Buddha. It is also called *Buddur* by the aborigines and frequently corrupted into Puddurooa. The elevation of this

- town above the level of the sea, is (by the thermometer) given at 5,000 feet.
204. A dish peculiar to Eastern countries, half mince, half roast and highly spiced.
205. I subsequently discovered that it was a species of quince.
206. This word has been fully explained before. It means inflated skins, usually of bullocks or goats.
207. Triloknath is a place of pilgrimage, in Chumba.
208. Oppression; tyranny.
209. Copper coin.
210. Three half-pence is the value of an anna in English money.
211. The "Tillah." The Chumba gold coin is quite different.
212. "Sirri" or "Sri" means Holy. The "Singh" is a cognomen or surname of high-caste Hindus and signifies a lion.
213. A "Dally" is an open basket of fruit, flowers, sugar, native *bon-bons*, etc., brought as a complimentary offering, generally from an inferior to a superior. If sent by a Prince, an attendant carries it and the offering is intended as a mark of honour and respect.
214. Or rather, *door-ways*.
215. Large herds of cattle are pastured on these luxuriant mountains for five or six months of the year; and the cowherds live in sheds, or bivouac in the open air during this season, in order to look after their flocks and herds.
216. "Deity! Deity!"
217. That is, from £4,000 to £5,000, sterling.
218. Called by the natives of India "*Hawa-khana*," or eating the air.
219. Sport;—hunting or shooting.
220. Oppression; tyranny.
221. Both S'piti and Busehr are described in Volumes II and III.
222. In the subsequent Volumes will be found my second journey; in returning, I took S'piti and Busehr as my line of march. Both routes pass through countries well worth seeing.
223. In my subsequent journey I took my own ponies and found it a very losing concern altogether.
224. The Korai and the Chundra-Bhaga.
225. See Volume II for further particulars of this route and a description of the town of Doodha or Dodah.
226. *Illaka* means district.
227. I did not see that unfortunate saddle for several months and when it was restored, I had great difficulty in identifying it. In fact, it could only "by courtesy" be still called a saddle!
228. The Jungles, or wooded wildernesses in India, frequently teem with Malaria and a fever called "Jungle-fever" is engendered, by merely passing through the Jungle and if a person sleeps in that atmosphere, he rarely survives the

terrible fever which supervenes from two to twelve days subsequently.

229. Large jars of burnt earthenware generally meant to hold water in the bathing-rooms. They are of different shapes and sizes,—usually with a wide mouth; the larger kinds contain five or six gallons of fluid.
230. These lower hills are subject to the tropical “rains,” as well as the outer Range to which Simla, Mussorrie, Darjeeling, Almorah and Nynce-Tal pertain.
231. This is very common in the Himalaya Mountains. A sudden accession of snow in the higher ranges, or some icy impediment overcome and the stream rushes frequently with an instantaneous increase of volume, detaining a traveller, at the very moment of crossing, for hours on the spot. Indeed, instances have occurred when travellers in the very set of fording, have been swept down the stream with the sudden rush of water unexpectedly carrying them off their feet and taking them unawares far beyond their depth.
232. To “Shampoo” is to *knead* the body with both hands; a favourite remedy in the East for pains in the limbs or lassitude and very efficacious I always found it. At night it used to lull me to sleep most luxuriously.
233. These salt mines I described before.
234. Also spelt “*Fakir*,”—A religious mendicant.
235. “Parbuttie” is the name of a favourite Hind goddess and I have elsewhere given her history *in expense*, from the chronicles of the Hindu mythology.
236. Bohun is a village situated near the place where I crossed the Beas. I mentioned it in a previous page in this Volume.
237. “*Tunda Surruck*” literally signifies *cold road*. It has thus been christened by the natives, because the Mall or Course (called in Bombay the “Esplanade,”) where the European residents drive and ride every evening after sunset, is profusely watered in the afternoon by numerous *Bhishtees*, or water-carriers, who sprinkle the whole road with water from their Mussucks and thus allay the dust and make the drive fresh and pleasant. Generally fine large trees also shade this “*Tunda Surruck*,”—regular rows being closely planted along each side of the drive.
238. “*Khoond*” means literally a “spring;” but any bath, immediately supplied by a spring, is called a “*Khoond*.”
239. Gunga means Ganges and Rama is a Hindu God. I do not know what connexion these names have here, as none of the mountaineers could enlighten my ignorance.
240. Luckily, I have lately always carried my medicine-chest with me in the dhoolie, so it was at hand at all times.
241. Sorcery.
242. Great-coats of different sizes and most primitive patterns. The “*Choga*” reaches the feet, but the “*postine*” does not come more than six or eight

inches below the waist.

243. The genus *Arctomys*, allied to the murine tribes.

244. Seller of grain, flour, sugar, spices, tobacco, *ghee*, or clarified butter, etc., etc.,

245. Police-office.

246. The "coss" are according to native report; the "miles" are my estimated distances.

247. "*Rana*" is a term used for a petty Prince, very much inferior in rank to a "Rajah" and it is seldom employed in the plains at all.

248. The Dak-bungalows on this side of Simla, have no servants or cooking establishments kept up by government, (as in the plains and all along the road from Simla to the plains.) A single Chokeydar, or watchmen, is left in charge and he has the *onus* of supplying coolies, etc.

249. This is no exaggerated or unnatural simile; the mountains resemble gigantic waves and the above term may be truly applied, as all who have visited Fagoo would allow.

250. Mr. Bayley took very good care not to pay these unfortunate "eighty men" for their long "waiting" his pleasure, though they had to sustain themselves the best way they could during that interval, miles away from their homes.

251. The *exact* height is given at 12, 0564 feet above the level of the sea, by trigonometrically measurement.

252. The height of Simla, taken trigonometrically, is exactly 7, 206½ feet above the level of the sea, measuring from the magnetic observatory. The mountain called "Jacko" (so christened from the myriads of *monkeys* found all over it) is much higher and houses are built not only on the slopes of this hill, but to the very summit.

253. It is the custom in the Himalaya to put a "cross" on each tree that is doomed to destruction and frequently the mountaineers scoop out one half the diameter of the trunk of the devoted trees and light fires within. The entire trunks thus often become "charred," while the upper portion of the trees is covered with green boughs in luxuriant abundance.

254. Vide Vol III.

255. These "new rules" ordained that no traveller should be refused ingress; one room being appropriated to ladies, the other to gentlemen and a first comer, of either sex, had no longer the *prior* right of sole occupancy. As many as the rooms could hold might be admitted.

256. This word has various meanings, like many other Hindustani words. It signifies a guard-house, the end of a stage, the place where relays of bearers or horses are stationed and finally, a *chair*.

257. To be here translated, "macadamized."

258. The place where jewels and other valuables are stored; the Treasury

259. Jehangir was the son of the Emperor Akbar and he assumed the name of

"Jehangir" on his accession to the imperial throne. He was first named "Selim." He reigned over the Mughals in the seventeenth century.

260. *Noor* means light and *Mahul* literally signifies a place.

261. Correctly "*Mahul*," but, for the sake of euphony, I have left Morre's pronunciation and orthography, as he used the name in *Lalla Rookh*.

262. Burnt in a lime-kiln. "*Kutch*" bricks mean those that are merely exposed to the burning rays of the tropical Sun.

263. *Indra* is the God of the Elements; and he "who guides the whirlwind and directs the storm," is an object of especial veneration.

264. The founder of the Sikh religion. Vide page 420.

265. The holy founder of the Sikh religion and his nine successors. See next page.

266. A sort of whisk; explained in detail in a later page.

267. The name by which the followers of Nanuk's tents were distinguished; still a numerous and until lately, a proud and powerful tribe, who gave the British army a great deal of trouble in the recent war and made them suffer at least one bloody defeat; slurred over though the humiliating fact may have been in our military dispatches.

268. Termed the *Guru moot*.

269. The proper orthography of this word is "*Sati*"

270. Oppression.

271. The great Emperor of Hindustan—the most illustrious prince of his race.

272. *Makbara* means tomb. Humayun was the son of the renowned Baber, who immortalized his name, both as a conqueror and a legislator. The history of this Emperor is full of romance; "reality is strange than fiction," as saith one of our noblest bards. His succession to the Imperial throne was followed by a melancholy series of reverses, but he recovered the crown, after a long and humiliating interval of suffering and bitter privation and maintained with dignity the splendid conquests of his great father. He was born in the year, AD, 1504 and expired from the effects of a fatal accident, in 1556. He was succeeded by his son Akbar, then twelve years old.

273. *Durgah* is a Mausoleum;—an edifice sacred to the dead. "*Nizam-ud-din*," was a saint of great repute, who lived in the time of Akbar and built the splendid Mosque, which stands immediately behind the Mausoleum, both of which are considered among the very best specimens of Mohammedan architecture.

274. *Safdar-Jung* was a Mohammedan chieftain of great repute. The affix "*Jung*" to his name signifies war, fighting, etc. he died about the middle of last century. The Mausoleum is ranked among the purest specimens of Mussulman architecture, though not the most magnificent.

275. The *Chobdar* is a man who acts as a sort of *precursor* and the badge of his

office is generally a silver-headed stick. Minor dignities are sometime satisfied with a variegated polished club.

276. Tuglukabad, or Toglokabad, is a Fort built by Toglok Shah, a celebrated Pathan, in the commencement of the ninth century. It stands at the extremity of one of the Mewat hills, not far from the city of Delhi.
277. That is, in contra-distinction to a cantonment or military station.
278. The other buggy and horse having taken French leave from the Qutub. On this last horse we had principally calculated, as it was fast and willing. We had not a day to spare, so we could not send to Delhi in order to make other arrangements.
279. The head-man of the Tehsil or native petty court of judicature.
280. A two bullock conveyance, differing from the *Hackerry*, or ordinary baggage-cart, in being smaller, with a canopy and curtains; it is fitted up inside for passengers. Natives of the upper ranks generally travel in this concern. Having no springs, it is very unfitted for civilized wayfarers, who are unaccustomed.....to death.
281. Pronounced *Cyrus*: which is the same as the *Phenicopterus*.
282. About 150 acres, in round numbers.
283. I E Grass roofs.
284. A stone-built well of very large size.
285. "Europeans have come," is the literal translation of the above words.
286. A kind of whisk, used for the purpose of driving away flies, mosquitoes and other insects. The commonest are made of a description of grass; others, especially in temple, are formed of the tail of the Yak, (or famous Thibetan ox) or of peacock's feathers and sometimes of the shavings of sandal wood or ivory. The latter two kinds of chowries are the peculiar manufacture of Bharatpur, as I have mentioned in the text above.
287. Palaces.
288. This stone, which comes from Puharpore Illaka, is red as roll as white and appear to be a kind of sandstone.
289. Soorij or Sooruz, means the Sun.
290. Har or Hara or Hari, are names of Siva; "Deo" is simply "a God."
291. Or Sheesh and Sheesha, which signifies glass.
292. I E "The old Palace."
293. In Malwa the "Imlee" or tamarind, is a foot long and in the thickest part about six or eight inches in circumference. The colour of the fruit is green. The taste slightly resembles the ordinary small red species.
294. The literal meaning of this word is "Aide-de-Camp."
295. A sort of embankment or dam; this one was of stupendous size.
296. "Rawal" is not a name, but means simply "Regent".
297. The palace of air.

298. "Jhoola" literally signifies a swing.

299. I never saw either pony or saddle again, so I conclude they were stolen by the Syee, or perhaps he may have been killed and robbed on the way.

300. The Begum Sumroo, who was the possessor of such incalculable wealth and adopted Dyee Sombre, of English notoriety. The history of both is too well known to require further comment here.

